

ANYONS, CANS AND CARAVANS

F. H. E. HASELL



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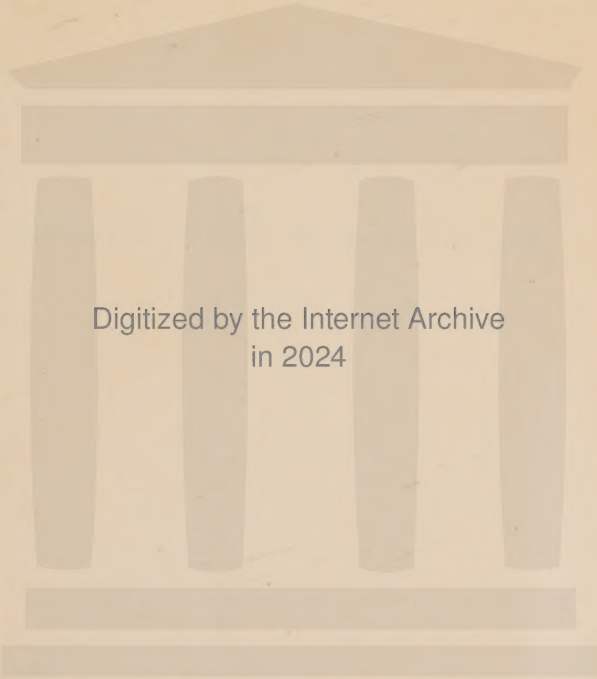
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THE SINCLAIR CANYON.

Frontispiece.

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CANYONS, CANS AND CARAVANS

BY

F. H. EVA HASELL

AUTHOR OF "ACROSS THE PRAIRIE IN A MOTOR CARAVAN" AND
"THROUGH WESTERN CANADA IN A CARAVAN"

ILLUSTRATED FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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CANYONS, CANS AND CARAVANS

INTRODUCTION

“THE last homesteading land in the great North-West, the Peace River.”

This placard greets you in the cities of Canada to-day. Europe responds, and from the over-populated countries of the Old World folk go in their thousands to this land, which promises a glorious future to all who will work for it. The fame of the Peace River crops has spread far and wide, but few think of the spiritual harvest. Throughout Western Canada, in the remote districts, “the hungry sheep look up and are not fed.” Secular education alone does not satisfy. They are all longing for something higher.

For those who have not read “Across the Prairie in a Motor Caravan” (S.P.C.K., 1922) and “Through Western Canada in a Caravan” (S.P.G., 1923), I give the following summary of the start and development of the work:

1920. I had heard that there was no religious teaching in the day-schools of Western Canada and British Columbia, so I tried the experiment of going round the rural districts in a Ford Sunday-School Mission van. The Bishop of Qu’Appelle accepted my offer. Having bought and equipped a van, I spent four months in the southern part of the Province of Saskatchewan. My companion and I had trained for religious education at St. Christopher’s College, Blackheath, London. I had had five years’ practical experience as Honorary Diocesan Organiser in Carlisle Diocese, and

had driven a car for the Red Cross, nursed in a V.A.D. hospital, and done a mechanical course. At the end of the summer I gave the van to the diocese that the work might continue. We started the Sunday-School-by-Post in the diocese (hereafter referred to as the S.S.P.), and this was carried on by Miss West, another student of St. Christopher's.

1922. The Bishops of Saskatchewan and Calgary each asked for a van, and invited me to start the work. My sister and I gave a van to Calgary, and started the work there. Friends gave me money for a van for Saskatchewan (which I had built to my own specifications), and I provided a driver, asking the Bishop to allow Miss Henley (now Mrs. Paul) to go in the van. She was the S.S.P. secretary for that diocese. The S.S.P. was started by Bishop Lloyd in Saskatchewan in 1908; the Colonial and Continental Church Society have paid the secretary's salary and contributed to the cost of the papers and postage.

It was now clear that the van work would need support if it were to keep pace with the demand. I therefore asked His Grace the Archbishop of Rupert's Land to authorise me to start the Western Canada Sunday-School Caravan Fund. He sent me the following letter :

" BISHOP'S COURT,
" WINNIPEG,
" MANITOBA,

" November 7, 1922.

" I have very much pleasure in commending very heartily ' the Caravan Fund ' which Miss Hasell is endeavouring to raise in order to extend the good work for the Church which she and those associated with her have been carrying on in the newer parts of the Ecclesiastical Province of Rupert's Land. I have endeavoured to keep myself well informed in regard to both the character and the extent of the work, and, as a result, I have no hesitation in most warmly endorsing it.

“ Only those who know the conditions which at present prevail on the prairies of North-West Canada, the isolation of the scattered settlers, and the shortage of living agents to reach them with the services of the Church, can adequately appreciate the great value of these ‘ travelling vans ’ in carrying to the children in these lonely homes some measure of Church teaching and spiritual help.

“ My hope is that during the coming year Miss Hasell will succeed in providing at least one Sunday-School motor van in every diocese of our Western Prairies, and I will certainly welcome one in the newer parts of my own diocese, where, owing to the dearth of clergy, there is great spiritual destitution in the want of the public services of the Church.

“ S. P. RUPERT’S LAND,

“ *Primate of all Canada.*”

1923. The Bishop of Edmonton asked for a van. I raised the money through the Caravan Fund, and went with a companion, a Canadian girl, to start the work. We also started the S.S.P. in this diocese.

1924. The Bishop of Cariboo asked for a van. Again I was able to collect the money, and started the work with Canadian fellow-workers. We started the S.S.P. here also.

Meanwhile all the other vans were continuing their work. I found the workers and provided their travelling expenses, the upkeep of the vans, and books and pictures to give away. The running expenses were sometimes defrayed by the diocese.

Each van was given to the Bishop of the diocese under the following conditions :

1. That the van shall be used in spring, summer, and fall, for four months or longer. It is to be staffed by two women, one a Sunday-School expert who has been through the training departments for religious education in Canada, or St. Christopher’s College, Blackheath, England. She

should start Sunday-Schools, visit the homes, get new members for the S.S.P. and revisit those already enrolled, visit public schools and give lessons out of hours, find children for baptism and send their names to the clergy, take services for adults where no Anglican clergyman or layman is taking them.

2. The expert should be accompanied by another woman who can drive a car, do running repairs, cook and wash, and, if possible, teach under the supervision of the expert.

3. That money should be raised in the diocese, if possible, for the running expenses of the van and the board expenses of the workers.

4. Should the van in the future not be used for the above purpose, it shall be available for similar work in another diocese under the direction of F. H. E. Hasell, Organiser of Sunday-School Vans.

The following resolution was passed by the General Synod of the Anglican Church, Dominion of Canada, 1924, which consists of four Archbishops, twenty-three Bishops, clerical and lay representatives from each diocese:

“That this Synod desires to express its conviction that one of the most effective ways for reaching those members of our Church who are far removed from the Church’s administrations, and provide for them that teaching so essential to the building up of Christian life and character, is that which is known as the Sunday-School-by-Post and its related work, the Sunday-School Caravan. We are especially desirous to place on record our grateful appreciation of the splendid services rendered in connection with the Caravan work by Miss F. H. E. Hasell, Sunday-School Organiser for the Diocese of Carlisle, England, without whose aid and untiring zeal and energy this work would not have been initiated.”

IN THE DIOCESE OF BRANDON, MANITOBA, 1925

I

IN 1924 I received an invitation from the Bishop of Brandon asking me to raise money for a van and come out to start the work in the spring of 1925. Bishop Thomas explained that it was a new diocese cut out from the Diocese of Rupert's Land. It contained most of the new settlements in Northern Manitoba which could not yet be self-supporting, and new families from England were going out there. In the spring of 1925 thirty-four Church of England families went out. In the northern part of the diocese there were 16,000 square miles without a clergyman. There was a clergyman, certainly, in the town of Dauphin, but as he was supported by the people they did not like him leaving them for outside work, nor had he time for much besides his parish. In the other archdeaconry, Swan River had a clergyman, but he could only work a small area around the town. As Rupert's Land was self-supporting, this offshoot was supposed to be so also, and consequently received no help from the Missionary Society of the Canadian Church, or any missionary society in England, except a grant from S.P.C.K. for the training of a theological student.

The bush country and meadow-land of Northern Manitoba is very different from the old settled country of Southern Manitoba along the C.P.R. The bush country has to be cleared, and the arable land and meadow around Lakes Dauphin and Winnipegosis, though fertile, is often

flooded after the spring rains, which may result in newly sown grain being washed out.

The British emigrants often arrive with little or no capital; others are lent money, under the Empire Settlement Scheme, by the Government, which they pay back by instalments. It costs a great deal to clear the land and buy the necessary machinery, so it is several years before any return can be obtained. Consequently these settlers are unable to support the Church, and often find themselves for eighteen or twenty years without any religious ministrations. It also means that the children are getting no religious teaching, as the curriculum of the Manitoba day-schools does not provide it. Here, as in all the Prairie Provinces, there is a clause in the Education Act which says that the last half-hour may be used for Bible teaching if the local trustees agree, but they seldom do, because they belong to so many Churches and sects. The parents work so hard, from early morning till late at night, that they have no time to organise Sunday-Schools or even to teach their own children at home, and, moreover, have no books or pictures to assist them, though it is far from their desire that their children should grow up with no religious teaching. In the older settlements there are now young parents who have themselves had no religious instruction.

From one of these northern districts the Bishop received a letter from a man who had come out from England fifteen years before. He said that his five-year-old child had died, and there was no minister of any Church to read the burial service. The parents felt it too much to say a prayer, the friends were too shy, and nobody had a Prayer-Book, so the child's body was laid to rest with no prayer at all. "I think," wrote the poor father, "that the members of the Church of England who are more fortunate and have services will feel very sad at the Last Day when God reveals to them the spiritual destitution of me and my wife

and the other homesteaders who have been up here fifteen years without a service of any Church." The Bishop told me that he would never forget these burning words, and that is why he was so anxious for me to take a van up there. He would like a travelling missionary to cover this area, and felt quite sure he could get volunteers if he only had £400 per annum for salary and travelling expenses. The work would be on a much more stable basis if £8,000 could be raised to provide an income in perpetuity.

From this interview with the Bishop I quite saw that I should have to raise the £320 for the van in England, pay my own travelling expenses, find an honorary worker and raise her expenses in Eastern Canada or England. I consulted the Bishop as to whether the southern part of his diocese could help with the running expenses of the van; he thought that the self-supporting parishes would do so if I went round and interested them in the matter, for they were exceedingly generous. The Woman's Auxiliary and laymen were paying for bursaries for several theological students at St. John's College, Winnipeg, as well as helping with other missionary work in the diocese. I knew from previous experience the wonderful generosity of people in the West in helping the Church and other philanthropic works, but I realised from the Bishop's description that most of the settlers in the North would not be able to give financial assistance to the Church for many years to come, but would themselves require help.

That winter I raised the money for the caravan and equipment in England, and went out to Brandon in the spring of 1925. I received a warm welcome from the Bishop and generous hospitality from Archdeacon and Mrs. Anderson, while I superintended the building of the caravan body, which was to be put upon a Ford truck. I spoke at ruri-decanal meetings of the Woman's Auxiliary and Deanery meetings of the clergy, asking them to raise

a fund for the running expenses of the van and expenses of the S.S.P. papers for those mothers who could not afford to pay for them.

On June 13 we had our dismissal service at the pro-cathedral at Brandon. The Bishop dedicated the van. It was called St. David at his request, as he is Welsh. Miss Miller from Toronto joined me. She had been with me in the Cariboo van in 1924. A Can Shower had provided us with plenty of tinned food, and we now started north for Dauphin. The road was good for fifty miles, and then we reached the flooded district. The rivers in the Riding and Duck Mountains had risen, and Lake Dauphin and the other lakes had overflowed into the meadow-land, the greater part of which is at a lower level than the lakes. It was the worst flood known for forty years. A great deal of damage was done. In places the earth road was washed out completely, and much of the grain already sown was washed away. Although July and August were hot and much of the water evaporated, yet in many cases it remained so long that it was too late to put in any more wheat. It also made the earth roads very bad all summer.

A little farther on we came to a place where the road had disappeared altogether; there was nothing but an expanse of water before us. We had already been obliged to cut branches from the trees and lay them across the road in order to get through a bad mud-hole, and now I saw that we could not get any farther without the chains. When I opened the back of the van to get them out I found that a large tin of strawberry jam, too big to go in the food box, had had its sides knocked in and its top knocked off. The jam was all over the chains and most of the contents of the van. I got very sticky putting on the chains, and Doris Miller got very sticky cleaning out the back of the van, so that by the time we arrived at the little settlement of McCreary we were both covered with mud and strawberry

jam. To lighten the van, Doris took off her shoes and stockings and waded behind it. Despite all our care, we stuck fast in a mud-hole, but a passing team pulled us out. The same misfortune overtook a Ford Sedan soon after. The teamster would take nothing from us, but he charged the other car five dollars.

It was now Monday evening, and I had to speak at a meeting at Dauphin next day, so I caught a train at three o'clock on Tuesday morning, as it was quite impossible to do the hundred miles by road. From the train I noted the flooded state of the country. The bridges were washed out and the land was under water. Several commercial travellers were also held up by the floods.

There were many British settlers in McCreary, who were most anxious to have a Sunday-School, which we were able to start, leaving them books and pictures. Everyone there was very kind to us.

Ours was the first car to leave for Dauphin. When we got to the Ochre River we found that the approach to the bridge was quite washed away, and we were told that only intending suicides would cross it. We took another road, which proved to be a series of mud-holes. Finally we stuck fast in one at 10 p.m., but an old farmer pulled us out, and we camped by the roadside for the night. The only available water was from a muddy ditch, so before making the tea I boiled it for ten minutes and hoped for the best. The tea tasted very peaty. We were mud to the knees. The mud and water had overflowed and filled our rubber boots; we had to wash as well as we could before going to bed in the van. Swarms of mosquitoes came out of the swamps and nearly sent us crazy, and the frogs kept up a loud chorus all night.

The next day we got into a seemingly bottomless mud-hole. I really thought the caravan would disappear. It sank over all four hubs, and the back axle was buried. It

continued to sink. I rushed off to the nearest farm to get help. The farmer promised to come with three teams of horses. He had put several cartloads of big stones into that hole, he said, but they had all disappeared, and he concluded it was useless to put in any more until the flood subsided. He had never known anything like it.

Six horses could not move the van, even helped by the engine. By this time three or four travellers' cars had come to the edge of the hole. They viewed us wading in mud and water over our knees, and decided not to take their cars through, but kindly came to our aid. The hub of each wheel had to be jacked up with a plank and logs before we could move the van. The plank was put under the hub and the logs under that. Then we sat on the end of the six-foot plank to obtain a leverage, and I took the extreme end, over a four-foot-deep ditch. Doris, who had not forgotten the camera, took a photograph. Then the horses were put on and we got out. The five men, although covered with mud, refused to take a cent, and said they were only too glad to help us; they thought the Church had quite forgotten about the children, and were thankful to see that it was not so.

Our arrival in Dauphin was not what we could have wished. Our beautiful new van was covered with mud from top to bottom. The lettering (which explained us and our work) was completely hidden, and we were not looking our best. Manitoba mud refuses to yield to anything but soap and water. We would fain have crept up side-streets, but this was impossible, as we wished to call at the Rectory. We received a very warm welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Cousins. They told us that ours was the first car to get through the floods. Doris, despite all our trials, smiled and sang under all circumstances. We had had to get through fourteen mud-holes on our way to Dauphin.

On the Sunday I addressed the people in Dauphin. Canon Cousins said it was impossible to go east of Lake Dauphin owing to the unusual floods, so we went west towards Ashville and Gilbert Plains. At first we were on a good gravelled road, and so got along well; then we had to go down a bad side-road to find a farmer and lay-reader who took services and Sunday-School at Gilbert Plains. On the side-roads we found several bad mud-holes. To test these I waded in in rubber boots and marked the most shallow places with a stick; then we cut branches and laid in these and by this means could get through without much difficulty.

II

It has been suggested that a way of providing for the spiritual destitution of the people in isolated spots would be to ordain respected members of the communities, so that while they supported themselves they might minister to the needs of their neighbours. Some advocate farmer-preachers who should take a course of study and be given a bishop's licence. But intellectual work is almost impossible after a hard day's manual labour, and to do a lay-reader's work on a Sunday—taking services, preaching, and travelling from place to place—would be a severe tax on a man tired with the work of the past week. An alternative strongly favoured by some is that the farmer should be ordained priest and administer the sacraments without doing any preaching and without of necessity taking any theological training. Religious instruction would be supplied by other qualified layfolk, such as the Sunday-School vans and the S.S.P. A great deal could certainly be done in this way, but personal help and advice are much needed, for minds get very muddled with the teachings of strange sects. People naturally look for help to the priest who administers the sacraments, and there is a widespread feeling that such

a one should have a very special spiritual training. Again, should an ordained farmer move to another place for his own temporal interests, he might find himself where his ministrations were not required. It is also felt that such a man might expect some support from the Church in the event of illness, accident, or unprovided-for old age.

Even carefully instructed people from Eastern Canada and Great Britain often find themselves puzzled when they listen to the plausible arguments of the travelling preachers who infest Western Canada, such as Holy Rollers, International Bible Students (Russellites), Mormons, Four Square Gospellers, and Seventh Day Adventists. These people all distribute much literature and have arguments at their fingers' ends. Moreover, some have a private broadcasting station, and listeners-in all over Canada hear their teaching willy-nilly.

People at home sometimes think that wireless will in the future help to solve the problem of religious teaching in the outposts, but unfortunately those who most need it cannot afford it, and those who have it, unless they are capable of discerning truth from error, are served up with a hotch-potch of most strange doctrines.

I have often been asked whether much teaching for the children could not be given through the wireless, but there are many difficulties. Those who can afford wireless can usually afford a car, and so can get to services and Sunday-Schools; those who cannot are often so poor that they have only the bare necessities of life, and any increase of money is needed for house or farm. Further, most of the new settlements are too far from a broadcasting station for a crystal set to be of use.

III

At a little settlement, Ashville, we found a little wooden Anglican Church which had been closed since before the



A BOTTOMLESS MUD HOLE.



THE FLOODED ROAD TO DAUPHIN.

Facing p 22



UKRAINIAN SETTLEMENT : DORIS DISTURBED AT HER BREAKFAST.

war, as there had been no clergyman to take services. The windows were broken, and we were told it had been used for boxing matches all through the previous winter. It was very dirty inside, and full of broken bottles. We were afterwards told that the Galician and Ukrainian members of the community made homebrew and drank it at these boxing matches, encouraging the young English-speaking boys to join them. This homebrew, or moonshine, is very harmful, being made of rotten potatoes, putrid fruit, or anything which will ferment. The gross raw spirit is most poisonous and maddens the drinkers. Cases have been known of people dying in agony from its effects.

We cleaned the Church and visited the settlement, asking people to come to the Sunday-School and service on Sunday evening. On the Sunday morning we held a service and Sunday-School in a little rural school outside Gilbert Plains. Quite a number of parents and children attended. We left books and pictures, as is our custom, for the Sunday-School to be carried on by two parents. Members of various Churches seemed grateful to us. As the children all learn English in school, they could understand the lessons.

In the evening we went to Ashville in good time and hung our pictures in the dilapidated Church. At the east end we hung a particularly beautiful picture of our Lord, standing with outstretched arms, and His invitation, "Come unto Me . . ." written beneath. The setting sun lit up this picture and transformed the poor little place. There were a great number of nationalities present, but those who could not understand our language could appreciate the pictures.

We went from Ashville northward into a Ruthenian district. The women looked very picturesque with coloured handkerchiefs on their heads, and their shawls and full skirts. It was bush country, mostly silver poplars, beneath

tiger lilies, pink lady's slipper orchids, and deep-red wild roses.

We came to a little school; the door was open, so I walked in, and found the Ruthenian teacher sitting with his legs up on the desk as he taught. I asked him if there was any religious instruction given in the settlement, and he told me that he and almost everyone else were Roman Catholics, and he gave religious instruction in the last half-hour. As our work was not needed there, we went on to the next settlement, having first visited the two English families among the Ruthenians. They were very lonely, and we put the children on the S.S.P. To get to them I had to cross a footbridge over a river in flood. It was not very safe, but I saw it had a cable on each side. I was thankful for that, as the bridge itself consisted of wire netting on two other cables, laid with broken slats of wood. It swung badly, and I was thankful to get over safely. Everyone was surprised to think that I had got over at all.

We went to Colemier school district, and found a very nice Canadian girl teacher and also an Ukranian. They lived in a little house near the school. We camped near and taught the children, who all understood English. Nearly all the parents wanted their children to join the S.S.P. The mothers seldom knew any English, but the fathers knew a certain amount. The children often acted as interpreters. The women do all the hardest work, inside and out, and appear to have no say in anything. We were always sent trailing off to ask the father.

The men seem to treat their wives worse than their animals. An experienced Red Cross nurse who had worked among Ukranian families for some years told me that she had noticed this. She was once nursing the wife of an Ukrainian whom she considered the best in the settlement. When the woman died he seemed upset, and

remarked that he missed his wife terribly, more than if he had lost the best cow on his farm.

Some of these people were Greek Orthodox and many were Greek Catholics. Although the priests came for occasional services, the children did not get any religious teaching. (We inquire about this, as we are careful never to interfere.) We liked the people, but thought them very primitive and centuries behind civilisation. The Galicians were specially primitive. They all ate together out of one pot. We were often invited to meals, but managed to make excuses. They had hardly any furniture in their houses, and, indeed, seemed to live like animals.

The Canadian Government has found these people valuable settlers because, as their standard of living is so low, they can exist where others could not, and they are remarkably skilful at clearing, and can make beautiful farms out of the roughest land in a surprisingly short time. They are extremely industrious and have large families, who all work on the land from their earliest years. Further, they have been used to long, cold winters in Russia, and are expert at wheat-growing. These people say that Canada is like heaven to them, which, considering the condition of the Russian peasantry, can well be imagined. Probably this former downtrodden condition has laid the foundation of their regrettable dishonesty and untruthfulness. In talking to them I gathered that they had lived by their wits and habitually stole and lied. They told me that when they made anything it was taken from them by those above them, and they really had to steal to make a living, and then they lied to save themselves from punishment. This seems to have formed a habit which it will take some generations to eradicate. Even now parents send their children out to steal. When watching the children playing, I noticed that the boys had no respect for the girls. I was given facts which show that the moral

standard is low. In the accounts of juvenile crime in the papers it is noticeable that many of the names are Russian.

The districts that I was most concerned about were those where English-speaking children were going to school with these Eastern Europeans. I knew how young children copied each other. I once visited a school where there were thirty-five Ukranian children and one little Canadian girl of about eight, who had acquired all their dirty habits and, like them, spat all the time. The teacher said that day by day she grew more like them. From a teacher's point of view there seems little use in trying to raise the standard of the English-speaking children and leaving the others. There was clearly a wonderful opportunity here. The Ukrainian children were charming in themselves and most friendly; they brought us bouquets of tiger lilies.

Once when Doris was teaching these children a little girl said: "I like the lessons you give the bestest of all."

As the roads were very bad here, we walked twenty-five miles through the bog next day to visit another school district. We were nearly eaten alive by mosquitoes, which came in clouds and covered us all over, even stinging us through our cotton coats. At last we came to a farm. There was no one about, and we were terribly thirsty. We drew up a pail from the well, and we both had our heads in the bucket when the Ruthenian farmer came round the corner.

When we came to the school we found a picnic going on, which gave us a splendid opportunity to get names for the S.S.P.

IV

We went southwards to Markham, where they used to have Church of England services. It now seemed to be a hot-bed of Holy Rollers and Russellites. The young people were fast joining the Holy Roller Sunday-School.

We were discussing this problem with a young teacher from Northern Manitoba, who told me that she was left so many years there without a service that she followed a friend's suggestion and attended a Pentecostal service in the school, feeling that any service was better than none. She sat at the back. The Holy Roller minister said: "Those who are saved, stand up!" She sat still. He then pointed to her and said: "There seems to be one dead soul in this congregation; let us weep over that dead soul"—producing a large pocket-handkerchief. The congregation did likewise. The girl got up to go, and as she left she heard the minister say: "May the dead soul be eternally damned."

We went on to Lemberg school district, where all were Ruthenians. Some could not understand English, for though they are all supposed to attend school, some parents do not send their children. The general opinion of the teachers, I found, was that they were extraordinarily clever children with a hunger for knowledge. Since then I have heard that in one of the Western universities an Ukrainian took the best degree in the whole college. A great many are entering the professions, particularly law, medicine, and education.

We went on over very bad earth roads; the recent heavy rains had washed great holes in them, and these were filled in with branches of trees, stones, and straw. In this district of scattered farms we suddenly came upon two very large Churches with domes—one was Greek Catholic and the other Roman Catholic. We were told that in a similar settlement each family had given 60 dollars (about £12) and free labour towards building their Church, though living in hovels themselves.

We came back on to the main road and went towards Grand View. It was a great pleasure to drive on a good gravelled road again. At Grand View we found a Church

of England student from St. John's College, Winnipeg. He worked this very large district, from here up to Roblin, inclusive. We got the names of all the schools, and found out where there were any Sunday-Schools. In one of the Ruthenian districts we found that a former teacher had held a Sunday-School which all the Ukrainian children had attended most regularly. Both parents and children were very sad when he left and the school dropped. We saw what good work could be done by anyone with zeal and patience. We put the children on the S.S.P.

It was very hot, often 98° in the shade. One night there was a tremendous electrical storm, and the van rocked in the wind.

We went on to Roblin, about thirty-five miles off. The way led through very pretty country, up and down steep hills, winding trails, bush and bad holes, through the Indian reserve. Some of the Indians were picturesquely wild-looking.

In one settlement people were making paper pulp. I walked a mile to a lonely shack, and found a soldier settler and his wife from London. They gave us a delicious supper of lettuces and wild strawberries. We were hot and thirsty. At another small settlement we found a United Sunday-School and a Pentecostal one. There was a Scotch woman living here; her husband had been in the forestry corps, and had married her after the war, when he was in Scotland. She was lonely and homesick, and very pleased to learn that I had Scotch cousins. We were astonished to find that the boy was allowed to go to the Pentecostal Sunday-School, although the father gave us lurid accounts of the hysterical meetings of the sect, which often lead to religious mania.

On our way to a Ruthenian house we had to cross a stream with a muddy bottom. We took off our shoes and stockings, but even then got nearly stuck in the mud, so

that when we arrived at the Ruthenians we looked much like one of them.

Mr. Philips, the Church of England student, met us at Roblin, and introduced us to the Church of England people. They had bought the old Methodist chapel and were trying to furnish it. The Methodists needed it no longer, there now being a United Church in the place—*i.e.*, Methodists, Congregationalists, and Presbyterians. The children all went to the United Sunday-School, but the Church of England people wanted to start a school of their own. We thought this most important, for where the children have attended the United Sunday-School all their youth, they usually join that Church. Again and again we have had difficulty over this point. Church of England parents allow their children to go when there is no Church of England school, and if they take them away when such a school is started, their neighbours resent it. Even when the Church of England clergy can take a service in a settlement, they seldom have time to hold a Sunday-School also, so there is none, very often, until we start one. Hence the importance of the vans visiting settlers directly they arrive, before the children attend any other Sunday-School.

We went on through interesting switchback country till we got to the last settlement on the western edge of the diocese. In one settlement a family had arrived from England only a fortnight before. The father used to sell tickets at His Majesty's Theatre. They had come out under the Empire Settlement Scheme, and were put on an improved farm with a very good house and the crops already sown.

The wife told us that her husband was very frightened of the cow, and sat as far from her as possible when milking. He was also afraid of harnessing the horses. The woman and the child could manage the cow much better. We were told under what advantageous terms Government

had advanced money for animals, machinery, etc., and what a long term of years they had in which to pay it off.

One morning we were awakened by a heavy knock on the caravan door, and to our astonishment a telegram was handed in. Of course, we both feared bad news, but it was from the Bishop of Brandon to say that S.P.G. was sending a film expert and a clergyman across Canada, and where could we meet them. The Bishop had traced us by telephoned inquiries of the Church-people around Roblin. We replied that we would meet them at Roblin on the Saturday.

We went into the town on the Friday night, and I met the visitors' train at 6.45 a.m. I took them to an hotel, kept by a Chinaman, for breakfast, while we cooked ours at our camp. Then they came with their camera and took me driving up the street, and then Doris and me cooking and eating our breakfast, washing up, and putting back the beds. Also they took us arriving at a farm, asking if we could camp, and being given a loaf of bread and some milk.

We drove them to Merridale, up awful hills and through very bad holes. The film expert said he was black and blue, and groaned over his camera, which he held on his knee. I was made to turn on one of the worst hills and come down again through a very bad mud-hole. They wanted the van to turn a somersault for them again, as in 1924 in the Cariboo.

Then they photographed us teaching a class while the mother listened, holding the baby. We had to cook for our two guests, and what with that and posing as cinema stars, we were exhausted by the evening. They went on to the Pacific coast, photographing on the way various missionary activities and finishing up with a Coast Mission Steamer. The film shows aspects of the missionary work of the Canadian Church, and also gives a very good idea of the beautiful and ever-changing scenery of the Dominion.

Mr. Ryerson and Mr. Best had all their travelling expenses in Canada paid by the C.P.R.

Doris had to return to Eastern Canada for a Girls' Camp, so we now had to go eighty miles into Dauphin, where she left me, and Mary Nettleton from London joined me. She was an old Cheltenham girl, and had been trained for Sunday-School work under Miss Winnington-Ingram.

We left Dauphin, and went via St. Rose to Valpoy. We camped near some nice English people, who were delighted to hear that we were going to arrange a Sunday-School and service on Sunday. Another kind farmer said that he and his wife would drive us in their waggon to Methley, as there was too much bog to get the van through. It was a beautiful morning, so we thought that we need not take coats. We walked the last bit, and then went on a hand-cart (*i.e.*, a trolley) on the new railway track. While we were visiting we were caught in a thunderstorm and got wet to the skin.

On our drive back the kind farmer gave us two army coats, as we were soaking wet. We sat steaming inside them for two hours. Mary Nettleton was wearing a dark-blue dress not warranted to stand this treatment, and when she got back she looked very blue, and I think was feeling blue.

On Sunday morning we had a Sunday-School and service. A good many people came. Then we were to go nine miles to Elkdale, where they wanted us to start a Sunday-School, having been without anything of the kind for years. After all this rain we stuck in a very bad mud-hole, and went to get help from a farmer. He brought a plank and put it under the hub, and then logs underneath

that. I was sitting on the end of the plank over a deep ditch, and, being a good heavy weight, it was coming up nicely, and then the plank slipped from under the hub and I fell head over heels into the ditch, which was three feet deep and full of mud and water. I looked such a sight when I came out covered with black mud and soaked to the skin. After that I scarcely felt fit to take any Sunday-School or service.

On Monday we tried again to get there, but stuck in another mud-hole, with muskeg on each side. The van was tilted to one side. We got a farmer to pull it out backwards. We then decided to walk. The farmer insisted on driving us part of the way, and the rest we waded, with mud and water over our boot tops. Our welcome made it all worth while. We stayed the night at the Post Office. We started a Sunday-School and visited. We found a poor woman, with five children, who was paralysed. Her husband had left her. She asked me to read the Bible to her, and we sang some hymns. When Miss Davies visited her another year she found her and the children living on one meal a day of dry bread and potatoes; she made tea by pouring hot water on hay. That year we got many kind-hearted people in Brandon, and also the Red Cross, to send clothes to many of these poor folk. People are quite ready to help when the need is made known to them. We were driven back to the van.

Round this district the people were too poor to support a clergyman, so they were without anyone to take baptisms, weddings, or funerals. One man told us that he wanted to get married, but there was no one to marry him. We told the Bishop. This is part of the district where a travelling missionary is so much needed.

We went on to Rorkton. They were laying a railway-

line and building a station. We went to a picnic in aid of the Red Cross. There was a splendid nurse up here, a very great help in a place so far from a doctor. All nationalities attended this picnic, among them many picturesque Finns.

At Freedale we found a farmer's wife who had come from England many years ago. She drove round with us to show us the families, and said how she wished they had a Church of England clergyman. They had a United Church student in the summer, but he went back to College in the winter. She herself was a keen Church-woman. The great floods that year had ruined their crops; they had no vegetables even; therefore they could not now contribute anything to the Church.

Here for the first time we met Communistic Finns, of whom we were, unfortunately, to see a great deal later on. They wanted no Bible lessons for their children.

V

We went to Moose Bay on Lake Dauphin, and found an interesting man and wife at the Post Office. He used to paint china in the Crown Derby works in England. The people were mostly Ruthenians. We camped by the lake in the setting sun. The next day I washed St. David, who was caked with hard mud, and no sooner had I finished than it began to rain again. There were several Ruthenian settlements along by the lake. It was a narrow road through the bush, with big boulder stones; one of them was so high that it scraped the back axle, but did not do it any harm. Only a Ford with a high clearance could get along these roads at all. That night we camped near some Ruthenians. One man told me that he had never known such floods in the twenty-four years he had been there. His children had had to swim to school. Some of the children came and

sang English songs round the van, and then opened the door and presented us with four large carrots.

On Sunday we took the Sunday-School, and as the Pentecostal preacher did not turn up they asked me to conduct the service. There were present French, Ruthenian, Canadian, Scotch, and English. My Sunday-School class contained several young men, as well as girls of fourteen. There were young farmers, men from the construction train, and a young schoolmaster. Towards the end of the service the mosquitoes became very bad, as the hall had no fly-screens. I was obliged to start all the hymns, as there was no musical instrument. I had just started "Abide with me," when a large mosquito darted down my throat and I choked.

We went to a farm-house for supper. Our hosts wanted to sing hymns. I sang so many that my throat felt quite tired.

We camped near Lake Manitoba, and saw a lovely moon-rise. We were advised to go to Libreville and Crane River by boat. A farmer took us in a motor-boat to Libreville. The schoolmaster, who was also a lay-reader, let us teach the half-breed Indians in his school. He gave us details about Crane River and offered to come with us. We went back the seven miles to Toutes Aide to fetch our tent, and arranged to meet him after school and go by the motor-boat to Crane River. The farmer was a long time in starting the boat; he had not had it long. Just as we got back to Libreville, the engine of the boat went wrong, but we got to shore with some difficulty. The farmer tried to find out what was wrong, but presently he came to say he could not discover the trouble. I went down to help him, but it was too dark to do much.

We put up our tent near the school. We got up at 5 a.m., and cooked the men's breakfasts and our own. After breakfast the farmer still could not find out what was

wrong with the boat's engine. I offered to help. When Mary and I got to the shore we found there had been a thunderstorm, and the wind had got up suddenly and was now dashing the boat against the rocks. We found the owner and told him. We all stood in the water and with difficulty got the boat turned and into a sheltered bay. I set to work on the engine, and found a sparking-plug floating about in the water. The trouble was carbon on the platinum points, which prevented the contact, so you could get no spark. I filed the points, and the engine started all right. Then Mr. S. said it was too late to go up the lake, as there were reefs which he could not see. The rocks had made a hole in the bottom of the boat, which he had to mend. The wind went down, and at last we started, but the sun began to set and the water was coming into the boat so fast that we could not bale it out quickly enough, so we had to turn back, and we camped near the school again. Mary was cold in the night and wished she were in St. David, but we had a ground-sheet.

Next morning it was much calmer and the boat was mended. The schoolmaster could not give his children another holiday, and so could not come with us. Our food-supply was getting low, and we did not know what we should find at Crane River. We lunched off sardines, eaten with my pocket-knife. I nearly lost my brush and comb with so much moving in the dark, so I finally pocketed them, to the detriment of the hang of my coat, but they were irreplaceable here.

We had a beautiful run to Crane River. The lake is thirty-six miles wide and forty miles long. We visited and collected the half-breeds for a service in one of their shacks. One played a little harmonium. They sang beautifully and joined in the prayers heartily. It was most inspiring. We went over in an old boat and gave a lesson to the Indians on the other side of the Reserve. Next day we left

early, and had a good run back to Toutes Aide, about thirty-six miles.

We went from Toutes Aide back to Rorkton, and then through St. Rose to Lonely Lake, as they wanted to have a service there on Sunday afternoon. We drove about thirty-six miles on the Saturday and visited two school districts. A thunderstorm came on and made the roads very heavy-going. We camped that night at Rorkton, and on Sunday started as early as we could, because we had to go about seventy miles on a very bad road. At St. Rose we had to telephone to say that we feared we could not arrive till evening. When we got within two miles of the school we were making for, we came to a creek which was too deep for the van to go through. I had inquired on the way about the road and was told about this creek, but they thought that the bottom was quite hard. Knowing these muddy creeks of old, I thought it wise to test it. I took off my shoes and stockings and waded in. Before I reached the middle I was well over my knees in mud and water. We decided to leave the van and walk on. We collected our books and pictures and crossed the stream on two small logs laid across, which were very shaky and, moreover, revolved when we trod on them. It was quite late in the evening when we got to the school, but the people had received our telephone message and had gone home to milk their cows—some of them three miles—and then had returned for Sunday-School and service, which surely shows how keen they are.

Before the service was over another very bad thunderstorm came on. It poured with rain. Mrs. F. asked us to sleep in her house, and we shared a room with three of her girls. She told us of three school districts beyond this. We decided to go on and leave the van where it was. We had on our better clothes, and my stockings were too thin to be comfortable for walking. Everybody seemed exceedingly

pleased to see us, and delighted to have the S.S.P. papers for their children. They kept sending us on from one farm to another.

Rather late in the day we were directed up a trail through the bush and across hay meadows. You could only just see the trail in the daylight. We visited the last farm in the dusk. It was a showery, dark night, the hay had been cut, and no path showed in the meadows, so we lost the trail. Fortunately, I had taken my directions before the sun set, and now I steered by a star. I knew we ought to be going west, as we had visited a farm in that direction earlier in the day. We went straight west through everything—muskeg, rushes higher than my head, and long grass. Crossing muskeg, the boggy ooze draws you down; as you drag out a foot it makes a sucking noise, and the other foot sinks farther in.

The long grass was very wet with the rain, and it hid charred stumps (there had been a fire), against which we barked our shins. We fell down and scrambled up again; our knees were black and blue, and we were wet to the waist. At last we heard a cow bell and the bark of a dog, and thought that at last we were near the farm. But it was nearly midnight, and apparently both the cow and the dog went to sleep again. To awaken the dog I made a noise like a coyote, which had an instantaneous effect: the dog began to howl. Then we got on to a cow path, but it seemed to lead in the wrong direction, so then we followed the sound of the dog's howl through thick and thin, muskeg and what not. At last we came to a house, and a dog rushed up to us. Fortunately he was friendly, despite our recent impersonation. It was now 12.30. We had been walking all day, and had been struggling to find the path for the last four hours. We had both walked twenty miles that day.

We woke up the farmer's wife. She said we might

certainly sleep there, but she could only offer us the kitchen. She gave us some blankets and took our soaking clothes. As Mary Nettleton tried to go to sleep, she said she felt as if she had received forty stripes save one, and I also felt very battered and bruised.

Breakfast was at half-past five, in the kitchen. We wondered how the farmer's wife would get our clothes dry so that we could have some breakfast. But the kind soul had got up very early and dried our clothes in the oven.

Our five and a half miles' walk back to the van was a painful one. My shoes were hard as a board from being dried quickly in the oven, and the heels were completely out of both my stockings. Mary was very tired the next day. We visited in different directions, and she nearly lost herself. I had to go and hunt for her at last. Several nights we had to cross the bogs in the dark to the van.

We drove back to Shergrove in the van, and had a Sunday-School and service there on the Thursday evening. We went in a waggon from Shergrove with the mail-man. The road ended on the edge of a swamp, because the tremendous amount of rain in June had made the lake overflow so that the road was covered with water for several miles. All this spring he had had to take the letters through the swamp in a flat-bottomed boat (called a stone boat) drawn by a horse, because it was shallow in places and the boat would stick in the thick reeds if one used a pole. At times we went through a veritable forest of rushes. The mail-bags were specially heavy that week, because Timothy Eaton was sending out his autumn catalogue (the "Prairie Bible"). Sometimes we had to get out and wade and push the boat. At other times the poor horse floundered dreadfully in water-holes. It was nearly drowned in one. The mail-man said he had had one horse drowned this spring.

We had much interesting talk with him on the way.

He came from England many years ago. He had several children, and did not like to think of them growing up without any Sunday-School or service, though, he said, he was not at all religious himself. He told us that he had at one time collected forty young people in the school for a Sunday-School and service, and found that there were only twenty-two out of the forty who had ever attended any service or had any religious teaching. He had given it up, however, because when he mentioned Christ's name the big boys always went home and said he was swearing. We told him a story we had lately heard from a mother recently out from England. She had been teaching her little girl some simple evening prayers. She said to her: "Now say 'God bless father.'" The child answered: "You're saying a bad word." The mother asked what the child meant, and she replied that when she was playing with the children at the neighbouring farm the father always said that word when he was angry.

We were given hospitality for the night by very kind people. On Saturday we walked off, carrying two bags, visiting as we went, hoping to get another mail-man to take us across the lake to another settlement for Sunday. The man, who was an Icclander, said that his boat was small and the lake was rough, and he did not think it would be safe, so we decided to return to our kind friends and hold a Sunday-School and service in their house. A good many people came. I was sorry to hear since, from a caraviner who followed me, that these nice people have become Holy Rollers. As our hostess was exceedingly stout, the effect must be somewhat humorous. Further, we are told that when prophesying she may be heard for half a mile, and the sounds resemble the howling of a coyote.

VI

On Monday we visited the Icelandic settlement at Ashen Point, near Lake Manitoba. On the way we had left our bags with a nice woman who came from Liverpool. Her husband was a Roumanian. He told us that he would take us in the waggon next day to Shergrove if we came back there for the night. This we were glad to do. The Icelanders were very hospitable people and gave us very good coffee and thick cream, but while drinking it a story came to mind how that one of these farmers had sent in a can of cream to the co-operative creamery and a rat was found drowned in it. They seem friendly to the animal world, for a chicken got on the table and tried to eat my bread and butter.

I was very much impressed with the Icelanders. They seemed to have had a very good education in their own country, including thorough religious instruction. They greatly regretted that they had no Lutheran minister. They were thinking of sending for someone to give the children preparation classes for Confirmation, on which great stress is laid in their own country. They bemoaned the fact that there was no religious teaching in the day-schools, and were very glad to have our S.S.P. papers. If they cannot get Lutheran ministrations, they prefer Church of England.

These people have been settled here for years. They are very industrious, and are particularly good at dairy-farming and fishing. They had a boat on the lake in which they collected the cream cans to take to the creamery.

We had so many families to visit that it got late and dark, and the last eight miles we walked in the dark and rain. We nearly got lost, but we kept near the lake, and then found a fence and followed it up. I lost my shoe in a mud-hole just near our friend's house, but groped about

in the mud and water and found it. We looked two veritable tramps when we appeared at their door.

Next day we drove fifteen miles to Shergrove, starting at 7.30 a.m. When we got to a creek one horse laid down, and the man had trouble in getting it up and getting the waggon through. We bumped through bog and muskeg and bush. Our friend would not let us pay anything at all, as he said he was coming in to get supplies at the stores.

When we were visiting in Eddystone school district we found a woman who came out from England seventeen years before. She said she had never been to a service since she came to Canada. She might have gone where she lived before, but there were no services held by any Church in any of the places we had visited lately.

We were told that the Portia school district was very neglected and the people very lonely. We heard that the road was exceedingly bad. We had a great time getting there. It was very rough and through winding trails, through bush and across grass and then a very bad mud-hole. A farmer told me to go through the middle of it. I got through, but had a little difficulty on the far side in the sticky mud, as I had not put the chains on. I cut willow branches and so managed it. We saw a Ford car stuck in this mud-hole, but nobody was in it. Presently the owner returned, and we found it was the Government School Inspector. I offered to pull him out, and backed up and put the tow-line round our back axle. I nearly dug myself in, however, as the surface only was hard, with muskeg below. I put on my chains and got him out. I had always felt sure that a truck could get through where an ordinary Ford could not, and this proved it. A truck has much more power.

The inspector seemed very grateful, and asked what we were doing. He said that he thought our work was much needed. He was much struck by the Church's neglect of

the children in these outlying districts. He agreed with us that it was bad for children to have secular education only. He thought religious education should be supplied on Sundays. He hoped that I would get many day-school teachers in his district to help with the Sunday-Schools I started. We went together to Portia school. He inspected the school, and afterwards listened to me giving a Bible lesson.

The people all seemed very poor round here. The wheat had been washed out in the spring. Some of the farmers had been here seven years. Several were English. One old man had been a bell-ringer, and said he longed to hear a good peal of bells again.

In one house I saw signs of extreme poverty. When I asked the mother if she would like the children to join the S.S.P., she said she would be delighted, as there was no Sunday-School for them, but she was too poor to pay for the papers. The previous year the crops had been frozen, and this year they had been flooded out. Her husband had gone off to the other part of Manitoba, where the crops had been very good, to make some money by threshing. She had been left, with the small children, to look after the animals. The cows had strayed away, and she had had no milk for the last few days. She admitted to being in great trouble. I suggested that I might be able to help her if she told me about it. She had not been able to pay off the forty dollars she owed the hospital for her last confinement, and she was expecting another child in February next. She always needed a nurse and a doctor. The nearest nurse was twenty miles away, and certainly could not get to her in February in the thick snow and drift; the doctor was farther off still. The children had no winter clothes. They were wearing very torn cotton overalls.

Here was an instance where one woman could best help another. It made me feel, as so often before, that women can be really useful in giving sympathy and finding help.

A week or two later I saw the Red Cross secretary, who asked me for a list of families needing clothes for the winter. I told him about this poor woman. The Red Cross paid her hospital bills, and kind friends in Dauphin and Brandon sent winter clothes for her and the children.

All round here were lovely Michaelmas daisies. Some were pink, others a Wedgwood blue, and they were of all sizes. There was also a light-blue gentian and a lot of Red Indian paint-brush—dark red, flame colour, and pink. I sent some roots home in a coffee-tin with wet moss to keep them moist, and the comment when they opened it was: "This smells like concentrated muskeg." After that, how could one expect the flowers to grow?

Getting back to Shergrove was something of a nightmare. It poured with rain, but we managed to get along by putting on the chains. It was dry all the way to St. Rose and Makinak.

At Makinak there was a Church of England student who was training at St. John's College, Winnipeg. They had just built a new little wooden Church here, but it was not yet finished inside. An English carpenter had given all his labour free, and had made some very nice carved pews, the cost of which had been defrayed by different members of the congregation. Out here a great many skilled workmen give their services free for building Churches and making Church furniture. Often the neighbouring farmers work under their direction, also for love.

We visited at Grandville on the Saturday. It was a lovely day, and the Riding Mountain looked beautiful. Very large pines grow about here. I heard there are black bears, but we did not see any.

All the people were very nice. On Sunday the student rode over from Makinak, nine miles, to read the service, while I gave the address. We had the Sunday-School afterwards. They wanted to start one here. We went

into Makinak for Evensong, and I gave the address. The Church was full. They have a Sunday-School here, but had no books and pictures, so we sent them some. We camped near the stationmaster and his wife, who were most hospitable.

On Monday we visited at Ochre River, and then went into Dauphin. Canon Cousins had a special Celebration for us; we had had none for over a month. There were no clergy where we had been visiting—indeed, no ordained minister of any Church except the Roman Catholic priest at Toutes Aides.

Canon Cousins, the Rural Dean, was most anxious to have a description of this Interlake country, as he had not been able to get information about the Church-people who lived in these districts, there being no clergy or students working there. We gave him a full report, which increased his desire for a travelling missionary for this district. From what he had already heard and from what we now told him, he realised that the money would have to be provided from outside, as the people were too poor to do so.

Just as we were finishing our talk the Bishop arrived. He was pleased to see us, and glad to get our report at first hand, which confirmed his opinion of the needs up here, and made him determine to get a missionary if the funds could be procured.

VII

Mrs. Cousins was kindness itself. She allowed us to wash and iron our clothes; we did not finish till quite late. We were invited by the Judge and Mrs. Bonnycastle to camp near their house outside Dauphin in a very pretty situation. They took a great interest in our work, and wanted to hear all about it. A sister of Mrs. Bonnycastle was staying there, who lived in Alberta. She thought the van work was just what was wanted.

Next morning I went down into the town and had a puncture. The jack and the pump were out of order, owing to the vibration of the van. I was very glad all this had not occurred out in the country a hundred miles from anywhere. I should have been in a poor way. While they were mending the puncture at a garage I took the opportunity to look over the car and do all the oiling and greasing. When I was looking quite at my worst, Mrs. Cousins came to the garage to invite me to speak to a W.A. meeting that afternoon; it was just beginning. I suggested that Mary Nettleton should speak instead. She was looking very spick and span in a clean cotton dress just washed and ironed. As for me, I had no time to change into anything. As they insisted that I must speak, I had to wash my hands at the garage and go as I was. If they wanted local colour they certainly got it. But it was decidedly embarrassing to speak before Mrs. Bonnecastle and others, all beautifully dressed. The W.A. of the diocese helped us very much with Can Showers and the running expenses.

We left Dauphin for Winnipegosis, visiting Fork River and Sifton. One night we camped near a very kind woman who had a beautiful garden. It was such a treat to see women, she told us. She saw plenty of men, but hardly ever one of her own sex.

We came on to Sifton. They were nearly all Ruthenians living round here. In one street in the town there were three large Churches—Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic, and Greek Orthodox. I wondered why the Greek Catholics and Greek Orthodox could not worship together. I met a Greek Catholic priest here and asked him. He said that the Greek Catholics had their own liturgy, but their beliefs were the same as the Roman Catholics and they were under the Pope. These priests were allowed to marry. In England they are usually known as the Uniate Church. There was little work for us to do here, as we knew the children

would be instructed by the priests. But we found an old man and his wife at the station who were Anglicans and very pleased to see us.

In the next school district it had been arranged for a lay-reader from Dauphin to come out and take the morning service. He allowed me to give an address on our work at the end. The two school-teachers who were present said that they had had a Sunday-School during the winter and spring, but it had now lapsed. Encouraged by us and our offer of books and pictures, they agreed to start again.

We went on to Fork River, a little town with a small Anglican Church. A student from St. John's was living here for the summer. His home was in Liverpool. It was a pity that the Anglican Sunday-School had fallen to pieces through not having a leader, for there were no other Sunday-Schools, and it would have had a clear field. We tried to get it started again, but it was difficult to find the right superintendent. The student, of course, had no time to teach the children, as he had so many points for services.

We went out into other school districts, in one of which was a Scotch schoolmaster. He agreed to start a Sunday-School, and was delighted to hear that we would send him Nelson pictures, backed on linen at his native Edinburgh. In the other school districts the people were mostly Ruthenians. The priests round here did not like them to have our lessons, though they have not time to visit or teach much themselves. From here we went on to Winnipegosis, on Lake Manitoba. It was terribly stormy that night; a hurricane blew down the lake, and it was very cold.

Regular Church of England services were held here, but there was only a United Sunday-School, to which all the children went. I visited all the Church of England people, and had a meeting at which it was decided to start a Church of England Sunday-School, to be held in one of the parents' houses.

Next day I got up early and went to see them unpack the fish which had come in from up the lake (350 miles long). The boats brought various kinds—Jack fish, pickerel, etc. They packed it in ice and sent it off by train to the States. When the lake freezes over the families go up and camp, make holes in the ice, and fish, using sleighs and husky dogs for transport. There were many Icelanders living here who did much fishing.

One day while visiting I came across a woman who used to live at a farm in my home village, Dacre in Cumberland. She knew my old home and my parents. Another day when we were camping an elderly farmer came and talked to us. He asked me to find him a wife in England and bring her out. He was English himself. He would work hard, and could quite well keep her. I said I thought it was rather risky. He might not like the person whom I liked. My duties seemed many and varied.

The crops were very good round here. We came back to Sifton and went on to Pine River, then for fifty miles along a main road, seeing no one but Ruthenians and Ukrainians all the way. We might as well have been in Central Europe. There had been a strong Presbyterian mission at Ethelbert, which had now become the United Church. There was a good hospital here under Presbyterian control. A United Sunday-School had been started among the neighbouring Ruthenians and Ukrainians. The United Church teachers had a very good influence over them, and greatly helped to raise their standard. This is a good illustration of how they can be influenced if people have the time and patience to do it. It is also an example of how the Church first on the spot gets the children who are left without their own religious teaching. From there we came on a good gravel road seventy miles to Swan River, and then to Durban.

We were anxious to meet Mr. Sims and his wife at

Durban. He was then a lay-reader, but has since been ordained. This was quite different country from the Interlake. It was a land of hills and valleys, well wooded, with a very fertile soil. The crops had not been flooded out here, as they had been on the lowlands, but were now a golden glory, further beautified by the surrounding autumn foliage, yellow, scarlet, and crimson, amidst dark-green pines.

We had particulars from Mr. Sims, and started visiting all the school districts round about. From Durban to Kenville is a good gravelled road. When we got to Pretty Valley school district the roads were very sticky and I had to put on the chains. We went up to Mountain Crest, on the Duck Mountain, quite a new settlement. I found three Cumberland people. To reach one of these families we had to go up a very steep clay hill. The mud stuck on the wheels, but we just got up. We walked to visit the other people, as the road had only been cut out a year ago and was still full of stumps. The scenery was lovely, with the different colours of the trees and many Michaelmas daisies. One woman told me that she did not like going out alone down this road because there were so many bears about, black and cinnamon. Her husband said that last spring a black bear had come after him, and he had to climb a tree and stay there about an hour till she went away. A week ago a large bear had been shot only a mile outside the little town of Benito.

They had had no services for five years at Mountain Crest, but Mr. Sims hoped to go up during the week to take a service. He had so many points on Sunday that he could not fit it in.

On Sunday we went round with Mr. Sims in his car. First he had a service in the United Church at Kenville (ten miles off), lent for Anglican services. I gave the address. Then Mary and I held a Sunday-School. We were invited to luncheon by some members of the congregation. Then

back to Durban, and held a service there in the afternoon. I gave the address here also. Mary looked after two small children while their mother went to Church. Then we went five miles to Benito, where there was another service and address. We drove here in the van, and camped there that night near some people from Birmingham. The Monday we spent washing our clothes. We found some Cumberland people. It was very hot in the day and frosty at night, the temperature dropping about 80°.

We visited Thunder Hill school district. The crops were particularly good round here, and threshing was in full swing. We found a farmer's wife from England. She thought it was very sad that the children in this school district knew so little about the Bible, and that their language was so bad. Although she was an extremely busy woman and had no Sunday-School books or pictures, she had started a Sunday-School. She told us that, tired out on a Saturday evening, she would get her Bible to prepare a lesson, and would find herself asleep with her head on the Bible before she had finished it. She seemed particularly pleased to see us, and truly thankful for our offer of books and pictures.

There were a good many Doukobor families round here, not living their community life and apparently without any religion.

We came on to Thunder Bird school district, over very steep switchback hills. We visited several English-speaking people; the others were Doukobors. We met a Communist while visiting. He said there was going to be a revolution in England the next spring. I replied that I hoped he would come and protect me if it did come. The conversation lasted so long that we did not get back to the van till midnight. He had to lend us a lantern.

I did not remember the man's prophecy until the General Strike the next year, when I realised that in this

remote part he was informed of the exact date. It was a proof of how wonderfully organised the Reds are, and how well supplied with information. When we visited the school in this district we found a good number of Doukobor and English children. The teacher was a Jewess, but she was keen to start a Sunday-School. I offered her a Sunday-School book on the Old Testament, as I did not think she would like the one I usually suggest, which is on the Life of Christ, to illustrate the Catechism. But she wanted the New Testament lesson book, to my surprise.

In the White Beach school district there were also many Doukobors, but we could do little, as the mothers could not understand English, and one cannot get far with nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

When we came to the school we found a nice school-master and his wife, who had started a Sunday-School, but the children were not attending very well. This was a pity, as their moral standard, I gathered, was very low. A young man of the place had recently committed suicide. The schoolmaster naturally felt it very much, for he had been one of his pupils.

We passed a forlorn little wooden Church, long closed for want of a Church of England clergyman. We found that this school district was just in the Province and Diocese of Saskatchewan.

We now went on to Swan River, forty-five miles. Mrs. Wright, the W.A. president, asked us to camp near her and come to supper. The next day I talked to the W.A. and the Junior W.A., who were helping with our running expenses. There was a resident clergyman and a Church here; this was the centre of his district and rural deanery.

We went on to Crest View on the Sunday to hold Sunday-School and service in the little school. We found a Scotch family who had only been out a little over a year. They had come under the Empire Settlement Scheme, and

had been put on to one of those partly cultivated farms on which a house was already built. I was glad to see that they had such a good crop their first year. They were working hard and getting on well, but of course for many years would not be able to give financial help to the Church.

On Monday we went out to Egremont and Bowsman school districts. There were a good many English people there. It was very cold now. I had to drain the radiator that night, as I knew there would be a hard frost. There was ice in our buckets.

We had to come back into Swan River to get to Renwer. On the way we went through Minnetonas, where they were building an Anglican Church. We camped near the store, kept by English people. Next morning we woke up to find the ground covered with snow, and we heard that at Dauphin they had had six inches. It soon melted, however. There is frequently some sharp frost and a little snow between the 18th and the end of September, and then there is usually the Indian summer, lovely hot days and coldish nights. It is a particularly beautiful time of year, with the autumn tints and ripened wheat, and the roads are usually harder and better than they are in June. Also the schools are open again from the first week in September, and so a good deal of work can be done.

There were many Church of England people at Renwer, and it seemed a pity that they had no Church or service; but they had very little money, and it was such a long distance from Swan River that the clergyman could not well come out, and his district was very large as it was.

We went on to Ethelbert and camped there, near the Presbyterian hospital. They invited us in, and we were very glad, as it was cold. We had done fifty-seven miles that day from Renwer. Next day we went on forty miles into Dauphin. As we neared Dauphin I suddenly realised

what I must look like. My brown felt hat had a hole in it. In a house where we were entertained a small child had seized my hat, which had fallen from a peg, and cut its teeth on it! My coat and skirt bore large grease marks, and was also worn beyond mending in places. It was new when I started out in June.

We got in on the Saturday. On Sunday we were very glad to go to the eight o'clock Celebration. We found that the Bishop was there, and the Church was decorated, as they were holding a Confirmation as well as the harvest festival. The Confirmation was held in the morning. In his address the Bishop mentioned the thousand children whom we had found that summer and put on the S.S.P., and he then appealed to the people to help by paying for the papers for those families who were too poor to pay for their own. He pointed out the need for a clergyman to go east of Lake Dauphin, and said that several young men had offered to go to St. John's College, Winnipeg, to train for his diocese, but they needed financial help.

We went south from Dauphin, forty miles to McCreary. I compared the condition of the road now with what it was in June. All the places which had been washed out were now made up, and we got along quite easily, despite the recent fall of snow. We visited a good many school districts off the main road which it had been impossible to visit in June owing to the floods. At Kellwood we found a nice little Church, and called on the stationmaster, who is a lay-reader and takes services here and at McCreary. We were glad to find there was a Sunday-School, in which we taught.

We saw a good many of the old friends who were so kind to us when we came up all mud-bedraggled.

We visited the principal of the school and his wife. The latter was born in my uncle's parish in Cumberland, and he had baptised her and prepared her for Confirmation.

In the evening we went to an orchestral rehearsal. They had only started six months, and really played remarkably well. It snowed at night, and there was a sharp frost.

We decided to go to Minnedosa on our way, because the Junior W.A. and the W.A. had helped so much with the running expenses that we wanted to show them the van. We were there for the Sunday, and described our work at the children's service and at the evening service, and showed the people the van. There was some more snow.

VIII

We got into Brandon by October 19. Then we cleaned the van and put all the equipment away. I gave a lantern lecture in Brandon on our tour. The Bishop presided.

The summary of our work, from June 13 to October 19, 1925, is as follows:

New members for the Sunday-School-by-					
Post	...	...	...	...	1,070
Sunday-Schools taken	...	...	...	...	28
Sunday-Schools started	...	...	...	...	18
Sunday-Schools helped	...	...	...	...	10
Homes visited	...	...	...	...	506
Day-schools visited and addresses given					25
Classes for children	...	...	...	...	36
Addresses to adults	...	...	...	...	33
Services taken	...	...	...	...	10
Children found for baptism	...	...	...	...	71
Travelled in the caravan	...	...	...	2,280	miles.
Walked	...	...	...	440	"
Driven, and by water, etc.	...	...	...	148	"
Total	...	...	...	2,868	"

The treasurer of the diocese told me that 400 dollars—viz., £80—had been sent in by the W.A. and others for the running expenses; but as the van was a new one, we only used 80 dollars 25 cents (£16), which left a good deal over for the next year. People had been very generous with gifts of petrol, and others let us have it at cost price. The manager of the Ford garage promised to store the van for nothing.

It was a great pleasure to see all our friends in Brandon again: the Andersons, who had so kindly given me hospitality before; and Mrs. Thomas, the Bishop's wife, who took such an interest in our work and told me I was always welcome, which one appreciated all the more as her own interests were so numerous and she had a family of ten. The youngest, David, of course took a great interest in the van St. David.

Here, at the end of our first tour in the diocese, the work was only just beginning. In the spring of 1926 Gwen Davies, daughter of the Rector of Morpeth, Northumberland, came out to work the Brandon van. She stayed out for three summers and two winters. In the winter she went on snow-shoes to visit districts which were impassable in summer owing to bogs. The people were in consequence very isolated, and her work was deeply appreciated.

We went on to Vancouver, and I saw off Mary Nettleton to Japan, where she was going to teach in an S.P.G. mission school at Kobe. I was very sorry to say good-bye to her. She was very good at the work and a great help to me.

I had very good meetings at Vancouver and Victoria in aid of the Caravan Fund.

At Vancouver the Archbishop of New Westminster and Mrs. De Pencier kindly gave me hospitality. I was very pleased to see them again; they had been so kind to me in 1924 before I started off in the Cariboo van.

From there I went to Vernon, at the invitation of the Bishop of Kootenay. When I arrived I found he had left for Montreal to visit his son, who had been seriously injured in a football match at McGill University. The Bishop had left a message with the Rector of Vernon, Mr. Gibson, to say that he hoped I would come and start the caravan work in his diocese next year, and if possible would I raise the money for a van? Mr. Gibson and his sisters gave me hospitality, and I addressed the clergy of the rural deanery about the caravan work. They all seemed very keen to have a caravan and the S.S.P. started in the diocese, and said the need was urgent.

Vernon is a very beautiful place near the Okanagan Lake, in the centre of the fruit-growing district. When I left to go east the Rector and his sisters gave me an invitation to stay there the next spring, while the body of the van was being built.

Before I sailed for England I spoke at a number of meetings in Eastern Canada in aid of the work.

A generous donor who was interested by my lectures in England went out for a fortnight one summer with Gwen Davies in the St. David van. She had heard from me of the Bishop's desire for a travelling missionary for the 16,000 square miles in the north of the diocese through which we had worked with the van. She now saw the need for herself, and offered the Bishop £400 per annum for the missionary's salary and travelling expenses, for three years, whilst an endowment fund is being raised. S.P.G. has undertaken to help with this fund. The travelling missionary commenced his invaluable work in the summer of 1929.

Another venture was started in the Brandon Diocese in 1928, when Miss Fowler, a student of St. Christopher's College, came out as Bishop's Messenger and established herself and her friend, Miss Secretan, in a house at Swan

River, which she called St. Faith's. I had suggested to her to offer her services to the Bishop of Brandon. She has since been joined by Miss Williamson and Miss Robertson. They have taken over the S.S.P. work for the diocese from Miss Meadows, who so splendidly undertook to do it till 1929. They visit the outlying districts, taking Sunday-Schools, training teachers, and holding preparation classes for Baptism and Confirmation. They have had built one or two outpost shacks, which are particularly useful in winter as centres of work when it is impossible to use their car. Such centres would be very useful in other Western dioceses.

IN THE DIOCESE OF KOOTENAY, BRITISH COLUMBIA, 1926

I

IN the winter of 1925-26 I collected money for the van for Kootenay Diocese, and also money for a second van for the Diocese of Qu'Appelle.

My companion this year was to be Iris Sayle, whom I had first met when speaking at her sister's school, Ellerslie, Malvern, in 1925. Since then she had gone out to a friend in Vancouver, and was, I found, now teaching at Vernon, whence I was to start with the Kootenay van.

This spring of 1926 Gwen Davies sailed with me to work in the Brandon van.

I was met at Vernon, in British Columbia, by the Rector, Mr. Gibson, and Iris Sayle. He and his sisters offered me hospitality till the van was ready. I was taken off immediately to see Mr. Moore, an Englishman from Manchester, a keen Churchman, who wished to build the caravan body at cost price. The Ford truck with the Ruxtall axle I ordered from Mr. Watkins, the Ford agent, who also, I found, came from England, and took a great interest and promised to do all he could to help me.

Iris Sayle was teaching at St. Michael's Diocesan School, and she wished me to meet the principal, Miss Le Gallais. She had come out from England before the war because she heard there was a great need for Church of England boarding schools for girls in the interior of British Columbia at reasonable fees. In the Government schools in British Columbia no Bible teaching is allowed in school hours.

I was immediately impressed by the personality of Miss

Le Gallais. Presently she told me how she started her school. It was quite a venture of faith. From very small beginnings it has grown to a large establishment. I particularly noticed how very fond the girls were of her, from the youngest to the eldest. She had a wonderful spiritual influence with them, combined with great understanding of their outlook and everyday interests. She was born in Newfoundland, where her father was a well-known and much-loved missionary, and she herself was educated at St. Michael's, Bognor. In my work in the West I had often felt the need for just such a school as this. Miss Le Gallais quite saw that if I had to wait till the end of term for Iris Sayle it would make our start very late, so she most kindly let her off a week earlier.

I had a long talk with Bishop Doull about the work in the diocese, and he suggested that I should travel round by boat and train to visit all the main towns before starting out with the van, to interest the clergy, the Woman's Auxiliary, and the children in our work, so that if possible the running expenses of the van and the S.S.P. might be raised in the diocese.

It appeared that the diocese was the size of Great Britain, and had only thirty clergy. The geographical difficulties were immense. The diocese was divided up by long, narrow lakes 80, 90, and over 100 miles in length, and by huge mountain ranges, including the Selkirks and the Rocky Mountains. Mount Robson, the highest peak in the Canadian Rockies, is in the Kootenay Diocese, as well as such giants as Mount Stephen and Mount Sir Donald. In going from one side of the diocese to the other the motor road rises from 1,000 feet to 5,400, then down into a valley and up again to an altitude of 5,000 feet. One day, visiting one family in the van, we rose 1,000 feet in a mile and a half, and we started a Sunday-School at a mine at a height of 6,000 feet.

I went down the Okanagan Lake to Penticton. The paddle steamers here stand very high out of the water and draw only three feet or so, so that they can go in to all the little landings. I told the W.A. about the need for the work, and they decided to help with the running expenses and to give us a Can Shower. From there I went to Grand Forks by the Kettle Valley railway. One seemed to go almost along the tops of the mountains and on the edges of precipices. When one looked down from a thousand foot drop one felt quite giddy. The views of mountains, rivers, and canyons were wonderful. The railway crossed a remarkable wooden trestle bridge over an enormous chasm, one of the most striking feats of engineering in British Columbia.

At Grand Forks I gathered that money was very scarce. I had been told that in 1925 fruit-growers got only 11 cents ($6\frac{1}{2}$ d.) for a forty-pound box of best hand-picked apples; that the varieties they grew were now not quite fashionable, so they were uprooting the trees and going in for mixed farming.

I went on to Trail by a little electric railway which went over the border into the States and so round to Columbia Gardens. On the way the train was stopped and a young woman carried in. I heard that she and her husband had fallen in their car from a road 200 feet above the railway, because the shifting gravel had given way. The man was only scratched, but the woman died next day.

At Columbia Gardens I had my first experience of these roads, as they drove me down such a one to Trail. The wind had blown the fine sand into deep drifts, which made the car skid perilously on this narrow road, cut out of the mountain-side, with many hairpin bends. I was glad we did not meet a car, as there seemed to be no room to pass.

At Trail there is an enormous smelter for zinc and lead and other minerals, one of the largest in the world. The

town is beautifully situated in a deep basin surrounded by mountains, by which dash the blue-green foaming waters of the Columbia River.

The manager of the smelter came to my meeting, and put a twenty-dollar gold piece in the collection, the first I had seen.

From Trail I went to Bonnington. Mrs. Lee, whose husband was a colonel, came to meet me, and took me to see a wonderful waterfall and the West Kootenay Light and Power plant, part of which had only just been put in. The light and power is sent as far as three hundred miles. I had gone there to speak to the wives of the electricians and interest them in the work. In the evening I was taken into Nelson in a car along the new road recently blasted out of the rock, like a shelf, with a number of very sharp corners. You could pass a car in most places, though you could seldom hear the horn.

Nelson lies in a hollow by the Kootenay Lake. You get a wonderful view as you descend. Up to 1922 you could only reach Nelson by boat down the Kootenay Lake, or by train. The pro-cathedral is here, and I met Archdeacon and Mrs. Graham, who had been there many years. The Archdeacon arranged for us to speak to his people, and in the other parish. In the afternoon I gave an open-air talk in the park by the lake. The next day I went out to Willow Point, on the Kootenay Lake, to visit Mrs. Applewhaite, the diocesan president of the W.A. Many retired army men had settled in this district for fruit-growing. In the afternoon I gave an address to school-children and their parents. One little girl, who had had two shillings sent from England, gave forty cents of it towards our running expenses.

The next day I went down the Kootenay Lake by boat to ¹Kaslo. On the way we passed flat barges with C.P.R. trucks on them. I was told that the cherries grown here



CAMPING AT CRANE RIVER: A LITTLE INDIAN VISITING MARY NETTLETON.

Facing p. 60.



A FARM IN THE OKANAGAN.

took the prize at Wembley for the largest and best in the world. They were sent sealed up in a bottle every week whilst the Exhibition lasted. You could literally take "two bites of a cherry" from these. Later on that summer one woman told me that it did not pay her to pick them, as she got only one cent a pound for them. The following year the price was rather better, we heard.

To get to Revelstoke I now had to go by two boats and two trains, through the Kootenay and Arrow Lakes, and had to stay a night on the way. After seeing the Rector, Mr. Mortimer, and people at Revelstoke, I returned to Vernon. I found that all the books and pictures had arrived. They had to be done up into parcels in readiness for despatch to the Sunday-Schools we hoped to start during the summer. I was greatly helped in this by the Misses Gibson and their artist friend, Miss Lloyd.

On the following Sunday, at the 8 a.m. Celebration, we had our dismissal service, taken by the Bishop, and received our lay-readers' licences. At the end of the morning service the caravan was dedicated to St. Michael. It was so called to connect it with St. Michael's School, because the principal and girls took such an interest in our work, and doubly so for the sake of Iris Sayle, who had been on the staff. We also wanted to remind both ourselves and the children of the guardianship of St. Michael and All Angels, as both we and they frequently had to travel dangerous mountain roads. This thought was summed up for us by the beautiful prayers the Bishop used at our dismissal and dedication services, and in his most inspiring address, based on the parable of the Lost Sheep.

We were also daily reminded of St. Michael by the artistic medallion made for us by Susan Gibson, representing the Archangel and the children.

II

That evening we started off, and reached a little settlement called Lumby, and there held our first Sunday-School and service. They had had no regular service for two years.

It was very anxious work running in a new engine up tremendously long hills, with the temperature 100° in the shade. The heat was so great that when we visited I dared not leave the tyres without covering them. We found a number of English people who were delighted to let their children join the S.S.P. One day we came across a school picnic in full swing. There were a number of nationalities, including Czechs. The latter stated that they had no use for religion. One man said that he had already had too much in his own country.

We went down a road to Enderby which nobody seemed to know much about. It was terribly narrow and very bumpy, but we reached Enderby at last. There was a Church here, but the clergyman had a very large district, and so had little or no time to teach the children on Sundays. He was not at all strong, and when we arrived we found he had been ordered away for his health, so there was plenty of work for us to do.

On the Sunday we went to Sicamous, which was on the C.P.R. and the Shuswap Lake. There is a small hotel built right over the lake, which has a most lovely view. I was much struck by the thought that there, where so many people constantly passed through, the inhabitants should be left with so little spiritual help—no Sunday-School or Guides or Scouts or any ethical teaching for the children.

The gangs working on the railway were a rough lot, Finns and others, with a bad moral influence. Services were held by the Enderby clergyman when he was well enough to do so. It was twenty-five miles by train, but they were few and far between, and to go to Sicamous

meant that on that day he could go nowhere else. The motor road ran by the edge of the lake, cut out of the rock, and in spring, when the snow was melting on the mountains, it was covered with water. We had quite a number at our Sunday-School and service, but some sort of a creature stung me in the middle of the address, and I could hardly go on speaking.

As we visited along towards Mara we found a major's wife whose sister said that she would start a Sunday-School. When visiting like this you never know what types you may find—in one house an English army officer, and in another an Ukrainian three centuries behind civilisation. At one little settlement we met a schoolmaster and his wife who had great influence over the Ukrainian children, and, indeed, over all nationalities. He seemed quite willing to take Bible lessons out of hours. He took us round to visit all the parents and ask their permission for the children to stay the extra time, suggesting that the lesson might be held on a Sunday. I noticed that these people were cleaner than most of their race. The improvement was due to the schoolmaster and his wife. They had got the children to make a nice school garden.

He left us, and we went on visiting by ourselves. The village blacksmith was an Englishman, but unfortunately had become a Bible Student, or Russellite. The man was a fanatic. He began a violent discussion with me. He disapproved of the Archbishop of Canterbury because he sat in the House of Lords, and of the King because he had once visited the Pope. Rome, he was convinced, was the Harlot and the Beast of Revelation, and the Church of England was on its way to join her. The League of Nations was of no use because it was prophesied in the Book of Revelation that it would come to naught. It shocked me to hear him speak so violently against the Christian Churches. One of their most curious tenets is

that there is no life apart from the body, and that only a few exceptionally good Russellites will rise again. We had to leave him in the midst of his tirade, as there seemed no likelihood of its ever stopping. We were sorry to think how many young people's minds would be contaminated by him and his literature.

Most people seemed to think that the children had been much neglected and knew nothing about the Bible, but only played games on Sunday. One old woman said she felt afraid of what might happen; she expected God to send a thunderbolt to punish all these worldly people.

On another occasion a genial soul remarked to me: "What a pity you weren't here at our school picnic, because you and I would have made such splendid anchors at the tug-of-war!" She had a barrel-like appearance and must have weighed sixteen stone.

We came to a locality where the roads seemed almost perpendicular, and were also very narrow and twisting. The weather was very hot, 105° in the shade for three weeks on end; the engine was new, and so I was thankful to find mountain streams to fill my canvas bottle.

July 30 was a very hot day. We walked up a mountain to a "bench," and wished that Britishers would not choose to live on them. They are fertile tablelands up the side of a mountain where the alluvial soil has been washed down into a pocket. We had gone to see the fire-warden's wife, as her husband had noticed the van and asked us to visit her. He had to live up a mountain in order to see the forest fires. He was away nearly all the time, fighting them, so his wife led a lonely life. We had to go along a very narrow path, very dry and gravelly. It gave way beneath me, and I found myself sliding down the slope. I held on to a branch, which broke; then I clutched some long grass, which came up by the roots, and a dry stump did likewise. At last I stopped myself against a pine-tree.

Iris called to me from above to know how she could help, but as she had no rope I thought she had better stay where she was. Finally I crawled up a fallen tree.

The fire-warden's wife was delighted to see us. Her children had been on the S.S.P. in the Cariboo Diocese, and now they missed the papers very much. They had pasted them into a book and read and re-read them. She was anxious to know how she could obtain them in this diocese, and we were able to tell her that the Bishop had just appointed three secretaries in different centres.

We went to the Shuswap Falls, up terribly steep hills, some of them nearly five miles long. You could not get any run at them. We held a Sunday-School and service in a farm, and people came from twelve miles round. We heard from them of two families from England on a "bench." The roads up to it were very narrow, and the pole-trucks came down every day with poles 30 to 50 feet long. If we met them we might have to back down for miles, and even in places where you could pass, the poles swung out and were likely to hit the van. We decided that we had better walk. So we got up at 4.30 a.m., as we thought it would be cooler, but by 8 a.m. it was very hot. We met some of the pole-trucks suddenly, round a corner, and were nearly hit by them. Then we left the road and walked up the mountain, most of the way under a scorching sun. There were no shacks in sight. The chocolate melted in our pockets, the biscuits fell to pieces, and at last we were left with nothing. We had to keep lying down at intervals, as we felt so queer from the great heat and the stiff climb. At last we found a wooden flume, carrying the water from the mountain-side to the valley below, for irrigation purposes. We had no cups, and I got a beautiful snapshot of Iris lapping from the trough. When I tried I found it was not so easy as it looked, for the water came down so fast that it ran into one's nose instead of

one's mouth and made one choke. We took off our shoes and stockings and sat with our feet in the flume. The icy water greatly refreshed us. We continued our journey. It was difficult to find the way, and there was nobody to ask. Presently we saw a little log shack, and struggled to it and sat down by the door in a collapsed condition. We really felt at this moment that we could not explain the S.S.P. to save our lives.

A man opened the door, looked at us, and said: "What you want is a meal." His wife was out, but he got us a very good one. Afterwards we learnt that it was 110° in the shade. During the meal we explained who we were, and asked if they would like the S.S.P. papers for the boy. The father said he thought that the Church of England had quite forgotten them, and so had begun to read up Theosophy and Christian Science, and asked what I thought about them. By this time I was nodding, and Iris was afraid that I should not wake up at the crucial moments to answer the questions; but it seems that I managed to do so, and the father eventually decided that the old Church of England was best, and his boy might join the S.S.P.

The other family, he told us, were out berry-picking, but he was sure they would also like the papers.

We walked down the mountain to the van, and felt all in when we reached it. We found we had done fifteen miles. We drove twelve miles into Lumby. We had been given some rhubarb and cooking cherries, and I thought it better to cook them that night and carry them in a sealer next day. While we were busy arranging the van for the night, the fruit boiled over and put out the primus. When I struck a match to relight it, the accumulated gas nearly blew my head off. We got to bed at 11.30, and Iris remarked that it was the end of a perfect day.

III

The next day we went out to visit at Sugar Lake, by a bad road through the forest, much cut up by pole-trucks. We met one in the narrow forest road, and had considerable difficulty in passing it. We rowed across the lake in a small boat to visit the Curwens, whose daughter was a St. Michael's girl. They are a branch of the ancient Cumberland family. We got a very warm welcome, and were most hospitably entertained by Mrs. Curwen. Here, as elsewhere when meeting "St. Michaelites," I basked in Iris's reflected glory.

When I visited St. Michael's School I realised how valuable these girls would be throughout the province in carrying on the Sunday-Schools we started, as they had been so carefully instructed by Miss Le Gallais in Bible and Church teaching. The teachers in the Government schools receive no religious teaching throughout their course (though their secular training is excellent), and hence find it difficult to impart religious instruction to others without Sunday-School books and pictures. Another drawback in asking young day-school teachers to take the Sunday-School is that often it is their first school and they do not want to remain long in one place, and they naturally like to be away for week-ends. Often they are girls of eighteen or so. I always feel that it is better to place a permanent resident in charge of the Sunday-School.

There was a thunderstorm that night, which made the road from Sugar Lake worse than ever. I had covered the engine with a waterproof sheet as usual, or else the water would have got into it and we could not have started it up.

Just as we were starting, to our surprise, Iris saw Mrs. Mackie from the Vernon Preparatory School. This is a splendid Church school for boys, doing for them what St. Michael's does for girls.

After leaving Sugar Lake we went up a mountain road, part of which was blue clay, very sticky. We rose 3,200 feet in about twelve miles. The gravel was washed out in one place, but we just managed to get over. To reach some very lonely families we had to go along a road cut out of the rock 800 feet above the lake. There was just room for the van to go along; for twelve miles you could pass nothing. There were bad hairpin bends, one of which, as you approached it, gave you the feeling that you were going straight into the lake. We could not avoid the stones which had washed down, and so had to bump over them.

There is no protection at all on the edge of these roads, not even a stone or a log. When the mail-man goes along this road once a week in his Ford car he puts a notice in the paper to say would everyone please go the same way as himself when he takes the letters, as you cannot pass for twelve miles. When we got to the end of this narrow part of the Creighton Valley road we met two cars. Had we met in the middle we should have had to back up six miles.

The appearance of St. Michael caused great excitement at a lonely farm at the end of this road. We had long been eagerly expected, as the eldest girl, Dorothy, was at St. Michael's School. They were a charming family of the public school and university type. The mother was very pleased to be visited, as with all the work inside and out she had no time to prepare Sunday-School lessons for her children, and had no books or pictures. Manual work is much harder for educated women who have not been brought up to it. We explained the S.S.P. to her. She was delighted to hear that she could have Sunday-School leaflets, four at a time, to read to the small children, and more difficult lessons for the elder ones, which they could read themselves, answering questions to be corrected by the secretary.

We wished to have a washing day, as our clothes were

very dirty. The children all helped by carrying water for us. By the time we had finished it was almost dark, so we hung the clothes up to dry all night. In the morning before we started I showed Nelson pictures to the children. I had thirty-six on the Life of Christ, and when I got half-way through, showing and explaining them, I thought the children would be tired and that I had better stop. But they begged me to go on. They were listening with eager interest, their eyes getting bigger and bigger.

We had to go through Vernon to our next district. The Misses Gibson ironed our clothes and mended our stockings. Miss Lloyd promised to send out the books and pictures to the Sunday-Schools when we had started them.

We next entered Mr. Stuart's district. His parish covers a thousand square miles of scattered settlements in the mountains, with numbers of "benches" and very dangerous roads. He had eleven points for service. He came out from London, where he was on the Police Court Mission. He and his wife had been in that district for twenty years without a holiday, and he was now about sixty. The people were so poor that they could not all raise their quota of his salary, so he augmented his income by keeping bees and goats.

We visited the district as we passed through. A railwayman took us down the line on a speeder to visit Mrs. St. Laurent. He explained that we should have to jump off if a train came, and one never knew when a freight train would come along. It was a single line through the forest; you could not see far in front of you. If a train came you jumped down the embankment, and the speeder would be smashed up. I had heard that the Bishop of Brandon had had such an experience in Manitoba.

Mrs. St. Laurent came from Cornwall. The great desire of her life was to have a little Church at Falkland; then she would die happy, she said. She was knitting stockings to

raise money for a stove for the future Church. She had been writing to everyone she knew in England asking for help towards the Church. Fortunately, we also were able to interest a good many people in it, and obtained several gifts.

On Saturday Mr. Stuart came to meet us, and we discussed his district. It was arranged that we should go round with him on the Sunday, and I should give the addresses. We had Sunday-School at Falkland at 10 a.m., followed by a service. Both were held in a condemned day-school. It was 105° in the shade, and I could hardly give the address. Iris very wisely went to sleep, though she denies it vehemently to this day. I quite realised the necessity for a Church.

In the afternoon we went to Grand Prairie, where there was a little Church. Mr. Stuart was most anxious for a Sunday-School to be started; he had tried and tried to get teachers, but nobody volunteered. Iris taught the children outside the Church while I gave an address to adults. In camp that night we saw the glare of a forest fire some three miles away across the mountains, and the air was hot and suffocating, which was doubly trying after the temperature of the day. Forest fires were exceptionally bad this year owing to the great heat and small rainfall.

At Grand Prairie, now called Westwold, we visited every house in order to find teachers for a Sunday-School, as there were some thirty or forty children. We first went to the Anglicans, who all with one consent began to make excuse and referred us to "two very religious people" who, they were sure, would be very glad to teach. We went to see them. One woman was Church of England. While we were talking to her, her husband came in and joined the conversation by remarking: "Excuse me; I don't wish to go into any controversies, but . . ." and started a violent discussion. It was now 9 p.m., and his discourse lasted an hour. The gist of it was that he was an English

ex-service man, and now held that our motives were all wrong in entering the war, our aim being merely to get money and possessions, and our clergy were either heretics or criminals. I had discovered by this time that he was an International Bible Student. These Russellites were pro-German in the war, and so have changed their name.

I felt bound to reply to him, late as it was, and told him that I thought it extremely wrong to give papers and Bible commentaries to young people which contained such erroneous teachings, even changing the meaning of our Lord's words to the dying thief, by punctuation, leaving the idea that all were annihilated at death except the few very good International Bible Students who would rise again. I remarked to him that in the Greek New Testament there are no commas, and he replied that he thought the Bible had always been written in English.

By this time I had quite decided that he was not a suitable person to teach in the Sunday-School. Next day we went on to visit the other "very religious" man. He worked on the railway. A girl of about fourteen came to the door, and we asked if her father were at home, and explained why we had come. She said he was, and was very interested in Sunday-School work, and she was sure he would like to teach. She would go and tell him. In the course of conversation I asked to what Church he belonged. "Oh," said the girl, "father is a Latter-Day Saint," or, in other words, a Mormon.

I looked at Iris, and we wondered how we could get out of the house before father came in and accepted. I said rather hastily to the girl: "As it is so difficult to get teachers here, perhaps it would be better for everyone to join the Sunday-School-by-Post. Would you like to have the papers?" She said she would. I never saw Iris write down the secretary's name and address so quickly, whereupon we fled.

By this time we were quite determined that the Anglicans must teach. We camped by the main road of the settlement and refused to leave till they volunteered. In desperation three did so. As a result splendid work has been done, and there has been an average attendance of thirty-five children ever since. Even the Mormon's daughter goes, and she may qualify as a teacher in time.

We went down into Monte Creek by a mountain road of shifting sand, very steep and narrow with many sharp turns. We crossed the North Thompson River in a boat to visit Mr. and Mrs. Stuart. We were given a very warm welcome. Mrs. Stuart was an invalid, and could hardly ever go out, but she did all the housework and looked after the goats and bees when her husband was away visiting in his enormous district, by car or on his old horse Brownie, who has carried him about 12,000 miles. Once in winter he was crossing the river on the ice when it broke and let in horse and rider. He pulled the horse out, and then had to ride eleven miles round to a bridge, with the temperature below zero.

We returned to the van and camped near Mr. and Mrs. Taylor at the store. She allowed us to have a washing day, and helped us with it and provided all our meals. The clothes dried as soon as they were hung out. Our long line of washing caused much amusement.

The Chairman of the Senate at Ottawa, Senator Bostock, has a summer place here. His daughter drove the St. Michael van in 1928.

Travelling through another settlement, we stopped to ask an old man where the children lived. On hearing me speak, he got very excited and exclaimed: "Where d'you come from? Where d'you come from? Don't you come from Westmorland? I used to drive a coach and four over Kirkstone Pass." He was eighty. He seemed very

pleased to see me, and gave me a dollar for the running expenses of the van.

We went on to a little settlement on the Shuswap Lake, called Chase, where there was a little Church with a little room attached to it. Mr. Stuart arrived, and we had supper with him there. Sunday was a busy day. We had a Celebration in the morning at Chase, and then we went with Mr. Stuart to Chase Creek in Turtle Valley. We went up a mountain road rising seven or eight hundred feet. I gave an address at the service and mentioned the children's ignorance of the Bible, adding that some only knew Christ's name as a swear word. A mother told me afterwards that I did not exaggerate, for she knew many and worse instances.

We then came down a very steep hill with a road much washed-out, a rather perilous journey. We had a service at Chase in the evening, where I also gave the address. The day-school master here was the superintendent of a flourishing Sunday-School, so there was no need to put up our usual plea for religious education.

On Monday we went up again to the settlements we had been to on Sunday afternoon, as we wanted to visit all the homes. Here there were families particularly lonely and isolated. One woman had been at the mental home owing to this, but was now restored to health. Another woman was a Holy Roller. We were told that she spoke against all Church-people, but she was quite nice to us. At times she was said to get very excited, nearly going out of her mind.

When we camped that night we heard weird noises, like a woman shrieking. It was the cougars, or mountain lions, calling to each other.

We came down a mountain, and then went up another to Pemberton Range, round the Devil's Elbow and a very sharp bend. The edge was cracking. That night I had to carry water, for cooking supper, three-quarters of a mile.

Next day we went on to another district. Altogether we had risen 2,000 feet in nine miles, and we finally got up to 3,000 feet above sea-level. Here there was more water and forest. We found a little stream near which was a pretty garden belonging to an old bachelor. It was full of delphiniums and had a lawn. He actually had a lawn-mower. We invaded the garden to get water from the stream for our engine. The owner appeared and asked if we wanted anything. He kindly gave us some lettuces.

At the far end of the district we visited Mrs. X., who had been a teacher in a Church day-school in Norfolk. It was difficult to find an entrance to the two-roomed log shack. At last we found the door. It was covered by an old sack with holes in it, to keep out the numerous Leghorn chickens. Mrs. X. appeared at the door, and was much surprised to see two women and to find that the old Church had not really forgotten her, as she thought. She invited us in, apologising for the sacks of chicken feed which filled the living-room. Her husband had got back with them about midnight.

"I am sorry dinner is late," she said, "but I have just found some nice lamb's quarters under a bush, and thought I'd like to cook them for dinner." A savoury odour of cooking meat filled the place, and I feared that Iris would think that she had found a dead lamb and was going to dine off it. I did not undeceive her, and it was not till dinner was on the table that she found she was to be regaled with wild spinach. The husband came in; he was an old private from the Indian army. They had a boy of fourteen called Jackie. The home-made table was nailed to one side of the shack. There were hardly enough plates and spoons. Jackie sat on an upturned cream can to provide us with seats. His own meal was very much interrupted by the chickens, which would keep coming in through the holes in the sack at the door and nearly getting on the table.

Mrs. X. was delighted at the idea of the S.S.P. papers for the boy, and promised to help him. We could picture them on Sundays, the boy reading his papers and the mother helping him with his answers, and the chickens running in and out all the time. We heard afterwards that he answered his questions most regularly, and took them nine miles down the 2,000 feet to post.

It is wonderful how these children keep up this correspondence course considering the difficulties they have in getting stamps and envelopes. We often link up these lonely parents and children with families in England and Canada; perhaps this explains why people in remote districts find it so difficult to answer.

When we had finished in Mr. Stuart's district we copied out the names of the children we had put on the S.S.P. There were 183. With those already enrolled there were now 472 in his district alone. We had started seven Sunday-Schools. We sent Mr. Stuart a report of our work.

We went on to Sorrento, and there found some St. Michael's girls camping by the lake. Just as we were going to bed that night, at 11, we heard the Bishop of Kootenay's voice. He had General Z. with him. They had been to a meeting on Church matters, and on his way back to his friend's house he had seen the van. We thought it a little late for an evening call, but were very glad to see him, as he always took such interest in our work. He wanted to know all we had been doing. He came to say good-bye to us in the morning. I was lying under the van doing the grease cups, while Iris was tidying up the inside of it.

On the way to Eagle Bay we followed a narrow, stony road with the forest on one side and the lake on the other. A forest fire was raging, but the fire-warden told us that they had got it under and it was safe to go on to this farm. Presently we came to a charred, smouldering tree fallen

across the road; the forest on our right was smouldering too. I asked help of two fire-fighters; they said they must fetch their axe, and seemed much amused when we produced ours. The Sunday-School van roused their interest, and they begged me to visit their wives across the lake, where Sunday-Schools and services were much needed. The road ended at a farm which a little while before must have been surrounded by flames. The woman was surprisingly calm. She said she was thankful her husband had been at home when the fire started. He and the other men had cleared the trees round the house and back-fired, and so had saved the situation. We put the children on the S.S.P. I was not at all anxious to camp here, as fires have a habit of starting again if the wind gets up, so we went back as far as we could before night came, and then camped. We got up very early and hurried through the rest of the fire-belt, and camped on the other side of the lake that evening. A high wind got up that night, and across the water we could see the fire raging along the road which we had travelled earlier in the day. Had we been caught we should have had to abandon the van and jump into the lake.

The next day we went down a very steep road to the ferry. The ferryman told us that a few days before a local doctor had been sent for to an urgent case across the lake. He went down the steep hill at a tearing rate in his Ford coupé, the brake-bands went, and the car rushed across the ferry into 10 feet of water. He managed somehow to open the door and get out, and so floated to the surface and was hooked up by the ferryman. Unfortunately no one's clothes would fit him, so he had to go to bed at a neighbour's house till his own were dry. Meanwhile the patient's relatives were telephoning wildly, and another doctor had to be called for.

We crossed over to Scotch Creek, and went along a

narrow road cut out of the precipice with a number of hair-pin bends. We found several little settlements in which were the homes of the fire-fighters. We did indeed get the warm welcome they had promised us. They had been wishing for Sunday-Schools and the S.S.P. They greatly missed their former clergyman, who used to visit them by motor-boat even in the worst storms. He was a man with private means, which he used in the interests of his parish. His successor had no motor-boat and lived some way from the lake, and so was only able to take services regularly on the opposite side of the lake. It was a Government ferry and no charge was made on week-days, but, very naturally, the ferryman charged somewhat highly for Sunday work.

We recrossed the lake and came to a little place called Notch Hill. At the telephone office we found a Miss R., who had taught at a children's mission in London. She could not get to service on a Sunday, and missed it very much. We were 'phoning about our services round the lake for the coming Sunday, and she would not let us pay for our calls. The next day, Saturday, we were taken in a motor-boat to Lea Creek. Some lonely families lived there, who had only a rowing-boat, in which they could not cross the lake when it was rough. They welcomed the S.S.P. As usual, I left a member's card for each child. These cards bear the child's name, the S.S.P. secretary's name and address, and space for date of Baptism. Of course, I ask parents if their children have been baptised. Here I found that several were unbaptised, and one father, a member of the Church of England, said he did not believe in Baptism. After I had talked to him he seemed more inclined to have his children baptised. During our tour we came across a number of parents who held these ideas, not a few of whom were Church of England. The cause seemed to be lack of teaching and association with members of queer sects.

We held a Sunday-School at Sorrento on Sunday morning. There was a little Scotch girl present who had just come with her parents from Glasgow. She missed her Sunday-School teacher very much. In the afternoon we drove to Blind Bay, and the storekeeper took us over to Magna Bay, nine miles, in a motor-boat. Quite a number of children and adults attended our Sunday-School and services. One of the mothers offered to carry on the Sunday-School. She had lived at Vancouver. They had had no services here for a year.

On returning to Blind Bay we held a service on the balcony of a private house. In the Sunday-School before the service we noticed that one boy seemed to know a great deal. We found that he came from Australia. His mother told us that she wished they had Bible teaching in the day-schools of British Columbia as they had in Australia.

We went on to Salmon Arm, and there found a clergyman and his wife who had come out in the boat with us that spring. There was a Sunday-School here, so we did not stop long in the town. I went to the garage to change the oil. The manager told us that he came from Regina, and had there seen the Sunday-School vans. He was very pleased to hear what a number there were now. He insisted on changing the oil himself, and charged nothing for doing it.

There were quite a number of school districts which went with Salmon Arm parish, but as the clergyman had just come he had not had time to get out into them. In one of these we found some very loyal people, who were much distressed by the activities of a number of Reds, Finns, and others. They had held meetings in the school-house, all wearing red sashes and teaching Bolshevism. The local trustees had therefore had to close the school for all meetings, and hence we could not hold a Sunday-School there. These Finns had formerly been devout Lutherans,

attending the ministrations of their pastor; but nowadays when he came to the next district, they took the wheels off his buggy and cut his horse loose to wander in the mountains, and hardly anyone came to the services. He persevered bravely all the same.

We had heard a number of stories, but decided we would visit for ourselves, as usual going to all the houses. One Finn looked through a fly-screen and remarked: "If you send a Bible lesson to my house I'll burn it. There is no God; it's all a myth. If I knew more English I'd preach a sermon to you as good as a minister." We put a few questions to him which he could not answer.

The English-speaking people were very glad to have the S.S.P. for their children, situated as they were in the midst of atheism and error. There was a family from Saskatchewan who had already been on the S.S.P. A girl of fifteen was greatly troubled by the irreligion of the twenty-year-old Finn with whom she went to dances. He laughed at her religion and she did not know how to answer him. We tried to help her. As we left this family we came upon the young man, and asked him if it was any use visiting his people. He said, "No," and began a long discussion on Bolshevism, beginning with labour problems and ending with religion. It lasted quite an hour, but although I listened with an open mind I could find no logic in it.

While the young man was talking to me, Iris was giving his fifteen-year-old sister a lesson on the life of Christ. She appeared to be tremendously impressed, and said she would like to hear more about it. I asked the brother if it would be any use sending her the S.S.P. papers; he replied that his father would burn them. So I suggested that she should go and read them with a Canadian family a quarter of a mile away. She looked rather alarmed at this suggestion, but said she would try to go. She feared her father's anger. We left these districts feeling very sad, because it

seemed likely that the British and Canadian children would be much ridiculed for doing their S.S.P. papers. Even when we were camping Finn children passed without speaking to us and with their heads turned the other way, evidently by their parents' orders, for everywhere else the children were extraordinarily friendly and loved to inspect the van.

We went on to Mount Ida, where we found a little girl with a terribly inflamed eye; a husk of wheat had blown into it. Her parents had taken it out, but were too busy with the harvest to take the child to a doctor. The mother had bathed the eye with water and Epsom salts and had also put on a tea-leaf poultice. I gave her some boracic powder. I always carry a Red Cross outfit in the van. I offered to take the child to the doctor, but the mother said the eye was better.

The next person we visited was a very keen Anglican, who gave us a most amusing account of the religion of her neighbours. One was a "By the Way." They kept themselves to themselves. We went to visit a man and his wife just out from England who were working for them. There was no gate, and it seemed difficult to climb the barbed wire fence, so we called to the woman. She came to talk to us. We asked her how she went in and out. She pointed to some poles, and said she climbed over. We could not make out whether this was a coincidence or whether it was the creed of the "By the Ways" to permit no ingress or egress for unbelievers.

Another odd neighbour was a Seventh Day Adventist, who looked after our acquaintance's bees for her and talked all the time about his belief—*i.e.*, that Saturday should be kept holy instead of Sunday. He gave her a number of papers, and when she tried to tell him that his ideas were all wrong he was too deaf to hear. He came very often to attend to the bees in order to talk to her.

Mount Ida is an imposing mountain 5,200 feet high. We passed through a beautiful gorge at its foot, along a narrow, winding, sandy road. At the next little settlement we found a bright-looking girl, who was deaf and inarticulate through severe illness in infancy. The mother said she had taken the child to a doctor, but could not afford to take her to a specialist. Later on we were able to get her admitted to the deaf and dumb school in Vancouver.

We then came to Armstrong, a fair-sized town with a clergyman and Church and Sunday-School. The Woman's Auxiliary had organised a splendid Can Shower. We then went fifty miles along the Okanagan Lake to Ewing's Landing. We kept an eye open for the "Ogo Pogo," as it was called, a sea serpent in the lake which, we were assured, had been seen by several people. It was of great length with a head like a sheep. Small "Ogo Pogos" had also been seen, we were told.

On Sunday we had quite a large congregation at our Sunday-School and service. After my address a doctor from the university at Vancouver said that he quite agreed with me about the lack of Biblical knowledge amongst young people. He had found that when he referred to the Scriptures in his lectures to his students, quite a number of them did not understand his allusions. At the end of the service it was decided to start a Sunday-School, and several volunteer workers offered. A resolution was passed by those present saying that they wished for Bible teaching in the day-schools. I was to send this up to the next parents' and teachers' convention.

Miss Lloyd from Vernon joined us here to spend a fortnight with us and see the work at first hand. She took us to see a friend of hers who had a fine estate by the lake. He had a lovely garden and an orchard with apricots, peaches, and apples. Several Scotch families were settled there and working for him. He was a great sportsman,

and showed us beautiful heads of cariboo and moose and a splendid cinnamon bear which he had shot.

IV

We visited Oyama and all the district between there and Kelowna, where we arrived just in time to hear the Coldstream Guards' band, which was touring Canada. Here also we were given a generous Can Shower, which included thirty-six tins of sardines.

Outside the town we found the house of a countess who was said to be a Buddhist. The door was opened by a Chinaman, who asked if we were fruit-pickers looking for a job.

We met a boy of sixteen just arrived from England. He thought British Columbia a splendid country. In Sussex, he said, farm lads were looked down upon, but here it was quite different, "for the Honourable Mr. So-and-so looked after pigs."

The clergyman at Kelowna, Mr. Davies, had asked us to go up Joe Rich's Canyon. We rose 2,600 feet in twenty-one miles. The engine boiled, but we got up all right. Part of the road was very narrow, with bad curves and turns. We ought to have had a splendid view, but the smoke from the forest fires prevented us seeing far. The road was cut into deep ruts and holes by the pole-trucks.

We left the van and walked to visit the people. They had a small Sunday-School in a private house, but needed books and pictures. The clergyman from Kelowna came up there occasionally, bringing some of his choir boys with him. He had a very good choir. The crops were excellent, but one could not see how anyone could make a living when it was so difficult to get supplies up and produce down.

We camped up there that night, as these lonely people

seemed so delighted to be visited that we did not like to hurry away. We were nearly eaten alive by black flies. Our eyes swelled up and my face bled all over.

After this we crossed from Kelowna to West Bank on the ferry. Here there was a settlement of fruit-growers. A little wooden Church had just been built with money sent from St. George's, Camberwell. The children of the London parish called the Canadian Church their "Baby St. George." When we returned to England we brought them a photograph, which they framed and hung up in their school. Iris Sayle described the Church to them, and told how we had started a Sunday-School there. The children gave with great pleasure and generosity, although one knows it is a poor parish.

Shortly after this these school-children won a prize of a pound for the best window-box of all the schools in London. They had intended buying pictures for their school, but now they decided that they would rather give Nelson wall pictures for the use of the Canadian Sunday-School and to be hung up in "Baby St. George."

This Sunday-School was started on our first visit to West Bank.

On the Sunday evening Mr. Solly, the Rural Dean, came to take the service. He had a very big district and had already taken a number of services.

The next day we were invited into a wonderful orchard of peaches, pears, apricots, and apples. The peaches were at their best, much better than hot-house fruit. We were given two canvas buckets and a basket full, and the donors were sorry that we could not take any more, but it is very difficult to eat as many ripe peaches as that before they go bad. We had a talk with the man who owned the orchard. Unfortunately, they could not sell all their peaches, so they were giving them to the pigs or throwing them into the lake. The fruit was exquisite, but the local towns were

too small to take any great quantity, and the freightage to the large distant cities was so heavy on the mountain railway that with the cost of packing and labour they might actually lose on the transaction. It seemed a pity that there were not more canneries, but capital was lacking. The man who gave us the fruit said that years ago he had once sold a ton of peaches for a dollar.

We went on to the Sollys at Summerland, and were surprised to find a stone Church, an exceptional thing in this part of the country. It was a witness to the energy of Rector and people. Mrs. Solly was extremely kind to us and realised our needs. She at once suggested our using her electric washing machine and iron. We were taken to visit some of the distant farms. Summerland is a "bench" full of lovely orchards.

Then we went on to Penticton, along a pretty winding road beside the lake. There was a heap of earth and stones on the road, but I heard that in wet weather there was sometimes a big landslide. At Penticton we were given another large Can Shower, and now we had fifty tins of sardines! We showed the van to the Woman's Auxiliary. The Rector, Canon Thompson, gave us instructions about what to do in his district.

Next we went up to the high land above Penticton. It was a succession of orchards. We found a charming family of mother, son, and daughter, Scottish Episcopalists from Old St. Paul's, Edinburgh. They told us of a quaint family who lived above them, three brothers and a sister. They were by way of farming, but their hens were all about ten years old, and they wondered why they got no eggs. It seemed that they usually bought their milk and eggs from our friends. We had supper with them on their balcony overlooking the lake, a most wonderful view. We visited all along the hillside and put the children on the S.S.P.

Oliver was a new settlement of ex-service men reaching down to the U.S.A. border. It was extremely hot and dry in summer. The hillside was covered with sage brush, a sure sign of dry, sandy soil. It was marvellous for fruit-growing if irrigated. The Government had put in a splendid irrigation system, very substantially built. The cost was necessarily heavy and the settlers had to pay for their water, and as they had to wait some years before they could get any return from their young apple trees they were experimenting in growing cantalupes (melons), for which there is a great demand in Canada and the U.S.A. They were sent over the border in motor trucks. Peaches and apricots also grew well here, but most of them were young trees.

Anglicans were in the majority. The clergyman from Penticton held services occasionally in the United Church, but as there was only the one building the United Church people had the first claim, and there were only certain hours when the fruit-growers could attend a service. Therefore the Church of England people were collecting money to build a little Church of their own, but they greatly needed outside help. The Penticton district, also, took up so much time that the Rector had very little left for the new district of Oliver. The United Church had a Sunday-School, but the Church of England children seemed to go nowhere. At the other end of the settlement they were going to build a little day-school, and we found some very keen parents who wanted a Sunday-School started when the day-school should be built. We also found a young girl who was ready to teach. She knew Miss West, who had worked in the Qu'Appelle Diocese since 1921, following me in the first caravan which I started in 1920. She had had a good training under Miss West and Arch-deacon Johnson of Moose Jaw. She promised to write to us when the school was built, and we would send her books

and pictures. Another keen Churchwoman was ready to help her.

V

We went on to Osyoos, and drove over the border without knowing we had done so, whereupon a car was sent after us by the Customs' officer to say that we must not drive over without reporting. We explained that we had no intention of crossing the border, but merely wished to visit in Osyoos. We ought to have been warned by large notices which we had recently passed, warning everybody to have their last drink. Not far from the last notice there were broken bottles strewn across the road, a singular discourtesy.

We found quite a number of families living by this beautiful little lake, and as the weather was very fine and warm we held our service and Sunday-School by the lake shore. At the service were the niece of an Australian bishop, the sisters of an English rector, and the sister of the present Bishop of Calgary. We understood there had not been a Church of England service here before, only United Church, which everybody attended. We put the children on the S.S.P., and the Bishop of Calgary's sister promised to help them.

On the Monday we went over the Anarchist Mountain. From 913 feet we rose to 4,000 feet in ten miles. It was a very hot, sandy hill, which made the engine boil. There was no level ground all the way. I was warned to fill my canvas water-bag before starting; before I reached the top it was empty, and I was afraid the engine would be harmed. We went off with buckets to look for water in different directions. I kept round about the van in case a car came. Presently one did, and the driver gave me a little water and told me there was a stream about a mile off.

We found a little lonely settlement at the top of the mountain which seemed to be left out by every Church. The mothers were delighted to be visited, and have the S.S.P. papers for their children. Further on, at Rock Creek, we found a number of International Bible Students. The natural result of the neglect of the Church is the growth of these queer ideas. These sects really seem to be more missionary-hearted and energetic than many members of the Church of England.

We heard that there were many people living up an awful hill behind Rock Creek. We went up in the van, and found a family who had come from Sasakatchewan and knew all about the S.S.P., which they used to receive from Miss West. That night we camped near a charming educated Englishwoman, who seemed to know all about us, and we could not understand why.

"I've read all about you," she explained. "A friend sends me out *The Church Teacher* from England, and there I saw an article by Miss Hasell." She insisted on our coming in to supper and breakfast. Her husband had sung in Salisbury Cathedral choir as a boy.

The roads were in very poor condition all round here, and there had been a terrible cloudburst which had washed away parts of the road; their Ford car had nearly been washed away also by the torrent pouring down the mountain-side.

We camped in a valley of eerie, almost primeval beauty—huge towering mountains of fantastic shape on either side, sometimes forest-clad, sometimes bare. Here we found some very lonely people, who were delighted to see us and have the S.S.P. for their children. We went on to Beaver Dell. There was no school here, so we visited all the families. In the evening a Scotsman took us on a speeder on the railway line to visit some more families. He and his family had only been out from Scotland a few months.

Then we went on a mineral truck 4,000 feet up to a silver mine. We had been warned not to take up the van in case we met one of these trucks on the narrow road. We were given a piece of silver ore. All the families there joined the S.S.P. The view was wonderful from the top of the mountain.

We returned through Rock Creek and on to Kettle Valley. Here there was an Anglican Sunday-School ably managed, also a little Church with services at intervals.

We came into Greenwood and found a depressing sight—large shops closed, a big disused town hall, numbers of wooden houses falling to pieces. We had been told to go and see two old-timers who lived at the store and who could tell us the history of the place. They gave us a very warm welcome and invited us to supper, for which we were most grateful, as it was cold and wet. The town had been very prosperous in the past, because of the copper mine at Phoenix on a mountain above. When the best copper was worked out the miners left. Where 5,000 men were once employed there was now only one old man with his cow and his dog. There was a nice little wooden Church at the mine, but now it was deserted; all the furnishings had been sent elsewhere. The flourishing mine once brought population and trade to Greenwood. This illustrates the Church's difficulties in connection with the fluctuating population of this diocese. The Church at Greenwood was still open, but it was difficult for its few members to support it.

We heard of a Mr. Foreshaw from Dalton-in-Furness. We were told that he lived up a rather steep hill behind the town, so we started off with the van, and went up and up and up this winding road till I thought we should never get there. At the top we received a very warm welcome from the owner of the ranch. He told us that we had risen 2,000 feet in one and a half miles. We were sorry to miss

his wife, who was in hospital, but he assured us that she would like the children to have the S.S.P. papers. We were laden with fruit and cream by our kind host on our departure.

We went from Greenwood into Grand Forks. On the way we took a side road into Norwegian Creek. One of the mothers came in the van to show us the other isolated families. She said that if we put the children on the S.S.P. they should meet at her house when she could arrange it, and she would help them with their papers and teach them hymns, making a sort of Sunday-School of it.

Before we got into Grand Forks we passed a Doukobor settlement; they lived in community and did fruit-farming. The women looked very picturesque with bright-coloured handkerchiefs on their heads and very full skirts.

There was a Church and a clergyman at Grand Forks. We drove Mr. Hayman to Cascade, where he held a Celebration at the house of a young girl who had just been confirmed.

We heard there was a small settlement up the mountain, a lovely situation above Christina Lake. There we found a teacher who had a Sunday-School at Hill Top, higher up the mountain. She begged us to visit a family who lived three miles away in the forest; the children did not even come to day-school. We walked along a narrow path through big timber, and presently met the woman we were in search of. We had a long talk with her; she was very pleased to see us and wanted the lessons. They had come from Kentucky. Neither she nor her husband had ever been baptised, and none of the family, neither parents nor children, had had any Christian teaching. This accounted for the stories we had heard of how the children were a nuisance to the neighbourhood because they were always stealing. They were very poor. There were nine children, two pairs of twins. The boy of sixteen was constantly sent

out by his father to steal. He was caught and fined several times by the Provincial policeman. Finally, we heard later, he was imprisoned for a short time. When he came out no one would employ him, and the last I heard of him was that he had tried to knife somebody and had gone over into the U.S.A. to escape. Poor boy, he had never had a chance. We had met him, and thought that he had by no means a bad face. The report of the caravaners in 1929 was that the family had much improved.

One quite sees why juvenile crime increases every year. The age is usually twenty-three and under. One sees continual evidence of the harm done by one-sided education—body and mind developed and soul neglected. An educated, unscrupulous person is more harmful to the community than an uneducated wrongdoer.

We started from Cascade to go over a mountain pass. The road zigzagged up the mountain-side; it was fifteen miles to the summit, which was 5,400 feet high. The road was made four years ago. The views were marvellous—a lake and snow-capped mountains. It was a very hot day, so we filled the kettle as well as the canvas bottle, and all the water was needed before we reached the top.

On the way up we noticed a lonely house on the mountain-side, so we left the van and went down to visit it. The place was called Deep Creek. One family lived across the border in the State of Washington. The next family was Church of England, and held a service for themselves on Sunday, as nobody could ever get to them. Both families joined the S.S.P. The father gave us a stirring account of how he had been attacked by a black bear which had previously been attacked by a bull. He saw his cattle in great commotion, and went to see what was the matter. The old bear came for him, so he climbed a tree. He afterwards found that he had been standing beneath the tree up which her cubs had climbed. For-



SUNDAY MORNING : SUNDAY SCHOOL BY POST IN AN APPLE ORCHARD.

Facing p. 60.



“ST. MICHAEL” BY THE KOOTENAY LAKE.
Right to Left: Iris Sayle and the Author.

tunately, she went off after raging round for a time. He had no gun with him.

We went on to the Eight Mile post and camped about seven miles from the summit, in a very lonely, eerie place, with great towering mountains all round us. There was a little bubbling stream of ice-cold water. A number of cars passed in the night; we could see their headlights. Some prefer to drive over mountain passes at night because the engine keeps cool and you are also warned of an oncoming car by its headlights; in daylight there is no warning at sharp corners, for you cannot hear a horn.

We were glad that we were not on the road two days before, when two drunken young Americans had gone over the precipice and been nearly killed. Had we met them we might have gone over too.

Next morning, Sunday, we got up at 5.30. It was cold and frosty. The sun rose over the mountain, a wonderful sight. We drove up to the summit, and thence could look down into Sheep Creek, whither we now descended, 1,000 feet down a twisty road. The edge had been washed out in some places, and there had been a bad forest fire, which had burned the logs which formed the culverts. This road had been closed for weeks previously, as the fire had been raging on it, so that it was not safe to travel. Here we found a lonely farm. The housewife told us she had been in a veritable furnace, and if it had not been for the men cutting the trees and back-firing she and all her belongings would have been burnt. They were surrounded with fire; there was no way of escape.

We now had to go up a very steep, rough road. I found some oil had got on the front sparking-plug, and it was very difficult taking it out to clean it, as the engine had so heated coming up the tremendous hill. At last we reached the top, 5,000 feet, then another drop down into Rossland, 3,000 feet. It was only thirty-five miles from

Cascade to Rossland, but we had to cross two mountain passes. We could see enormous distances and some remarkable snow-capped peaks. These mountains are of much newer formation than those of the old world, and have a sharp, jagged outline, not rounded as yet by the weather.

We arrived in Rossland about 3 p.m. There is here a beautiful little Church put up in memory of Father Pat, who did such wonderful work amongst the miners, and was beloved and respected by even the roughest. I had read of Rossland as a flourishing mining town with a smelter, but I found that the smelter was closed down. We parked the van near the rectory. The Rector, Mr. Yolland, was ill and away, but his wife gave us a warm welcome.

Next day was Labour Day and a universal holiday, so we seized the opportunity to wash our clothes. From there we went on to Trail, all downhill and very steep and rough. A new Rector, Mr. Larmonth, had recently come there and had already started many organisations, especially for the young people. He asked me to speak that very afternoon to the Junior Woman's Auxiliary and the Sunday-School teachers about the van work. Mr. Blaylock, the head of the smelter, hearing we were in the town, sent us a cheque for 25 dollars, "to be used on luxuries."

When the Rector was a student at Vancouver College he used to go through the out-of-the-way districts around Trail taking services, so he was able to give us much useful information.

We left Trail for Fruitvale along a very steep, sandy road up the mountain, where the sand often drifted badly and made it dangerous; but a part of the road was newly built, and was much better going. Up there we found a cousin of Miss Higginbotham, who drove the first van the next year after me in Qu'Appelle Diocese. There was a

Sunday-School here, but the teachers were disheartened and wanted help, also more teachers were needed. We tried to find some, but everybody sent us on to somebody else, saying they themselves had too much work to do. At last we found Mrs. Barclay. She was already teaching in the Sunday-School. She lived two miles out of Fruitvale and walked in to the school every Sunday. Her husband was elderly and delicate, so she was helping to clear the land and build fences and a shed. She had three young children, and yet she found time to teach others. We camped near her house. We wanted to make the further acquaintance of such a fine character.

After dark that evening a breathless visitor arrived. She burst in on Mrs. Barclay. Were the caravaners with her? She had been looking for Miss Hasell all over Fruitvale ever since the boys had come home from school and said that the caravan had come. She had read about the work in the Cumberland papers. Her mother lived at Edenhall, and her father had worked for Sir Richard Musgrave. She knew all about my family. We sat up talking till the small hours. Iris and Mrs. Barclay were much amused at our mutual delight. Iris always said that she could never get a word in edgeways when I met anyone from Cumberland or Westmorland. The majority of the families we find out here are British. Many of them are recent settlers, and they often feel very homesick. They are intensely delighted to see women from their native places. Hence it is very desirable that some of the caravaners should be British. In England we are continually asked to look up relations in Canada, and in Canada we are given long lists of relations to whom messages must be given. After an address one evening in a London Church a mother kept me so long talking about her son whom I had recently seen that the verger had put out nearly all the lights and was waiting to lock up.

We went down to a little settlement off the main road, Ross Spur, a very neglected place. One woman had not been to Church for twelve years. One of her daughters, aged eleven, had never been to Sunday-School or service. She had a very large family and was very poor. Her three younger children were named Faith, Hope, and Charity. We put them on the S.S.P.

Ross Spur is a great lumbering centre. There had recently been a huge forest fire, which had destroyed 60,000 poles which were ready to haul away—I suppose about £35,000 worth of timber. The loss of timber from forest fires in British Columbia this summer was greater than that of any previous year. If we had visited this neighbourhood earlier we could not have passed along many of the main roads; fires were raging for miles on both sides.

We had supper with some English people. They had thrice taken their belongings out of the house and buried them, expecting the house to be burnt.

We were able to persuade the school-teacher at Erie to give a Bible lesson after hours on Fridays. We found a funny old London chemist here. He asked if we could find him a chess player.

At Salmo, a lumbering and mining town, there was a little Church and a Sunday-School, but they very much wanted help. So we arranged to take a service the following Sunday evening, preceded by school in the afternoon, to which the teachers might listen. That night there was a very hard frost. We were in a basin with mountains all round, and now, in the middle of September, it was very cold until the sun came over the mountains; then it warmed up. It was a very pretty place.

We went through Ymir, a mining town, to Apex; here there were Doukobors and an Austrian family. We camped near the latter. As it was a very cold night they invited

us into their house to cook our supper. The mother was in bed, ill from overwork. She had a tiny baby in a soap-box. The room was very dirty. Despite their kind hospitality it was difficult to eat our supper. The eldest boy and girl spoke English splendidly, and explained to their mother what we said.

Next morning (Sunday) two young men came up to the van to ask if they might join the S.S.P. The Austrian children and some Doukobor girls escorted us down the track to visit some other families. The Doukobor girls were dressed in gay cotton frocks with white handkerchiefs on their heads, ornamented with pink roses.

Iris gave a Bible picture talk to the Austrians. The mother could not understand what was said, but was delighted with the pictures. She asked if she might buy one. She particularly wanted one of the Crucifixion. We could not part with these, as we used them for teaching, but we sent her some.

Then we went back six miles to Ymir and held a Sunday-School in the Presbyterian Church. As the children were coming we heard one shout to another: "No swearing now! That isn't the way to come to Church."

Iris took the small children. She found that only one of the nine said any prayers. Some of the adults came to the service we had arranged. The miners were working as hard as on a weekday. As soon as we entered the town I felt there was a strange atmosphere about the place. I knew it would be difficult to bring children up properly there.

We went on eight miles to Salmo, and had Sunday-School there in the Anglican Church. Then we cooked our supper, and afterwards had a service for adults at 7.30. We had to light all the lamps in the Church. There was a good congregation.

At Kelly's Lumber Camp we found a few lonely families, and then we went on to the U.S.A. border, then down the

Pend d'Oreille Valley. Wonderful scenery! The road ran 300 feet above the Salmon River. It was very narrow and dangerous—a rock on one side and a precipice on the other. There were 365 hairpin bends in the seventeen miles, and only two places where cars could pass each other. Presently we came to such a sharp hairpin bend that it really did not look as if I could get the van round. I examined the place, and saw that there was a wheel-mark a little way up the rock on the right-hand side. I did not care to risk my companion's safety, and therefore made her get out, despite her protests. I managed to get round by tipping the right wheel up the bank, but it was a nasty sensation, as the van was tilted towards the precipice. By the time I got round all the bends I was feeling rather dizzy.

We found an Anglican family, who were delighted to see us. We could realise how isolated these families were.

The next day there was great excitement, as it was Election Day. After visiting the families along here we went by a narrow road to Waneta. This was a particularly nasty road, very sandy. To pass a car you had to get on the outside edge, and you never felt sure that it would not crumble under you. We visited an Anglican family. The man was in the Customs at the border.

We wished to visit the very isolated settlement of Columbia Gardens. We knew the road was also very narrow and sandy. It was here that the edge of the road gave way and a car fell on to the railway line. But if we did not take this road we could not visit the settlement. The Customs man took his children to school that way every day; he said he was always thankful to get them safely back. A little way along the road we came to a sand heap which had drifted from the soil of the mountain. The road was very narrow and about 200 feet above the railway line. I tried to drive through the sand, but the front wheels skidded and we nearly went over the edge.

I made Iris get out and then had another try. But a worse skid resulted and a narrow escape. Then I got out and shovelled away the sand, but more came down as I shovelled the other away. At last we made a little track for both wheels and so got through safely. Three minutes afterwards the train came along in the valley below. Then we came to a large tree across the road, but managed to get round it. The children of Columbia Gardens were delighted to have the S.S.P.

Then we went down into Trail, also on a very steep, sandy, narrow road. These two days we had done thirty-two miles on these roads. The next few days it poured with rain, and they had snow at Rossland and on the mountains. From Trail we went to the ferry at West Robson. Mr. Thompson, the young clergyman who visited round the Arrow Lakes, came to West Robson once a month and taught the children.

VI

We passed through Brilliant, a settlement of Doukobors. They are fruit-growers and have a jam factory. Then we went up a steep hill overlooking the settlement. Here, on a rocky point, is the tomb of Peter Veregin, the Doukobor leader, who was killed by a bomb some years ago while travelling in a train in British Columbia. The tomb is a pretentious structure of stone and concrete surrounded by a beautiful flower garden, which is kept irrigated and is a really remarkable sight in that arid, rocky place. It is lit up at night by electric light, a weird effect. The tomb is watched day and night by Doukobors, who sometimes leave food by the grave. They expect Peter Veregin to rise again.

A funny old Doukobor lived up here to guard the shrine and care for the garden. He was muttering to himself, probably murmuring prayers.

This Peter Veregin had a wonderful power over all the Doukobors. They obeyed him implicitly both in spiritual and temporal matters. His successor does not seem able to manage them in the same way. They are breaking away from their community life and becoming a menace to the country, because they are neither keeping their old community laws nor the laws of Canada. They are against modern education. Round Grand Forks in 1926 and 1929 they burnt down several schools, but the Government made them rebuild them.

These people seceded from the Russian Orthodox Church in the middle of the eighteenth century. Doukobors is the nickname given them by the Greek Orthodox clergy. It means "spirit fighters," because they denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost and thus fought against the Spirit of God. They call themselves Christians of the Universal Brotherhood. They believe that the Spirit of God is present in the soul of man. Christ was only a man of superior God-like intellect, and his soul has migrated into many mortals. All people are equal, and being children of God cannot do wrong, hence there is no need of laws. If authorities are in conflict with their conscience the laws of the country are not binding. They are opposed to war and the killing of animals. The plenary power of a Doukober community is vested in the assembly of elders. Worshipping God in the spirit and meeting together for prayer is their ideal, and hence they consider Church organisation entirely superfluous. They accept the Ten Commandments literally and interpret parts of the Bible allegorically.

A Doukober wedding was described to me. First, there was a great feast; this was followed by games rather like playing forfeits; then there was present-giving by the guests. There was no wedding contract and no vows. On one occasion Peter Veregin, thinking the young men ought to get married, told them to run a race and catch a girl. They

did not quite like the girls they had caught, so he told them they might change once. Then he said: "Now you are married."

They do not call themselves husbands and wives but brothers and sisters. Parents are addressed as Old Man and Old Woman. They are a hard-working set of people and exclusively of the peasant class. 4,000 came to Canada in January, 1899, and now there are about 9,000. The understanding with the Canadian Government was that they must live in communities and keep their own laws as they refused to acknowledge the laws of the country. They must also confine themselves to agriculture. Now, however, they are becoming independent and leaving their communities, probably owing to their advantages of education. They are a great problem to the Church and the country. This was well illustrated when we visited the schools. At Thrums and Tarrys there were forty-six Doukobor to ten Canadian children in the school. The parents objected because of their peculiar moral standard and also their lack of truthfulness and honesty. They have their goods in common in their community life and all their money is pooled. Therefore when the young people want money to spend, as all their neighbours have, the temptation to steal is very great.

One felt there was a wonderful opportunity for the Church to get hold of these children and train them, but it would require infinite patience. We could not find anyone to start a Sunday-School, so we put a large number of the children on the S.S.P. We held a Sunday-School at Thrums, and quite a number of Doukobors and other children came. They all learn English in school. We felt very sad to think that the children had no one to help them with their spiritual training. A good many adults came to our service.

We now went twenty miles along a beautiful road into

Nelson. It was newly cut out of the rock, quite wide in parts, but with very sharp corners and a precipice on one side. As it was a Sunday there were many cars, and they came round the corners very fast. One man refused to back and expected me to go on the outside, but I had been warned by the engineers not to go too near the edge till the road had had time to settle down. I backed to a place where we could pass, and he sat in his car grinning. He had a much smaller car and could have backed much more easily than I could.

We were trying to get to the Bishop of London's service in the Skating Rink at Nelson at 4 p.m. We arrived half-way through his address. There were 2,000 people present. We had been told of the service two days before by a woman who said she had heard that the "Bishop of England" was coming to Nelson. After service we were sitting in the van when the Bishop of Kootenay came out. He said, "Where have you come from?" and got into the van and drove with us into the town. On the way we passed the Bishop of London. He came up and was pleased to see the van. He remembered me, and said he had read my two books and had mentioned the van work throughout Canada. I knew he had helped the work very much by speaking of it in England. He invited us to tea at his hotel.

He wanted to know all about our work and the chief needs of this diocese with regard to the children in the isolated settlements. We thoroughly enjoyed our tea, having taken a Sunday-School and service and driven twenty miles, with no time for food. He came to look at the van, and I told him that a lady in his diocese had given £100. He said he was very glad, and he hoped that others would do the same. He asked if we were comfortable in the van, or would we not have a bed in the hotel for the night. He gave us his blessing.

We took the van to the camp ground. There was a

little building there with hot and cold water laid on and electric stoves.

After the evening service we went to supper with Archdeacon and Mrs. Graham. The Bishop of Kootenay was there. He wanted to know all we had done. We gave him a full report. He takes much interest in our work, which is a great help and encouragement to us.

We were rather late in starting from Nelson to go out to the Slocan Valley, because I found that some of the leaves in the front spring had broken. We met a large motorbus which runs between Trail and Nelson, but we managed to get to a place where we could pass. That night and all next day it poured with rain and was terribly cold. We started a Sunday-School at Passmore, and we went up several side-roads to visit English families. It was a very wet night again, and the rain came into the van on my side and wetted my sleeping-bag and blankets. The hot sun during the summer had burned off the top dressing of the canvas roof. We had some more dressing with us, but we could not paint until the rain stopped. On the top of this Iris had bad toothache. I wanted to take her back to Nelson, thirty miles, but she would not let me. Everyone suggested various remedies, but they seemed to be worse than the disease.

That night we camped at Appledale, and found a Church of England woman who had been on the prairie. She let us cook our supper in her house, which we were very glad to do. Next morning it snowed hard. St. Michael was covered with snow, and we were thankful to be allowed to cook our breakfast in the house. It was the earliest fall of snow they had had for years. The sun came out and the snow melted, and everyone rushed to pick their apples lest a sharp frost should come that night and the fruit be spoiled. We helped our hostess to gather hers. Her husband was away.

While visiting we found a young woman who had been on the S.S.P. under Miss Henley, as a child, in Saskatchewan. Her children now joined it. Slocan City is merely a small settlement on the lake. When we got there it was bright and sunny, and the mountains looked lovely with the fresh snow on them.

There was a Sunday-School here, and a clergyman, Mr. Stoddard, from across the lake, came at intervals to take services in the little Church. As we visited round we heard a great deal about a Miss Clay, who used to keep house for her brother who was fruit-farming near Slocan City. She used to collect all the children from a three-mile radius and drive them in a waggon to Sunday-School. The young men and girls whom she taught as children had never forgotten her, and spoke with great affection of her. It shows how responsive young people are and what can be done. We visited her brother and his wife. We knew their people in England. Mrs. Clay's sister was trained at my old college, St. Christopher's, London, and her sister-in-law, who did so much work out here, has since taken the same training. I also know Mr. Clay's sister, who lives in the Lake District, not far from my home. It was wonderful to see what a beautiful orchard he had made from land he had cleared himself. The apples were lovely—some bright red, some with a purple bloom—but even for such beauties as these the price was poor, despite the excellent co-operative system for fruit-growers.

Mr. Clay lent us a ladder, and we put another coat of Auto-top dressing on the van roof.

Sunday morning we spent visiting in Winlaw, and found a Mr. Derrick, the son of a Vicar of Mungrisdale. As a little boy he hunted with my father's mountain pack. In this settlement we met the two grandsons of a Mormon bishop and put them on the S.S.P.

Poor Iris's toothache got worse and worse every day,

and she refused both my suggestions—to pull out her tooth with the pliers or to drive her thirty miles into Nelson. The nights became very cold now—15° of frost one night and a fog in the morning. Some of the apples were spoilt—a great pity. Old-timers said they had not had it cold so early in the autumn for twenty years. I always seem to come in for exceptional seasons.

We had Sunday-School and service that evening at Passmore; many came.

The next day we went on to South Slocan, where there was a good Sunday-School. The children were very interested in the van, as they had contributed towards the running expenses. The Junior Woman's Auxiliary and the Woman's Auxiliary for the diocese had raised over 500 dollars (£100) for the running expenses of the van.

When visiting we came across a family who had a mentally deficient child. They were very anxious to get her into a home. We made inquiries and found there was no place in the province to which she could go. This is very much needed.

We camped near the wonderful Bonnington Falls and the power plant. There were a number of engineers' families there, but no Sunday-School. One or two parents volunteered to start one.

At Nelson we went to our friends the Gilchrists. They were most kind, allowing us to have a washing day. They ironed our clothes and mended our stockings. The next day we crossed the ferry and went on to Willow Point. The Sunday-School I started in June was going on well.

Mrs. Applewhaite, the president of the Woman's Auxiliary for the diocese, had been instrumental in interesting the Woman's Auxiliary in our work. Her home was at Willow Point, where her husband had a fruit ranch.

VII

The road we were now travelling was along by the Kootenay Lake. The scenery was very fine, with snow on the high mountains, the lower slopes blue and purple; the cotton trees and poplars were bright yellow, and other foliage deep red against the dark pines, making the most exquisite picture with the blue sky and blue lake. Round about here there were many retired British Army officers. One naval man and his wife were growing rare rock plants and sending the seeds to England. Everyone was most hospitable with cups of tea.

We reached the next settlement, Balfour, on the mail day. This was fortunate, as everyone came in to get their letters from the store and Post Office. We put up a notice there, having first asked the churchwarden if we could use the little Church next day. This was the oldest Church in the Kootenay archdeaconry, having been built thirty-five years ago. At the moment there was no clergyman in the district. It was a very large and scattered one, with settlements on both sides of the lake. On Sunday we had Sunday-School and service in the Church. Two mothers volunteered to start a Sunday-School.

We went on to Mirror Lake and camped there, then to Kaslo. Just before reaching Ainsworth the road is very narrow, and I had to back up to get round one curve. There is a deep drop into the lake on the right side. Then we came to the new road. It was well built and much wider, although it was on the edge of a precipice. When they made the road they had to sling men down with ropes round their waists to put in the fuse to blast the rock. The Rector of Kaslo, Mr. Reede, before he was ordained had been a North-West Mounted Policeman.

The next day we borrowed an alarm clock, got up at 4 a.m., and caught the boat for Riondel, where there is the

Bluebell Mine, lead and zinc. We arrived about 8.30 a.m. It was very wet. We visited the manager's wife. She and her boy had read my "Through Western Canada in a Motor Caravan." She was most anxious to have a good Sunday-School book for him. She said that the master at the day-school had been asked to take a Sunday-School, but she feared he took no interest in it and did not help the children. We went to the school and asked if we might give a Bible picture talk. After it was over, in front of the children, the schoolmaster remarked that he did not believe in Bible teaching in the day-school. We asked him if he would like us to leave him some pictures for his Sunday-School. He replied that he wished for no innovations. I answered that he could scarcely call sacred pictures innovations after about 1,800 years of use.

We walked three miles along a lonely trail to Dean's Haven and found the Dean family. They seemed very cut off, but I believe boats call there occasionally. They had a P.N.E.U. resident governess whom Iris knew, as she had been on the staff at St. Michael's. We walked back in the pouring rain; my mackintosh let in water, and I had to dry my clothes at Mrs. Fowler's, the manager's wife. We waited hours for the boat. There had been so many apple-boxes to collect at the landings on the way along that it was very late. We arrived at Kaslo at 11.15 p.m., and did not get to bed till 12.

The next day it poured with rain. We went down a narrow road to Ainsworth. There was sticky clay in places, and therefore it was very skiddy. We were told stories of several cars that had skidded and gone over the edge, and we certainly saw one down there.

We gave an address in the afternoon to the children in the school, and held a meeting in the evening about starting a Sunday-School. We took our storm lantern, as there was no lamp in our meeting-place. Some of the people

brought "bugs"—*i.e.*, lard pails with a hole in them into which candles were stuck. The children carried little acetylene lanterns, such as the miners out here use strapped on their heads. During the opening hymn I thought what an odd sight it was. The storm lantern hung on the stove-pipe, the grown-ups holding their hymn-books in the light of their "bugs," the children holding their starry lamps. When it came to the prayers Iris moved the storm lantern to give the congregation more light and left me in the dark, which was a little awkward, as I did not know all the Book of Common Prayer by heart. She told me afterwards that she thought it better to offend the preacher than the people.

There is a remarkable hot spring at Ainsworth, which comes boiling out of the mountain-side. The water is very good for rheumatism. The Nelson to Kaslo road was opened that year, which means that Ainsworth is not so much cut off as it used to be, but then nobody was taking services there.

The next day we caught a boat at 6.30 a.m. for Kootenay Bay. It was not worth taking the van, for the charge was six dollars each way and it was only three miles across. Though we arrived so early the kind post-mistress gave us breakfast. We walked six miles to Crawford Bay and visited all day. We were offered a cup of tea in every house. At night we held a meeting at which I gave an address. They decided to start two Sunday-Schools, as the people were very scattered. I found a woman from Silloth. She had read about my coming out, and hoped I would visit her. Without books and pictures she found it difficult to give religious instruction to her boy. In Cumberland he had attended a Church day-school and Sunday-School. She had heard there was some sort of Sunday-School hereabouts and had thought of sending him. We found it was run by Holy Rollers, and were thankful to have saved the boy from them.

Holy Rollers are so called because they get very excited at their services and shriek and shout, which they call speaking in tongues. It is a form of self-hypnotism. They roll about the floor and go into a kind of trance, remaining motionless for some time. When they come round they are said to be saved. A number get religious mania and go mad. The children are attracted to it because of the excitement. Often they go first out of curiosity and then get influenced by them. Holy Rollers call themselves Pentecostals.

We stayed at the hotel that night. The proprietress, a Roman Catholic, charged us only two dollars for bed and breakfast. She came to our evening meeting and encouraged her neighbours to volunteer, saying: "I cannot teach myself, as I am a Catholic, but what is to hinder you, Mrs. So-and-so?" She said she felt it very sad that the children of the district should have no religious teaching. There was a pretty little Church where the school could be held.

On Saturday we walked three and a half miles to Grey Creek. We visited all day and started a Sunday-School. Then we walked back to Crawford Bay. The Ladies' Guild there insisted on our being driven to Kootenay Bay in a car. We caught the boat and arrived at Ainsworth about 9 p.m.

On Sunday morning we started for Queen's Bay. We had 'phoned to say we would hold Sunday-School and service, but no one seemed to have given the message. It was wet. We walked all round visiting and collecting people for service at night in the Church. There was no clergyman there then, as he had been moved to Kaslo.

Lady A. lived here. Her son was a road engineer and her daughter kept the Post Office. We also found an officer's wife who belonged to an old Irish family. Then we came upon a retired actor and actress. They asked who we were and where we came from. I said we were sent

by the Bishop and were really quite respectable. We found a retired clergyman, Mr. M., who had worked so hard in this district, constantly travelling about, that he had had a breakdown and could do no regular work now. We asked if he would take the service and let me give the address; he said he was not well enough, but would say a few prayers and play the hymns.

The churchwarden was the brother of Miss Bashford, the former head of the teachers' hostel in Saskatoon, whom I knew well. He promised to put on the stove in the Church and have everything ready.

That evening it was very wet and the stove smoked badly, not having been lit lately. The Church was full of smoke, not unlike a London fog, as someone remarked. The congregation sat as near the open door as possible, so as not to be suffocated. We began the service with a hymn. It was not very melodious. Mice had lived in the organ for some time and almost every note cyphered. The congregation did not keep very good time with the organist. Iris whispered to me: "For goodness' sake don't have another hymn." I had to give my address under difficulties. The smoke was so thick that it nearly choked me, and I could hardly see the congregation. They were, moreover, almost out of the door by this time.

It rained nearly all day and all night. We were told it was the coldest fall for thirty years and the wettest for twenty. It was a tragedy for the fruit-farmers, as it was so difficult to gather the apples.

We went on to Long Beach in the van, and then took it on the ferry to the other side of the lake, to Harrop and Proctor. It poured with rain that evening. We camped near a very nice woman. She told us all about her son, a fire-warden. She gave us some wonderful photographs which he had taken of a fire starting in the forest—first just a puff of smoke, then raging up the mountain-side twenty

minutes later. He had tried three times to be confirmed. The first time he was up the mountain and did not get the message about the Confirmation till too late, the second time he could not leave because a bad fire was raging, the third time something else occurred; but he was still most anxious to be confirmed.

Everyone was very busy now in the packing-sheds. It was a most interesting sight. There was an ingenious machine which sorted all the apples into different sizes. Two people stood at the top to take out any apples not quite the right colour or spotted. The women wrapped each apple in paper, and only apples of one size were packed in a box.

We came over the ferry, and went into Nelson and saw Archdeacon Graham. He always called us the "Michaelmas Daisies." We told him the said daisies were not looking quite at their best just now, as they were somewhat dashed by the rain!

We came to West Robson about four one afternoon. We were going to put the van on a boat on the Arrow Lake to go up to Edgewood. The lake is 125 miles long. The boat should have left at 9.30 p.m., but there were so many apple-boxes to collect that it was not ready to start till between 2 and 3 a.m. We tried to sleep sitting up in the van, but kept waking up. At last I was told to drive on. It was very dark and I was sleepy, and these landing-stages are not at all easy with a long van. You had to go down the stage, back up and turn, to get on the lower deck of the boat, almost knocking the top of the van. We tried to sleep on the boat, having a fifty-mile journey before us, but a family of six children shouted about round us. They had come all the way from Saskatoon in a car. On one of the roads in British Columbia the car had gone over the edge. The wind-screen was smashed but no one was hurt.

We got to Edgewood at 6.30 a.m. It was raining hard.

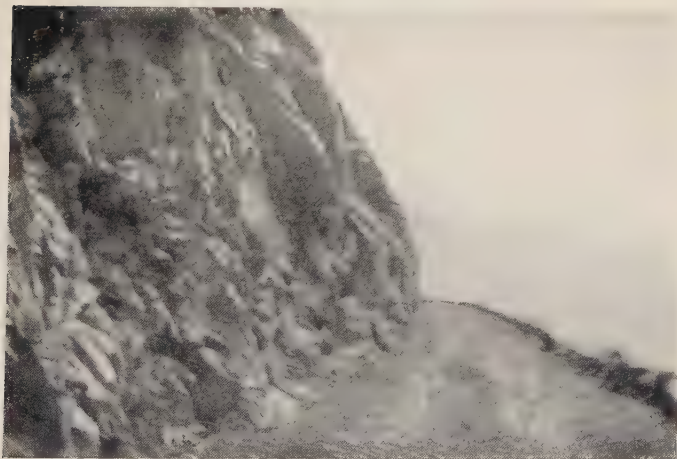
We breakfasted at the hotel, and then began visiting and telling everyone we would hold a Sunday-School and service in the little Church on Sunday. The young deacon was away for the week-end, but said we might use the vicarage. We were very thankful, as the weather was so bad. The deacon just now had to look after all the places on both sides of the lake.

On Monday we started off for Vernon over the Monashee Pass. I had heard that the first thirty miles were good, but the last forty, down the other side, were bad—very narrow, sharp corners, some parts clay, and many bad wash-outs owing to the heavy rain. Many doubts were expressed about our getting over at all, and tales were told about cars going over the edge with all on board killed. It was much worse than usual that year because of the heavy rain.

We went through the Fire Valley and then mounted to the top of the pass, 5,000 feet up. We found a little shack and a boy who showed us the skin of a grizzly (a silver-tip) shot near there. It was terribly cold cooking our supper and our breakfast; there was a hard frost, quite white, but it was October 18. We started down the other side, a very narrow road; I could only just get round the corners, and at one place I had to back up. Great stones had washed down the mountain-side on to the road. They were too heavy to lift, so we rolled them over and over and down the precipice. The scree had slipped down and made the road narrower still, and the edge was washed out and was most unsafe. The van had to be tipped up on the slippery scree to avoid the crumbling edge. One place was so bad that I thought I should feel much more comfortable if I were by myself, so I told Iris to get out, as I always think that one person killed is better than two. But Iris does not agree. She thinks it is so much better to die together than to pick up my pieces.



CLEARING THE ROAD ON THE MONASHEE PASS.



NO ROOM TO PASS FOR TWELVE MILES.

Facing p. 110.



THE ARROW LAKE, KOOTENAY.

The lower part was through the forest and sticky clay. I was very glad I was coming down the hill instead of going up it.

VIII

We came into Vernon on October 20. We cleaned the equipment and the van and stored it in the garage for the winter. Then we gave in our report to the Bishop.

The summary of the work done from June 20 to October 20, 1926, is as follows:

New Members for the Sunday-School-by-Post	1,238
Sunday-Schools started	21
Sunday-Schools helped	13
Homes visited	807
Day-schools visited and addresses given ...	6
Classes for children	37
Addresses given to adults	26
Services taken	13
Children found for Baptism and names sent to the clergy	100
Travelled in the van	2,102 miles
Walked	408 "
By boat, etc.	255 "
Total	2,765 "

Running expenses raised in the Kootenay Diocese,
\$80.80 (£16 3s.).

Board expenses for two workers for four months,
given by E. Hasell, only came to \$15 (£3 os.)
owing to the gifts at the Can Showers and the
generosity of the people.

Next we went on to Kamloops to see the Bishop of Cariboo about arrangements for workers for his van in 1927 and to see in what order it was after the summer tour. The Bishop always asks me to raise the running expenses, as there are no large towns in the diocese, and the scattered population are not of the richest.

We went on to Vancouver and Victoria for meetings. We stayed with the Archbishop and Mrs. de Pencier, who very kindly arranged them to raise funds for the van work for next year. Meetings were also arranged for us in Victoria.

On our way to Montreal we stopped at Edmonton, Saskatoon, Regina, and Brandon to inspect the vans and to arrange with the Bishops about the van workers for the next year. Many meetings were arranged for us in Eastern Canada to get Canadian volunteers and funds for the Western van work.

The Bishop of Kootenay sent the following letter about the work to the Bishop of Carlisle :

“ VERNON,
“ BRITISH COLUMBIA,
“ November 8, 1926.

“ MY DEAR BISHOP OF CARLISLE,

“ I wish to express to you, on my own behalf and on behalf of the diocese, our very grateful thanks for permitting Miss Eva Hasell to carry on her work in the Sunday-School Mission van.

“ Nothing of so much importance has occurred in the history of the Diocese of Kootenay as the visit of Miss Hasell this year, and the good she has done can never be fully estimated. She and her companion, Miss Sayle, travelled over the greater part of my huge diocese this summer, although a considerable section remains untouched.

“ They covered 2,760 miles—by motor, 2,102; by boat

and other ways, 250; by walking, 408. They visited 805 homes, took many services, and gave many addresses. They started 21 Sunday-Schools, enrolled 1,238 children on the Sunday-School-by-Post, and found 100 unbaptised children, whose names have been given to the clergy.

"They have literally put the Church on wheels, helped our lonely isolated settlers to realise that the old Church has not forgotten them, and brought encouragement and inspiration to all.

"I know it must be difficult and hard for the Diocese of Carlisle to spare Miss Hasell, year by year, from the important work she does for you, but it is so much worth while. I had for years heard of Miss Hasell and her work in other dioceses, but now that I have seen and experienced it in my own—the half was not told me.

"Her work is the greatest work being done for the Church or Empire in Western Canada, and we are deeply grateful to your Lordship for making this possible.

"Kindest regards,

"Yours most sincerely,

"ALEXANDER J. KOOTENAY."

That winter I spoke in the Diocese of Worcester to the Mothers' Union, who gave £300 to replace old caravan Pioneer in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, and the King's Messengers of the S.P.G., having collected £300 extra to their ordinary contributions, gave the money to me for a van for whichever diocese needed it most. The Bishop of Saskatchewan had asked me for a second van, so I had it built at Saskatoon, and found the workers and their travelling expenses. The van was called St. George, because the boys and girls of England had given it.

THE SECOND KOOTENAY TOUR, 1927

I

WE went to the eight o'clock Celebration on Ascension Day at Vernon, and after the second service at 10 a.m. the Bishop held our dismissal service. All the girls from St. Michael's school were there. Their interest in the work was much deepened by their winter correspondence with S.S.P. children, for whose papers they had paid. The Sunday-School books and pictures had only arrived the day before from Montreal, so we had these to pack before we could start.

We got off at 7 p.m. and drove twenty-six miles to Mrs. St. Laurent's, where we camped. She was just going to bed, but insisted on getting us supper. She was very pleased to hear that we had brought out a cross and frontal for the little Church for which she was working so hard. Her husband made trays and other things out of tree bark and sold them for the fund.

Mr. Stuart, the Rector, came over to see us, and told us how delighted he was that the Falkland Sunday-School had got on so well since we started it, but what pleased him even more was the Sunday-School at Grand Prairie, where they had had an average attendance of twenty-five to thirty children. This was the place where we had found it very difficult to get Anglican teachers. We taught there on Sunday and found the children keenly interested.

We went on to Lackenby, where Mr. Stuart held an afternoon service and I gave the address, while Iris taught the children outside. Here also the Sunday-School we

started was going on well. In the evening we went with Mr. Stuart up steep sandy hills to Duck Range. I gave the address here also. Our old friends seemed very pleased to see us again. We went down to Monte Creek and camped for the night near the Taylors, who gave us supper. We sat up very late as we had so much to tell each other. They are Old Country people and wanted to hear the latest news. I felt then, and have often felt since, that our work helps imperially. Workers who come straight from Great Britain strengthen the link between the New Country and the Old. This is a valuable antidote to the penetration policy of the U.S.A.

The next day we crossed the Thompson River to visit the Stuarts. Mr. Stuart took us to see the beautiful little wooden Church which Senator Bostock has built in memory of his son, who fell in the war. The Rector had made nearly all the Church furniture. We had lunch with the Misses Bostock, and one offered to drive a van the next year. We took this opportunity of asking the Senator what could be done to help the fruit-growers in the Okanagan. In 1926 they got 35 cents (1s. 6d.) for a forty-pound box of the very best apples which cost 75 cents to produce. We heard of a man who lost 800 dollars on his fruit that year, although he had one of the best fruit ranches in the Okanagan Valley. It appears that American fruit is a fortnight earlier than that of British Columbia, so it floods the market of the Prairie Provinces and Great Britain. Apple growing in the States has also been longer established, and has very experienced salesmen, who are known amongst the fruit merchants; the latter are slow to change. Buyers do not sufficiently take into account the fact that British Columbian apples took the gold medal at Wembley for the best overseas apples. The American supplies are so great, also, that they can afford to undersell other growers. The Senator said that much good was being done by the

co-operative selling and advertising of the Okanagan Fruit-growers' Association at Vernon. Each box of apples now has a label affixed with O.K. on it. We also discussed the menace of Bolshevik literature. We had found anti-British and anti-Christian papers given round to school-children in the interior of British Columbia.

We went on from Monte Creek to a small school district, where we found the disastrous results of Bolshevik propaganda in full swing. It was a small settlement largely inhabited by Finns, with only one Canadian family, which kept the store and Post Office, and a Canadian teacher. All the school-children were Finns and Indians except one Canadian girl, the daughter of the postmaster. We had had a discouraging reception here last year. Some of the Finns would not allow their children to join the S.S.P., but the Canadian girl was already a member. We found that she had been a real missionary, by getting her special friends among the Finns to read her papers. These children now said that they believed in God, although their parents did not. We saw the charming Canadian teacher on this visit. It was holiday time when we were there before. She told us what trouble she had with the children of the Bolshevik Finns. In Canadian schools the Union Jack is hoisted every morning by the eldest child when school opens, and lowered when school closes. This teacher had the greatest difficulty in getting a child to do it. They also refused to sing the National Anthem and "Oh, Canada," saying it was not a free country. This trouble was undoubtedly due to the Bolshevik literature which was pouring in.

One day the postmaster noticed a newspaper with the wrapper half torn from it. He read it. It was called *The Little Worker*, and contained violent tirades against the Canadian and British Governments, and was definitely anti-Christian. He reported this paper to the police, and

asked if they thought it suitable literature for children to receive. The paper was printed in English, at Toronto. The teacher told us that an eleven-year-old girl had written to the editor to ask how this foolish idea of God had arisen. She saw the reply, which the child showed with pride round the school. It stated that many years ago the bosses, wishing to tread down the people, invented the myth of a God, who would punish those who did not obey their masters. We naturally felt great sympathy for this loyal Canadian family.

We went on to Salmon Arm, along by the Shuswap Lake, and to some school districts beyond, where we had started a Sunday-School the year before. It had to be given up because the people were nearly all Finns and the children would not attend. Fortunately, we had put nearly all the English-speaking children on the S.S.P. We knew the others would give them a bad time, so we went round to visit them. One family came from Saskatchewan. The eldest girl, aged fifteen, had joined the S.S.P. and bravely withstood the laughter of her companions. The mother told us that she had pointed out the flowering apple trees and the majestic mountains as evidence of a Creator. The girl showed us a newspaper which they were all receiving. All the young people had been invited to a dance by a Finn woman. Though they took their refreshments with them, there was a charge of 25 cents. This puzzled them till they found later that this paper was sent to them regularly ever afterwards. We looked at the paper. It urged its readers not to keep Dominion Day (the sixtieth anniversary was approaching), as all the Fathers of the Confederation were capitalists. There was an account of the raid on Arcos House, which it termed disgraceful, like catching a rat in a trap. The Imperial Government, they said, were getting frightened because they knew that the Soviet Government were organising

revolutions in India, Egypt, and Persia, similar to the one which had taken place in China.

We had some encouragement at Grindrod, where the Sunday-School we started last year among the Ukrainian children was going on splendidly, taken by the schoolmaster. Leaving Sicamous, we went towards Revelstoke, and again found a mixed population of Canadians, Finns, and Britishers. We had quite a long conversation with a Scotswoman. She had recently attended the funeral of a five-year-old Finn. The parents would have no minister of religion to hold a service, as they did not believe in God. By the graveside the father seemed to feel that something ought to be done, and asked this Scotswoman what he should do. She advised him to stand silently bareheaded by the grave, for she felt it would be a mockery to say a prayer aloud. She said that she had never before seen anything so sad.

A little farther on we called on a Scots family. The mother was out, but the father talked at length. He did not believe in God or in any hereafter. The worst of it was, he argued with the children standing by. This disbelief seemed all the more terrible in the midst of such magnificent scenery, visibly proclaiming the glory of God—mighty snow-capped peaks, foaming waterfalls, little emerald lakes at the foot of majestic mountains.

We determined to report this influx of evil literature to the Government. At the end of our tour we called on the Assistant Minister of Education for British Columbia, in Victoria, and showed him the paper given us by the girl of fifteen. He said that he did not know that such papers were circulated among school-children. He wanted to keep my copy, but I needed it to prove at meetings that I was not exaggerating. I tried in vain to get another, writing to the office of the paper in Toronto and sending the money for a year's subscription. I had no reply. I got a paper

from another source, dated spring (1928). It described a play of revolution acted by young people in Toronto, making fun of a minister of religion, guides and scouts, and saying that the whole educational system of Canada made slaves of the young people; numbers of the young joined their ranks after this, so the paper said. I hear that many of these papers have been put on the black list and are not allowed to go through the mail, but this does little or no good, because the Bolsheviks are so well organised in isolated places amongst the young people of Canada that they disseminate their literature through travellers and farmers and others. What a child learns it never forgets. We are trying to combat this by providing wholesome literature, our S.S.P. papers (which also have a story), and Arthur Mee's *Children's Newspaper*, which we get friends in Toronto and elsewhere to forward to affected areas.

We now took the road through Three Valleys. There was water over it, and in some places thick sand and gravel had washed down. We had to lay sacks in order to get up a steep hill. In several places the road had been washed out. Sudden warm weather had melted the snow and caused the rivers to overflow. This had delayed our journey. The week following, the water rose six feet over the road, by Sicamous, so had we waited longer we could not have got through.

Here and there we found very lonely people who were delighted to be visited. At Craigellachie was the stake driven in by Lord Strathcona to mark the spot where the two construction parties of the C.P.R. met.

At Revelstoke the Rector, Mr. Mortimer, and his wife gave us a very warm welcome. We taught in the Sunday-School and showed them the van. Then we went on to Arrow Head, visiting settlements on the way. We found quite a number of Lutherans and Greek Orthodox. They

had no religious teaching for their children and so welcomed our S.S.P.

One day, while visiting, we found deep water across the road; beavers had dammed the stream. When we came back in an hour's time the water was much higher. We got across, but a man in a lower car had his engine flooded.

II

We left the van in a garage at Arrow Head and took a launch to Galina Bay on the Arrow Lakes. We took a bag of books, but very few clothes. After walking two or three miles we found a Mrs. A. from Kendal, who knew many Westmorland people whom I knew. She was delighted to see us, and insisted on giving us hospitality for the night.

The school-teacher told us of a family which needed help. There were five children of school age. The father had been shell-shocked in the war and could only do half a day's work. The mother had an in-growing goitre. The doctor at Revelstoke said she could not live more than a month or so unless she had an operation, which could only be performed by a specialist at Vancouver. We found the poor woman sitting outside her shack gasping for breath, yellow, and emaciated. It was clear that she could not live long. It was quite impossible for her to do any work or cook the meals. The teacher told us that the children had often come to school without any supper or breakfast. When the neighbours discovered this they gave the elder children little jobs of work on their farms and made them stay to meals. The family never begged, and it was only after some time that their difficulties were known. We wondered what would happen to these children if the mother died. It was obviously a case for help. We wrote to Mrs. de Pencier, president of the Daughters of the Empire for British Columbia, and put the case before her.

They paid the woman's expenses to Vancouver and the hospital fees. Later on in the year, when she returned home, cured, we received a letter addressed to "St. Michael," Arrow Head, thanking us and saying she was feeling quite strong again, and was so thankful, as now her husband was ill and she could look after him and the children.

We went on by boat to Beaton, it was a four-mile walk to the landing. On arrival we walked another mile to the school, where we gave a lesson out of school hours. The hotel proprietors had come from London. They gave us a warm welcome. They told us that if we wished to make our connection with the weekly train from Gerrard to Lardo we must go on that day to Trout Lake, twelve miles away. They kindly drove us there. It would have been a tiring walk, for we rose 1,000 feet in the first three miles. It was beautiful wild mountain scenery. All this district is a very interesting one. It was opened up long ago by gold prospectors and miners, but since the war there has been little going on. Our kind hosts would not let us pay for the car.

Trout Lake had been a lumbering centre, but the mill was now closed down; consequently, there were many dismal, empty houses. The hotel was kept by a Mrs. J., who came out thirty years ago from Bradford. She had done some prospecting herself. We had a long talk with her, and amongst other things discussed the Bolshevik propaganda among the children. She was very indignant, saying that if anyone put up a red flag there she would pull it down herself; she was a Yorkshirewoman and proud of it.

She told us of two lonely families up at Ferguson, a mining place further up in the mountains. We walked, rising 900 feet in the four miles. There was very little doing in the mine, but they told us that some rich Americans had been looking over it and, they thought, might

develop it. The families were very pleased to see us and glad to have the S.S.P. On the way back the clouds came down the mountains and it began to pour with rain. It rained the whole way. We were absolutely soaked. The water penetrated our raincoats. We sat in the kitchen over a roaring fire, eating our supper, trying to dry our shoes and clothes ready for our early start next morning. We only partly succeeded, our shoes were stiff and damp when we caught the motor-boat at eight o'clock to get the train at Gerrard. There is no road round the lake, it is all pine forest. Our Yorkshire hostess would take no money for our entertainment, saying she was glad to help us.

We went seventeen miles down the lake. The rain had stopped, the clouds were lifting from the mountains. The water was higher than it had been for years, and they were afraid for the crops near the Arrow Lakes. There is much driftwood on the edge of these lakes, and when the water is high this washes up over the fields and spoils the crops. We were told that there was wonderful trout fishing. I was sorry that I had no time to stay.

Gerrard was nearly flooded out. We had to walk along a plank to get to the hotel. There were only two families living here. They had not had a service of any kind for eleven years. We saw how difficult it would be to have services here, for the only train of the week came in on a Saturday, waited an hour, and went back. The huge lumber mill here and the one at Arrow Head were closed. It seemed a terrible waste of British capital.

We took the weekly train. It was partly freight and partly passenger. It stopped a long time at every halt. Our destination was Lardo on the Kootenay Lake. There was only one family here, Roman Catholic. The big boat was going on from there to Kaslo, but we wished to visit two lonely settlements on the opposite side of the lake. I was specially anxious to visit Argenta. Some years ago I had

had a letter from the grandmother (living in England) of a young teacher at Argenta, saying that she knew that I went in caravans in Canada and could I send Sunday-School books and pictures to her grand-daughter there. There were no services or Sunday-Schools, and the girl was not allowed to give religious instruction in the day-school. The grandmother described the loneliness of the settlement. There were no roads in. The only communication was the C.P.R. boat, which arrived once a week at 1.30 a.m. and stayed four minutes. The young teacher always got up to see the boat come in; it was her one opportunity of contact with the outside world. We sent her books, and I made up my mind to visit Argenta if I had an opportunity.

We were at our wits' end to know how we could cross the three and a half miles of lake. No one had time to take us, for there was a dance at the hotel that night. Indeed, the landlady did not seem to have time or inclination to put sheets on our bed or to give us any supper. At last we found an old Dutchman, who agreed to take us at eight o'clock next morning (Sunday). When we arrived at Argenta the place seemed asleep. It was. We looked into windows and saw only recumbent forms. The Lardo dance had attracted the Argenta population. It had lasted till 4 a.m. We decided to go to the farthest family up the mountain-side. The roads were very steep. We climbed for a mile or so. The farthest house contained a Swiss family, very charming and hospitable. We showed and explained Bible pictures to the children. The family spoke good English and French. We stayed for dinner and met the father, a nice man, we thought. Afterwards we heard that he had been tried for the murder of his brother-in-law (who had molested his wife). He was acquitted.

At the next house I visited there was an old Galician who seemed a trifle mad. He kept repeating that people

did not pay any attention to the Bible nowadays, it said you must not murder, but now it did not seem to matter. I did not understand his point at the time. The next family were Ukrainians, all the children joined the S.S.P. They gave us some beautiful lilac. We found an English-woman at the Post Office, the only one in the settlement. The teacher we were in search of had left. We found her successor correcting papers in the school.

We held a service in the school that afternoon and had a good attendance. All the children joined the S.S.P. The ground had been well prepared by the former keen young teacher.

We heard there was an equally lonely settlement seven miles away, at Johnson's Landing. A young Galician, a friend of the Canadian teacher, took us in his motor-boat. She came too. We sat behind, playing gooseberry. They charged us five dollars, but they may have had in mind future housekeeping expenses.

At Johnson's Landing we first called at the Post Office, where we found a large party; some children had come down from the farm above. As it was Sunday evening we thought they might like a service, and suggested it. The mother replied: "If you mention a service they'll all run away!" They were English. The father was the nephew of a general. He had been in the North-West Mounted Police and knew several of the Anglican clergy whom I knew, who had also been in that service. The boy of eighteen and the elder girls had been confirmed and made their first Communion. Their father gave them religious instruction, but they had not been able to attend Church services for a long time. The difficulty was that the storms are so sudden and fierce on the lake that a small motor-boat is unsafe and the big boat only comes once a week. The clergyman from Kaslo was once held up for a week when visiting them, and consequently his other work was all

held up too. The mother said that she sometimes felt like a prisoner in winter when the lake was rough. They told us of a poor woman who had been seriously ill. A message was sent to the doctor, who was permitted to charter the C.P.R. boat for urgent cases, but the captain dare not put out for twenty-four hours after he got the message. Fortunately, the woman recovered.

We went on to visit some other families, and had a Sunday-School class in a Scottish home. The parents listened with as much interest as the children. It was getting very dark and was raining by this time. We could not sleep out as we had no blankets. The family seemed large and the house small, so we asked if we might sleep in the barn, but were told that the boys slept there. After that I dare make no more suggestions. They said a Mr. and Mrs. X. had an empty bunk-house and were very kind-hearted, but they were Americans and had curious religious ideas and highly disapproved of any Church. We got there about 9 p.m. They had gone to bed. An American voice shouted: "What do you want?" I shouted explanations through the door, admitting that we gave Bible lessons to children but avoiding any mention of a Church. The wife appeared in her night attire and said she would get the bunk-house ready. We sat talking to the old man, who shouted bits of conversation from his bed in an inner room, punctuated with audible yawns and "Yes, Marms." Presently we were told that the shack was ready if we did not mind sleeping with chickens and turkeys. I had visions of the gobbler at home, a most uncomfortable bedfellow.

The shack had a stove burning fiercely, beside it were two boxes, one containing little chickens, the other little turkeys. The place was very hot, no window was open. I feared that the turkeys would be roasted long before Christmas. Our hostess did not wish any window to be opened, she said she was afraid of the fowls taking harm on

this wet, cold night. There was a clean, comfortable bed in the corner. Above it hung a black bearskin, and on the floor lay a white wild-goat skin. After our hostess had left us we tried to open a window. We could not sleep in that atmosphere all night. It was the usual log shack window, a sash which had to be lifted out bodily, but with a piece of string and a nail we managed to tilt it partly open.

The next morning was very wet; our kind hostess gave us breakfast, and while we dried the dishes we tried to keep off all dangerous subjects. However, we found she approved of Bible teaching for children. Iris gave a Bible lesson in the school, out of hours, while I visited some of the families. Two of the mothers had grown up in this part of the country and had hardly ever been able to get to a service or Sunday-School. One said that the only time in her life when she had an opportunity of service or instruction was when her father worked for three months at the lumber camp at Slocan City. She really could not teach the Bible to her children unless she had the S.S.P. papers; with them, she and her children would learn about God together. One finds this sort of thing more and more with these young mothers. How can they be criticised for not teaching their children?

We had dinner at the Post Office. Mr. Y. said that if a storm did not come up he would take us across the lake in his motor-boat, but he would rather not go till his boy came out of school at 5 p.m.; he was working late for an examination. We started about 5.30. They had only had the boat about a week and so did not know much about it. The lake was high and large logs were drifting about. They put us out at Schottise Bench, nine miles across the lake. We then had to walk five miles into Kaslo. The road was muddy and gravelly, and we got rather tired carrying our bags. On the way we found a few lonely families. We found a brother-in-law of the Crewdsons, of

Kendal, and had a long talk. It was 11 p.m. when we got into Kaslo. We made for the hotel, where we slept that night and had breakfast next morning.

We visited old friends. The Rector, Mr. Reede, we found, was in hospital with bronchial asthma. That evening we attended a Women's Institute meeting. I was anxious to talk with them about their fruit and prices. This was the place from which the cherries sent to Wembley got the prize for the best grown in the Empire. One of the women got nothing for the four boxes of beautiful cherries she had sent, as the money all went in freight. They were anxious to have addresses of Women's Institute secretaries in England to whom they might send samples. They had heard of the Empire Marketing Board. It is a great pity that more consumers do not ask for British Columbian fruit, which is so excellent. Shopkeepers will supply what is demanded. It is unpatriotic to be content with U.S.A. products and make no protest.

We stayed that night at the rectory, and I got up early to cut grass for our hostess. We had breakfast and caught the train for Sandon.

Sandon is a mining town in a circle of mountains. The valley is so narrow that the houses are built up the mountain-sides. One side gets some sun, the other none. The doctor told us that there are only three months in the year without snow. The narrow valley had two mountain streams roaring through it. One had overflowed and washed away the railway line. The main street was laid over a stream, boarded in. The torrent had burst through and a child of five was drowned. We met the pathetic little funeral. The coffin was carried by his playfellows.

The families up the mountain-side told us that they were in danger from snow-slides in the winter.

There was a United Sunday-School here, but a number of Church of England children joined the S.S.P. It was

very necessary to have religious instruction here. Bolshevik propaganda was strong. We were told that they lent round among the children a burlesque Bible containing caricatures of Old and New Testament characters.

We visited these mountain houses all day, and in the evening walked four miles to Three Forks. At Three Forks we found a Church of England family. They hardly ever had a service, but the children had been confirmed at New Denver. We hoped they would give us a bed for the night, but they seemed to have no room. They gave us some milk, but there was no bread; it was still in the oven. The only thing to do was to walk on to New Denver, about ten miles off.

It poured with rain, and we met a head wind. Fortunately, the moon came out at intervals and showed us the precipice edge. There were many sharp corners. We kept as near the rock face as possible. The unseen scenery must have been very beautiful; we caught glimmers of it. We asked the way at a house and just missed a car. At last we saw the lights of New Denver and then lost them again. A car met us, and we had to get right on the edge of the precipice. We munched chocolate and were very tired. The book bag grew heavier and heavier. We were wet through. When we got to the town we asked a young man to direct us to the hotel. He came with us and roused the proprietor, who had gone to bed. He shouted that we might have room number so-and-so. We took off our wet clothes and tumbled into bed.

Next day we went to see the Rector, Mr. Stoddard, and his wife. They had lived in Manitoba. The Rector asked a young man, who worked in a garage, to take us to Roseberry that night when his work was done. We started at six and had time to visit when we got there, but could not find anywhere to sleep. We found two families who had joined the S.S.P. last year and had since moved here.

Unfortunately, we arrived after everybody had finished their supper. It began to rain. We noticed an empty hotel with broken windows, but it was locked. At last we went along by the Slocan Lake to find a Mrs. C. we had heard of. Iris knocked at a door to inquire. A Chinaman appeared in his pyjamas, she said "Oh!" and fled.

At last we came to Mrs. C.'s house. She looked searchingly at us and asked when we had our last meal and where we were going to sleep. We hedged, knowing that her own evening meal would be over. She insisted on giving us supper, and when we asked how we could get the key of the empty hotel she said it was not a fit place for us to sleep in and she would arrange something for us. She made a bed on the verandah, with one of those cleverly arranged Winnipeg couches which open out into a double bed with a spring mattress. There was a lovely garden beside the Slocan Lake. It looked very beautiful when the moon rose.

Next morning it poured with rain. Mrs. C. gave us breakfast and we now saw the children, twin boys aged eighteen months and an older boy and girl. They were delightful children. The family came from the States.

We went by train to Brouse and thence we walked into Nakusp (on the Arrow Lakes). Here we found the Sunday-School superintendent whom I saw last year. She said we could sleep in a room over her store, and took a lot of trouble to get it ready for us that night.

On Saturday we caught the boat at Arrow Head in order to get to Beaton and hold a service there on Sunday. Unfortunately, this meant missing the Bishop, who was coming to Nakusp, and we should have liked to attend his Celebration and talk over our work with him. We went by the big C.P.R. boat to Arrow Head and then just caught the little boat to Beaton. We stayed at the hotel with the R.s. They gave us hospitality again. We put up a notice

at the Post Office about the Sunday-School at 11 a.m. and evening service.

We went round visiting the people. There were some interesting old prospectors who told us tales of the fortunes they had made and lost. There were trappers, too, who spent their time in the mountains. They lived a most solitary life. One, living in a lonely shack, was not seen for several weeks, so his friends went to look him up. They found his body half eaten by wild animals; apparently he had died outside his shack.

We found a family recently come from Kent who had read about the caravan work in the *Mother's Union Journal*. They missed the services very much and hoped we would start a Sunday-School. They had had no service all winter. The Church of England clergyman was now coming once a month on a weekday. We had several at the Sunday-School and quite a good congregation at night for the service.

At 7.45 on Monday morning we left Beaton in the small boat for Arrow Head. We then had to hasten to get the van and drive it down a steep hill and across the railway line to the boat before the train came in from Revelstoke to the landing-stage. We got the van on to the boat in time. There was not much room for it.

We had a 125 mile journey to West Robson. It was very beautiful. There were snow-capped peaks in the distance. The reflections in the water are lovely on a calm day. We did not arrive till evening because the boat called at every landing. The Bishop and the Rector came to meet us at Nakusp. At West Robson we took the van off the boat and camped for the night. The next day we drove through Brilliant to Thrums.

We had supper with Mrs. Whiteley, S.S.P. secretary for this half of the diocese, at South Slokan. We gave her the lists of new members. She had been writing friendly

letters to the children, and received charming replies and snapshots of themselves and their surroundings. We gathered from their letters that they much enjoyed the papers. Mrs. Whiteley's work was particularly valuable. She had got into such close touch with the children and their parents.

At Nelson we saw Archdeacon and Mrs. Graham and camped with our old friends the Gilchrists. We went on from Nelson to Willow Point to visit Mrs. Applewhaite.

We camped at Balfour that night. The Sunday-School had gone on ever since we started it last year; the teachers had found our books and pictures a help.

On Sunday the churchwarden and his wife, whom we met last year, invited us to dinner. In the evening we met Mr. Harvey, a clergyman newly out from England, who had already won people's hearts. He seemed very grateful for all the Sunday-Schools we had started the year before in his district.

On Sunday evening we left for Long Beach, where we camped for the night. On Monday we got up at 5.45, cooked our breakfast and washed up, and then went across the ferry from Long Beach to Harrop, where we put the van on the C.P.R. boat for Kuskanook. It was a smaller boat than usual. There were already five other cars on it. It was very difficult to get the van on. The crew kept shouting to me not to hit the car on the left, the car in front, or the roof above me. As I could not go on straight, one wheel slipped between the stage and the boat, but, fortunately, I got on safely. When we arrived it was not easy to get off, as I had to back out on the slant.

It was lovely scenery along the road to Windle, but the road was very twisty and in parts too narrow to pass another car. It was high above the Kootenay Lake. At Windle everyone was picking strawberries, which is the principal crop here. There is a cooling place into which

the boxes of fruit are put to await shipment to Montreal or New York. We walked up a steep hill behind the settlement to visit two families who did not get to Sunday-School. In one family there were fourteen children. The baby was hardly a week old. They had moved here just before the baby was born. By the clothes on the line we could see that the mother had just done a large family wash, and when we entered the house we saw a large batch of newly baked bread. Yet she was still smiling.

We had supper with the president of the Woman's Auxiliary. Although she was terribly busy she insisted on making an omelette for us and giving us supper, though we tried to retreat. They had a number of Doukobors picking for them. It was a very hard life while the strawberry season lasted. They had to start very early in the morning and were packing till after dark.

Mr. Newby, the Rector of Creston, came in his car to meet us, and took us to see some people, to whom we talked in their packing-shed. We crossed some flooded meadows—locally called flats—in a canoe, on our way to visit people. In was June 28 and there were six to ten feet of water on the fields, but in August, we were told, there would be a beautiful crop of hay. We rowed seven miles in the boat, crossing two rivers in flood with a very strong current, and at intervals portaging the boat over bits of land, and at other times trying to avoid trees and fences. The mosquitoes were terrible.

We then walked two miles up a mountain, where we found a family who had seen me in Alberta. The other family we visited had been flooded out and were living in a shack.

After leaving Creston on the way to Kitchener we visited Arrow Creek. We walked five miles up a mountain to see a family who had not been to a service for years. It was a very hot walk. I sat down on a log to rest while

I talked to the mother about the S.S.P. as she stood packing strawberries into boxes. An old Doukobor woman came up with her bucket full of strawberries to be packed. She looked at me and remarked, in broken English: "You no work. You lazy. You fat!" Then turning to Iris: "You work very hard. You thin!" After these comments I felt that I must either pick strawberries or go.

The road into Kitchener was very dusty and there were several very bad snake turns. This is a lumbering settlement with a very mixed population. A Canadian and Japanese had intermarried; there were Swedes and Doukobors, Americans and French. We were told that there were fifteen languages spoken in this little place. There was no Sunday-School, and the moral tone was exceedingly low. We put most of the children on the S.S.P.

The next day was the sixtieth anniversary of the formation of the Dominion. It was kept as a general holiday. Visiting was useless, as everyone was going to the sports. We were camping near a family of five children. They all wanted to be washed and dressed at the same moment. The youngest was a tiny baby. The poor woman said: "By the time I've washed and dressed the whole family I don't feel like going to the picnic. I generally end these days by a good cry—and then I go on again."

Iris and I set to work to wash the legs of two small girls. The knees, in particular, took much scrubbing. We managed to get them dressed.

The father of this family looked after a large property belonging to some rich Americans, who had a camp near. We were amused to note that these folk from the Land of the Free had put up notices all over their property to warn off others.

We were writing letters beside the van, nearly eaten by mosquitoes, when the Americans returned from Creston in their fine car. They kindly invited us to sit on the

verandah of their bungalow. They also asked us to dinner that night. We feared our clothes were not up to San Francisco standard. We had much interesting conversation with our host and hostess. They seemed interested in our work. They thought it a great mistake not to have religious education in the day-schools in the States and in Western Canada, one bad result being the increase in juvenile crime. We were asked if the Church paid us, and it seemed to cause surprise when we explained that we came from England and were doing honorary work.

We were invited to camp there that night, but we had promised to go on to a woman lately returned from hospital after a bad operation. We found Mrs. B. in a highly nervous state. She had pain in the wound and was terrified of complications. The nearest doctor was miles away. I undid the bandages and found there was nothing really wrong. I reassured her, explaining that I had nursed in the war. Presently she fell asleep. Her husband did not know what to do with her in this condition. He was thankful to see us.

We went on to Kingsgate, on the U.S.A. boundary. There were streams of cars coming and going. They were examined by the Customs officials, for there was much bootlegging. The boundary was merely a barbed wire fence with a Customs House. Beyond the fence was the hamlet of East Port. The United Minister sometimes came to the American side on a weekday. The service was held in the dance hall, which was used for a cinema on Sunday evenings. This was the only thing which marked Sunday. There was no Sunday-School. That night, Saturday, there was a dance which did not end till 4 a.m. We camped three miles out of the settlement, near a family, but were awakened in the early hours by shouts from drunken people as they returned from the dance. Our neighbour Mrs. F. was most anxious that we should start a Sunday-School.

She had been there over five years but had not had a minister of any Church to visit her. Nearby, a family was camping which had come from Saskatchewan to find land. They had seen one of the Sunday-School vans go out from Saskatoon. It poured with rain that night and most of Sunday morning and then cleared up. The mosquitoes were very bad. We were told it was the wettest summer for twenty years.

On Sunday afternoon we went to the dance hall to get it ready for our class. The windows were all dark in preparation for the cinema. Some big boys rushed in and said they must get the room ready for the evening. They brought in forms and put up a screen. I had left some of the Bible pictures on a form, which appeared to displease them very much, for they swore at me. The atmosphere was not conducive to reverence, but at last they went away and left us alone. I had fourteen little children and Iris had eight older ones. All seemed very interested. Parents came to the service, which was conducted under difficulties. All the time I was saying prayers and giving the address boys were firing off squibs outside the hall. It was rather difficult not to jump when the reports were particularly loud.

Two mothers, one from the Canadian side and one from the American, undertook to start a Sunday-School if we would give them supplies.

We camped near the T.s that night. They came from Worcestershire. A year ago their second son was drowned in the river. The father told me that he had forgotten God, but all this sorrow had brought back his faith. His wife also was a changed woman, people said. Several grown-up sons came in. We held a service. They enjoyed singing hymns to the gramophone.

On Monday Mr. T. showed us his mining claim. He had found a good seam of silver and lead, but had not enough money to work it.

We visited all day long on Monday, on our way to Yahk. I had a great discussion on Baptism with one woman. All her children were unbaptised; she could see no reason why they should be christened. When I pointed out that it was a command of our Lord, she replied that we could not keep everything and so we must select. But she saw the force of my argument when I asked her how she would like this principle applied to her commands to her children.

At Yahk we found a line of cars outside the liquor store. Some Americans celebrated Independence Day by getting drunk and then driving back over the border.

At the next settlement, Moyie, they were dredging the lake for mineral which had been dumped there from a mine. It had lately been discovered that certain acids separated the mineral. It was being pumped into a concentrator for the purpose.

At Lumberton there was a large lumber mill, a new one with the latest machinery, managed by Americans. A little town had sprung up, as one always does when a new mill is started, but when all the best trees have been felled it closes down and the population disperses.

Here we saw again that this fluctuating population, with both lumber and mines, is one of the serious problems of the Kootenay Diocese.

We were taken over the mill by one of the head men. The lumber was floated thirteen miles down a wooden flume, with water power from the mountains, then the logs were lifted into the mill by machinery. In less than no time a big tree was sawn into boards and planed. A train stood in the siding, and all this valuable timber was labelled U.S.A.

We found about a dozen Church of England families. One of them was connected with a Bishop of Exeter. They were very sad that there was no one to prepare the girl for

Confirmation. We suggested the Bible Class papers of the S.S.P., and we left several books on the Catechism.

The engine of the car was not starting very well. I found that part of the Holly vaporiser on the carburettor was sticking. I took it to pieces and found it required filing. The manager of the mill machinery came along while I was doing this and offered to file it for me, after which it went very well.

We went on to Cranbrook, 3,000 feet above sea-level. The Rockies looked lovely from there.

We found the Rector, Mr. Harrison, and his three boys. His wife was away on holiday and so were most of his congregation. He suggested we should speak to the Woman's Auxiliary on our return from the Windermere district. We asked him how far his district extended and what he wished us to do. We then started off and visited scattered families as we came to them. The mosquitoes were particularly bad this year, owing to the rivers overflowing with the snow-water in June. Pools of tepid water were left, and here the pests bred. We saw a woman gardening with a mosquito net over her head and wearing a woollen coat, though it was a very hot day. Even her house was full of them. She was worrying, too, poor thing, over the teachings of an International Bible Student, who told her that there was no after-life except for people of his sect, and she had recently lost her husband.

We visited several scattered farms, many too poor to have fly screens. At one place we sat outside and tried to explain the S.S.P. to a mother, but the irritation from the mosquito bites was so awful that we could hardly keep our minds concentrated. The mother kept up running instructions to a boy to keep a smudge burning with green grass. They gave us some tea. We were thankful, for we had not stopped to eat anything all day. Every time we stopped mosquitoes flew into the van. Iris felt quite ill,

and I did, too, although used to them. At last we reached a house with fly screens, clear of the pest. It was like Paradise. We had supper there. But the bliss was temporary. We went on through the bush, on foot, across a swamp. They settled all over us and buzzed round our mouths so that we could not speak. We knocked at the door of a house, knowing that the inhabitants dreaded to open it because of the clouds which would rush in. When the door opened we bolted in without explaining who we were or why we had come. The woman instantly sprayed us with Flit. Then at last we could interchange talk like reasonable beings.

That evening we drove on to Wardner, another town with a lumber mill. We found a St. Michael's girl here. Her mother invited us in. I was thankful to get Iris within doors. She was in a terrible state from the bites. We made the van habitable with fly screens and Flit when we turned in about 11 p.m., but we could not sleep, although we put a paste of baking soda on our worst bites, the inflammation and irritation were so severe. In the early hours I saw Iris sitting up and reading the Fifth Missionary Report as a sedative.

Through Elko we went on to Fernie, a coal-mining town. The Rector, Mr. Oswald, and his wife suggested we should go on to Hosmer, a settlement nine miles away. No minister of any Church visited there, and there was no Sunday-School. We visited all the families that day (Saturday) and arranged for a Sunday-School and service on Sunday evening. Two of the Englishwomen here had not been to a service for twenty years, and in one family of eleven children none were baptised. Mr. Oswald had a great many points for service and no car. The general impression in Fernie was that they were chiefly Italians and Roman Catholics in Hosmer. We had a most interesting service there. The Sunday-School was attended by about

forty young people, from four to eighteen years of age. I began with a hymn and prayers. None of the young people except two Roman Catholic boys ever seemed to have sung a hymn before. Some of them began to laugh, but in the lesson they were quite good and attentive, and seemed impressed when we showed the pictures of the life of Christ, of which, apparently, they knew nothing. At the end of school I dismissed them, saying that we were now going to have a service for grown-ups, but during a hymn the boys slipped in again, asked for hymn-books, and sang quite nicely. As there was nobody suitable to carry on the Sunday-School, we put them on the S.S.P. When we told the Rector at Fernie about the number of Anglicans at Hosmer, he said he would get one of his parishioners to take him out in a car for a service, and his wife said she would take the Sunday-School.

That evening we camped at the same farm. The woman and her son were outside the house and afraid to go in. They said the father was angry because he had to milk while they were at the service.

There was much drinking in the place. A child told us that one woman, hearing our service talked of, said she preferred hotel church and plenty of whisky.

We visited a man with two sons to see if they would like the S.S.P. papers. The father said that his wife was in a mental home and his younger boy (about eleven) could not read. He played truant when sent to school and got into serious mischief on the way, so the man thought it was better to keep him at home. He himself worked in the mine all day, but the elder boy would teach the younger from the S.S.P. papers. They had had no religious instruction. We put these lonely families in touch with people in England and Eastern Canada. They wrote to them and sent gifts. We have since heard how much this kind-

ness is appreciated. Some of these people were so poor that they had never been into Fernie.

On the way back we found a family from near Derby. The boy had been baptised by Bishop Abraham and had attended a Sunday-School superintended by a fellow-student of mine at St. Christopher's College. At Fernie I addressed a meeting of the Mothers' Union. They had read about the members of the Mothers' Union in England giving a clergy van to the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, and were interested to hear that the Mothers' Union of Worcester Diocese had given me £300 for the St. Mary Sunday-School Mission van for Qu'Appelle Diocese to replace old Caravan Pioneer, which was falling to pieces—it had been going since 1920.

I appealed for a secretary for the S.S.P. for East Kootenay. Mrs. Loyns, a member of the Mothers' Union, undertook the work, with the Rector's wife and the Doctor's wife to help her. She has proved most successful, getting a very large number of answers from the children and keeping in touch with them by means of friendly letters. The value of our work is not merely the one fleeting visit of the van, but the children thenceforward receive definite religious instruction every Sunday, through a Sunday-School or the S.S.P.; in the latter case their answers are corrected and returned, and they have letters and Christmas cards.

We spent Tuesday writing out the names of the 800 children whom we had put on the S.S.P. since we started from Vernon at the end of May. We gave the names and notes on them to the secretary. We had also revisited a number of old members. We did a large wash that day, too. The Rector's wife let us use her electric washing machine and iron, and made us have all our meals at the rectory. This was a great advantage. We generally had to wash our clothes by a river or lake, heating all the water on a primus stove and cooking all our meals. The next

day, before we started off for Baines Lake, we had a Celebration.

On the way we visited some foreigners, nobody seemed to be looking after them. At Baines Lake we found a United Sunday-School and lots of mosquitoes. There were a good many Church of England people here who sent their children to the United School, but liked them to have our S.S.P. papers in order to teach them the Catechism.

It was a dreary, arid spot, watered only by one old leaky wooden flume. We camped near the Post Office, which occupied part of a huge empty house. We wondered why such a place should have been built, and were told that several years before the war a group of retired army officers had bought a considerable amount of land here with the intention of making a fruit ranch. They had been sent photographs of one of the best fruit ranches in the interior, on irrigated land, and had been told that a similar ranch might be made here. They had built this big house and had sunk much capital before discovering that the water supply was insufficient and the land unproductive. Local people still tell tales of eye-glassed colonels and their families.

We went on to Waldo, some miles away. There was no Sunday-School, but a very pretty little Anglican Church had been designed and built by a retired clergyman who had come out from England at the same time as the retired officers. Unfortunately, there was now no clergyman. We had a meeting in the Church and two mothers volunteered to start a Sunday-School.

The road to Door was much cut up by hauling heavy logs to the lumber mill. We heard of a lumber camp which had been closed because the mosquitoes were so bad that neither men nor horses could work. At Flagstone we found a woman of nearly eighty who carried on the Sunday-School. She once walked fifteen miles to a service on

Easter Day. We came to Newgate, on the border of the States. We found a delightful set of English people of the public school type. We met a young man from Alberta who had seen the Edmonton van. He had been at St. Bees. His mother and brother had joined him from England, and they were starting a dairy farm. The mother welcomed us warmly. She had heard about the van work from a sister in England who superintended a large Sunday-School. She was very troubled about the children in this district who had no religious training. She was wondering what she could do to help them.

At the next ranch we found a cultured Englishwoman running a dairy farm. She gave us supper. We noticed her beautiful old furniture. One piece was dated 1549. Four young public school men came in to supper. They were gaining experience with her before starting on their own.

The next two families were of a quite different type. One woman said she did not believe in anything. Another was an American, who said she had no use for the Church of England because it was founded by Henry VIII. I told her I thought she had been wrongly informed; if that had been so I did not suppose any of us would have been members of it, as he was scarcely a suitable person to found a Church. I then described some of the old Churches in the North of England, especially near my own home, and the ancient preaching crosses, showing how long ago the old Anglo-Saxon Church was founded. She looked at me fixedly and remarked: "And did you live in Anglo-Saxon days?" I wondered if I looked very wizened and felt like a fossil or a mummy.

We held a school on Sunday morning at the Community Hall, followed by a service for adults. The school was at 10.30, but one boy came at 9.30 as his parents' clocks were an hour fast. There was a fairly good attendance, but hay-

making was in full swing. Most of the Church of England people came to the service and also a United Church minister who was on holiday.

A Church of England clergyman, Mr. Garlick, occasionally came a long distance by train. Mrs. M., the very keen Englishwoman, volunteered to start a Sunday-School.

On our way to Roosville that evening we went over a very steep hill into a pretty valley where everyone was making hay. It had been a very hot day, and there were sharp stones right across the road which it was impossible to avoid. A loud bang sounded as the tyre burst, even the outer cover was cut through. I put in a new inner tube, and was pumping it up when the tube went off with an awful report. The outer cover was rough and had punctured it. The spare rim and tyre on the 1928 Ford truck only fitted the rear wheels. There was no garage near, and I wondered what I could do. I was nearly maddened by mosquitoes and heat. A farmer came along and offered me a "boot"—a piece of canvas and rubber which could be put inside the outer cover. I went up to the farm to get it. Two Americans were standing there. I think they had been bootlegging. They watched me putting in the boot and the inner tube, which I had patched. They offered advice but no help. I was getting very hot pumping the tyre for the second time. At last one of them offered to help.

We camped by the roadside and cooked our supper at 10.25 p.m.

We went on to Grasmere, a strange Grasmere with no lake, but there were mountains all round. Several families were very pleased to be visited and have the S.S.P. papers; no service was ever held there. Then we went via Baines Lake to Wardner and on to Bull River. The road was a very narrow one with a big drop on one side. We went very slowly round a curve where there was thick sand. The

van skidded and swung right across the road. The front wheels caught in a bush or we should have fallen eight feet. The rear wheel was nearly over the fifty-foot drop on the other side. We found an old apple box and pulled it to pieces and put it along the edge and banked it up with sand to prevent the front wheels from going over. Then we had to put sacks under the rear wheels to make them grip. We got straight, finally. The rest of the road into Fort Steel was good. It was very hot just now, some days it was 110° in the shade.

We had to go eight miles into Cranbrook to get the tyre vulcanised before visiting in Fort Steel. It was a lovely spot surrounded by mountains.

The next day we started towards the Windermere district. We passed through Wasser, where the mosquitoes were in such clouds that we did not stop to visit there. We heard later that the two old-timers who kept the store and the hotel went away for a month, as they could stand the mosquitoes no longer. We met a number of cars, but hardly saw a house for sixty miles.

III

At Fairmont there are radium hot springs. An open-air bath has been made up the mountain where hot mineral water bubbles out. We found some families around here. Soon after that we came to Windermere, a small settlement beside the lake, named after the Westmorland Windermere by an early surveyor. There was an Anglican Church here which had an unusual history. It had been built at a little settlement on the railway near Golden. The population moved away, so the Windermere people took the Church, packing it in sections on a freight train. The train stopped at Golden for the night. The Golden people had a Church but no bell. In the night they took the bell from the train.

There had been no clergyman for three years at Windermere, but a young clergyman, Mr. Holmes, was coming out from Leeds Parish Church almost directly. Mr. Roe had come to Invermere, near by, for the summer months. His daughter had been at St. Michael's and knew Iris. We went to see them.

We went a little way up the Columbia Valley to Edgewater, along a road with sharp turns and a drop on one side, with a wonderful view of lakes and mountains. I was asked to visit a ranch at Edgewater where some people from Arnside were living. I had travelled with two of them on my way to Liverpool that spring. They wanted a Sunday-School started in their settlement. We camped near Mrs. S., who was most hospitable. On Sunday morning we visited and in the evening held a Sunday-School and service in a house. There was a baseball match that afternoon to which people came from miles around. We had to light a lamp during the service, and this brought in clouds of mosquitoes, so I had to shorten my address. It was a mixed population here—Danes, Germans, English, and Canadians. Mrs. L., from Arnside, offered to teach in the school we started, and so did one of the fathers. We returned along the Columbia Valley and then into the Banff-Windermere highway, by the western gateway of the Sinclair Canyon.

The road runs between towering red rocks. You cannot see oncoming cars or hear their horns. We went up to the radium springs. We had to register at the gate of the Kootenay National Park, near the open-air swimming bath. The water comes out at a temperature of 98°. We were given a brass buffalo to put on the radiator of the car.

The park is a preserve of the Dominion Government. None of the wild animals may be shot. The Government also keeps up the road, which has a most excellent surface, so that the steep gradient does not seem so. We visited the park-ranger's wife, as Iris had taught her daughter at

St. Michael's. She gave us supper. We presently rose to 4,950 feet. The views are magnificent. We spent the night in the camping-ground at Vermilion. Though near a river, there were hardly any mosquitoes. There were shelters and stoves for the use of campers. There was also a C.P.R. camp of little bungalows.

Here and there were lonely families of Government officials who were glad to be visited—park-rangers, North-West Mounted Police, fire-wardens, etc. They welcomed the S.S.P. for their children.

At Marble Canyon we had a wonderful thunderstorm. It was magnificent to hear the thunder reverberating among the mountains. It cleared, and we walked up to see the canyon. The waterfall had worn away the whitish rock to a tremendous depth. You could not see the bottom of the fall.

We got up to the Vermilion summit, 5,660 feet. It was a marvellous view of snow-capped peaks, dark pine forests, and foaming, rushing rivers of bluey-green snow-water. Then the road dropped, with twists and turns, down over the Alberta border and out of the Kootenay Park at Castle Mountain. It was seventy miles through the park.

At Castle Mountain we found a lonely family and sent the children's names to the Calgary secretary for the S.S.P.

Crowds of tourists from Montreal, Toronto, and many Provinces of Canada and the States were making the round tour of the Banff-Windermere highway and the Kicking Horse Trail. The latter had only been opened a few weeks. We could tell whence the cars hailed by the colours of their number plates. Though the Banff-Windermere highway had been a popular resort for so long, yet no one called on these isolated families, and they were delighted to be visited.

We camped ten miles from Lake Louise station. It was quite cold at this altitude, after the thunderstorm. Next day we went on to Lake Louise. Near the station we found

several families who were glad to be visited. Then on up the steep road to the lake and the C.P.R. hotel. I had been up here several years ago by the funicular railway, and never thought it would be possible to take a van up. The altitude is 5,740 feet. The hotel had been rebuilt and looked as if it would hold a thousand people. The garden goes down to the lake. It was full of Iceland poppies. The lake was a turquoise blue with shining glaciers at the head of it. The beauty is almost unearthly. We wondered what the owners of the many smart cars thought of the Sunday-School Mission van parked in the midst of them.

We took an afternoon off and went for a good walk, right above Lake Louise to Lake Agnes and Mirror Lake and up to the top of the Big Beehive, 7,540 feet. It was glorious after the rain. The clouds were lifting off the mountain-tops, revealing the shining snow. We saw a marmot near the tea-rooms at Lake Agnes. It was quite tame. There were some funny little rats without tails which ran in and out of the roots, also chipmunks. There were masses of white and pink bell heather and yellow rock rose. At the hotel there was a throng of the fashionable, a contrast to our shacks and their inhabitants.

We went on that evening, past the Great Divide. We found some families at Mount Stephen station. They were foreigners. We put them on the S.S.P. and also bought a loaf from them, as we were getting very short of bread. We went on to the Yoho Park camping ground, down a tremendously steep hill with a hairpin bend. It was forbidden to camp just anywhere, for fear of forest fires. Everyone must go to a camping place, where special officials see that fires are extinguished. More valuable timber is destroyed by fire in a year in British Columbia than is used in the lumber trade. Many of these fires are caused by careless tourists.

It is a beautiful situation. Two great mountains tower

above it, Mount Stephen and Cathedral Mountain, both about 12,000 feet high. At sunrise and sunset the snow-capped peaks flush rosy red. The Kicking Horse River dashes through the pine forest below, milky white with snow-water.

In the grey, early morning we heard something knocking our pots and pans about. They were put under the ground-sheet with the bread tin. In it was our new loaf and a new sack of rolled oats. I had put a piece of copper wire through the catch to prevent animals opening it. There were no stores for miles, so we had laid in supplies. Iris looked out and exclaimed: "Oh! there's a black bear and her cubs going off with our bread!" The bear returned and took the sack of oatmeal. Iris felt annoyed. I was so pleased at seeing the bear that I did not mind about the food. There was not much for breakfast, however—coffee, sardines, sweet biscuits, and bottled raspberries. I was making the coffee and looked up to see a large black bear coming out of the forest. He turned over a rubbish tin and I rushed for the camera. Then he went to a camp table, put his fore-paws on it and ate a large piece of bacon belonging to some sleeping campers. Next he put his head into a tent and then came straight towards me. I got a splendid snapshot quite close up. He did not look very pleasant. After that he disappeared into the forest. We were eating our breakfast when the bear with the three cubs returned. We ran for our cameras. While we were away she made for our mugs and basins. They finished the coffee and the raspberries. We could have stroked the cubs, and were only about two feet from the old bear. It would have been dangerous to get between her and the cubs, as the mother then would probably have gone for us.

Bears are very destructive in their search for food. We heard of them pulling the top off a small shack and ripping up a tent belonging to a road construction camp. Just as



THE BEARS EATING OUR BREAKFAST.



UP IN THE ROCKIES.

Facing p. 149.

the bears went off, the camp official came round with a gun. He said that one of them was bad-tempered. There was no breakfast left for us, so it was just as well that we were only three miles from Field, where we could get more food.

At Field there was a United Sunday-School and a flourishing Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. There were twenty Church of England families. We put the children on the S.S.P. Some of the parents were troubled because there was no one to prepare the elder children for Confirmation. We suggested the senior S.S.P. lessons. Field was served from Golden, but the Rector had left in the previous March. A new Rector was coming that autumn, however.

We took the newly opened Kicking Horse Trail for Golden and camped beneath Mount Chancellor. Next day we drove along with the Kicking Horse River 600 feet below us, and on through the marvellous canyon, with great walls of rock on either side, making an extremely narrow valley. The road is a shelf on the rock face; the railway and river are below. The rails look like a thread and the train like a toy. The track crosses and recrosses the river in order to find room to pass along this narrow gorge. The motor road above has to do the same. Two cars could pass in most places, but not everywhere. The road was blasted out of the rock. It had to be done in such a way that no rocks should fall on the line below. The man who put in the fuse was suspended at the end of a fifty-foot rope. He bored a hole into the mountain, put in the fuse, and then signalled to be drawn up. The cribbing, too, was a great problem. The timber had all to be let down 1,200 feet by cable and drum.

The views were most marvellous, but I could not look at them much, so twisty was the road. The most reckless driver drove carefully here. A collision would have meant falling on to the railway track 600 feet below. There was

no parapet, not even a log. We noticed that many cars seemed not to like passing on the outside edge, particularly those from the prairies. They invariably came round the corners on the wrong side to avoid the edge. I heard of one man who was so alarmed when he had to take the outside edge that he stopped and said to the oncoming driver: "Please drive my car round yours. I daren't drive on the edge; it makes me dizzy."

There was a sharp descent of twenty miles. I went on low gear, for the brakes would have got red-hot. I had an extra gear with a Ruckstal axle and mountain brakes, and so did not burn out my bands, but the descent was very trying for old Ford cars.

We dropped down into beautiful little Golden nestling in its ring of mountains. There was a very pretty little Church here. The superintendent of the Sunday-School was holding it every Sunday in the Church. Her husband had worked for a former Bishop of Oxford when Bishop Gore was his Chaplain. They were living in a house built by a Mr. Lascelles, uncle of Princess Mary's husband.

We took the Sunday-School in the morning, and in the evening held a service with a large congregation. As there was a surpliced choir, we borrowed surplices and mortarboards. I gave an address on our work, describing how I started the van in the diocese in 1926 at the request of the Bishop, and how much the work was needed in the lonely districts. The congregation was greatly exercised in mind as to whether the salary of another clergyman could be raised. Most of the people worked in the lumber mill; it was feared it might close, because so much valuable timber had been burnt in forest fires the previous year. The mill also supplied the electricity of the town. If the lumber people left there would only be the C.P.R. employés and the summer visitors as a support to the place.

We drove up to two little isolated settlements above

Golden, on a bench. The roads were extremely narrow, with hairpin bends, which I had to back up to get round. The edge was cracking in several places. I held my breath and wondered whether we should get over safely. Our welcome was all the warmer, for visitors were scarce up there. One family came from Devonshire. They gave us eggs and strawberries. Another family had come from the Calgary Diocese and remembered my visit in 1922 with my sister and Dorothy Ekersall. The daughter had joined the S.S.P. that year. Now, though only twenty, she was married, with two babies.

We returned to Golden and then started down the Columbia Valley. It is eighty miles long and very narrow, with the Rocky Mountains on one side and the Selkirk Range on the other. Along the valley were eight settlements, each with a school, and up on the mountains were benches with isolated farms. A little railway ran along the valley to the main line at Golden, but the train only went two or three times a week, so it was useless to clergy and workers.

There was an old waggon trail down the valley; the ruins of old stopping-houses were still visible. This had been widened into a motor road, but was still narrow in places. In parts there was a very steep drop and some bad curves. It was hardly suited to the big American cars making the new circular tour. They were accustomed to wide, paved roads, and went at a terrific pace. It seemed a peculiar method of "seeing" this glorious scenery. We have met cars in which everyone but the driver was asleep.

There was no minister of any Church taking services in the valley now. There was no Sunday-School in the whole of it. We had not gone very far when a tremendous thunderstorm came on. We crossed a river and found several families who hardly ever had a service. They felt very neglected. They had come from Calgary, where the

children attended the Cathedral Sunday-School. They were quite ready to teach in one with our help. These boys and girls had won the judging competition at Vancouver for the whole of the Province. They all had to be of school age. They were trained to judge horses, cattle, sheep, and poultry. A local farmer coached them.

That night the children told us a tale of how a little girl of six was coming down the mountain through the forest one evening at dusk. When she had nearly reached the settlement the woman with her said, "Now you'll be all right," and turned back. Directly after, she heard a shriek and saw a black bear coming towards the child. She set her dog on it and shouted for the child's father, who arrived in time to shoot the bear.

We were told of several families living up the mountain on a bench reached only by a difficult road. It was not easy to find the way, as a number of small trails led off it, and it was difficult to turn the van when one was on the wrong path. But we were glad that we went, for these lonely people were so pleased to see us. One mother was thankful to have us talk to her husband about the necessity for Baptism, in which he did not believe. None of the children was baptised, to her great sorrow. They had come from Richmond. At the next house a boy rushed out and welcomed us warmly; he thought it was the St. David's van from Manitoba. He and his mother lived in Brandon (where she belonged to the Woman's Auxiliary) and were visiting her sister here. The latter was very glad to have the S.S.P. papers.

We were warned that the hill down to the main road was very bad, but it was better than we expected. We now had to double back to pick up the families we had missed by going along the bench. We noticed that the families hereabouts had largely intermarried—a proof of their great isolation.

We went on to another settlement along the main road. We were trying to find a suitable centre for Sunday-School on the morrow. We made arrangements for a school and service at Parson, and then went on to Castledale. While looking for a place to camp, two boys came up and asked us to camp near them. They lived all alone in a little log shack by the roadside. One was fourteen and the other ten. We inquired why they lived alone, and they replied that their mother had gone off with somebody, and their father was hardly ever at home, and when he was he was drunk. We noticed a pile of broken bottles at the back of the shack. They watched us getting the van ready for the night and asked if we were afraid of sleeping alone. We said: "No." "We're not afraid of living alone," they said, pointing a large gun at me. I hoped it was not loaded. They explained that they had a hole in the shack, and if anyone came at night whom they did not like the look of they shot at him.

We said to them: "To-morrow is Sunday. We want you to collect all the children and bring them to our Sunday-School here by the van." They looked blank. We were using unknown words.

On Sunday morning, while we were washing up the breakfast things, an old man came up and stood and watched us. He came from Yorkshire and had driven a London bus. He urged me to bring out English women, saying that there was no one for bachelors like himself to marry in that valley. He explained that they must be useful and practical, with an approving look at us. We left him standing by the van as we went off to beat up recruits for Sunday-School. We met a mother with several children coming down the mountain. The boys had told her of our Sunday-School. She used to live in Sheffield and attend St. Mary's Church. She had had no service since she came here. The nearest Church was forty miles

off. They had no car, and her husband and the team were usually away. Her only baptised child was the girl born in Sheffield. She was distressed that her children had no Bible teaching. The elder girl was of Confirmation age. The mother had very little time and found it impossible to teach them without books and pictures. We told her of the S.S.P. and that we hoped to start a Sunday-School at Parson, four or five miles away. She thought her children could walk there sometimes.

We had an interested class round the van. No one knew anything about the life of Christ except this woman from England and her elder children. We used the beautiful mountains around as a point of contact, and then showed the Hope of the World picture, and so led on to the Gospel story. We ended with "Onward, Christian Soldiers" on the gramophone. The mother wiped her eyes and said it reminded her of St. Mary's. How she longed to go back and have a really beautiful service and a Celebration.

We put the two boys' names down for the S.S.P. papers and asked this nice woman if she would help them answer the questions. She told us that it was a very sad case. The elder boy was already drinking and stealing money to buy cigarettes. The eldest boy of sixteen had gone to the bad altogether. We put this woman in touch with friends in England, who write to her and sent her useful Christmas presents. The van workers visited her in 1928 and 1929 and report that visits and friendly help have meant much to her. She now feels that she is not forgotten. She remembered that there were collections for missionary work in St. Mary's, and often wondered why no help was sent out here; she wanted to know how we managed to come. We told her that the Bishop of Kootenay had been very worried about this valley, but had no men or money to send, but a young clergyman from Leeds was soon coming

to Invermere. Our own work was voluntary, and I raised the money for the vans in England. Sheffield contributed. She is now helping the boys, who have improved.

We had a great rush to eat our lunch and get off to Parson in time for the afternoon Sunday-School and service. There was a good attendance at both. Two mothers volunteered to teach. One had been a conductress on a London bus in the war.

We came to Harrogate next, a contrast to the original—just a lumber mill and a few scattered farms. We found a family of nine children, four to sixteen, in a two-roomed shack. I thought of the spacious houses in the other Harrogate. We collected all the children for a Bible picture-talk in the evening. I listened to Iris and observed the children's faces. The ages ranged from four to twenty. They knew nothing about the pictures or the main facts of the life of Christ. None of them said any prayers, nor did they know a hymn. There was a thunderstorm as we ended. The cloud effects were wonderful.

We came on to Spillimacheen. An elderly retired clergyman and his wife lived here. He had done a wonderful work in the valley, though he came out here, after the work of a lifetime, to be near his son. Many young people had been married and children baptised by him. His wife had helped young mothers, and seemed to know every baby from birth. She had had a Sunday-School for years. She gave us a list of all the children down the valley between here and Windermere. When the clergyman left Windermere they had moved thither to keep things together. Now age and ill-health prevented Mr. Thatcher from travelling, but Mrs. Thatcher was starting her Sunday-School again here. She told us how worried she had often been about the lack of teaching in the valley. She was not able to travel up and down herself. She seemed to regard our caravan work as an answer to prayer.

It was pleasant to be again in a house with beautiful furniture and pictures. There were many reproductions of Italian masterpieces. It made one realise more clearly how much the young people miss in these new countries. In Europe sacred art and ecclesiastical architecture insensibly help to form the minds of the young. Many of these children had never seen a Church, not even the little wooden one at the end of the valley. Though religious influences are lacking, irreligious are not. In places like this, evil propaganda has a clear field. There is nothing to counteract it. Bolshevist literature is spreading in districts similar to this.

We found that Mr. Thatcher knew Bishop Abraham intimately, and was interested to hear that we knew his daughters, one of whom is taking my place as Sunday School organiser in the Diocese of Carlisle. Mr. Thatcher's father had worked with Bishop Selwyn, and as a child he had sat on Bishop Patterson's knee.

A message had been left at the store here, asking us to visit a family at the Giant Mine seven miles up the mountain. Once again the van had acted as a visiting-card. Mr. F. had driven down the valley and seen the van standing outside a house. We were not in it, but he read the name and told his wife on his return. She came from Toronto and was a member of the Woman's Auxiliary, and hence knew all about the van work. She had lived at Vancouver and missed the services terribly.

A truck from the mine took us up. The F.s took us to the mine. An old man showed us round. He had done most of the drilling with a diamond drill. They found silver lead and some white stuff which they used for white lead. This mixture of minerals is called galina. We were taken 220 feet up a ladder in the dark, through the boring. Water came down and put out our little hand-lamps. We had to climb on and on till we reached daylight above.

There was much valuable mineral here. They were waiting to see if a company from Montreal would work it. The mineral wealth of British Columbia is untold, but there is not nearly enough capital to develop it. Development will mean great help to agriculture. Unfortunately, American capitalists are frequently quicker to seize these opportunities than Canadian or British.

We had tea with Mrs. F., who wanted books to help her to prepare her children for Confirmation.

The next day we visited. We found a Mrs. W., who had lived at Lancaster Gate and attended Christ Church.

On the Sunday we had a Sunday-School and service at Briscoe. We had carefully given out the time at all the houses we visited. The difficulty was that there are three times kept in the valley: mountain time, an hour fast, C.P.R. time, and half time. We arrived fifteen minutes before service. Mrs. T. had already been waiting fifty minutes and wished us to begin at once, so Iris took the children into the inner room for the Sunday-School while I gave the address. Halfway through the service another large family trooped in, so had we begun at the earlier hour it would have been over before they arrived, and they had come three miles. Everyone was delighted to have a service. Mrs. T. volunteered to come sometimes to help in the Sunday-School, and others promised to assist her.

That evening we camped near two old-timers. They warned us not to be afraid if we heard shots. Skunks had been killing their chickens. Presently there came two bangs, followed by an awful smell.

We went on down the valley and came to a road construction camp. The wife of one of the men was cooking for them. She gave us a very good dinner. We talked to several of the men. They were widening the road and it was extremely difficult to get through. At the moment the surface was rough, deep, loose earth; later it would be

packed down with gravel and would make a good road. One big car had stuck so fast that in pulling it out the rear axle broke. The middle of the tourist season seemed a strange time to choose for ploughing up a mile of road. We had to pass several large waggons full of gravel on a sharp curve with a precipice on one side. We then started on the mile of loose earth. The ruts were a foot or more deep. We called out to the men that if we got stuck they would have to pull us out. They were the fathers of the children we visited and took a great interest in us. Some of them were working off their road tax, others were glad to continue in order to get money to put into their farms.

We got through safely, thanks to our powerful Ford truck with its high clearance. More than one six-cylinder car had stuck fast.

We camped in a field near a pretty little clear creek. The Post Office was not far away. Next morning, when I was about to cook breakfast, two women appeared. The older woman said that she had to get the mail-bags down to the train, a mile and a half away. The men had left early—they dealt in second-hand cars. They could not start either of the two old cars in the yard. Could I help them? I began on one and was warned by the younger woman that it had back-fired and broken her husband's arm. Then I tried the other, and after cranking till I was purple in the face was told that the battery had run down. After this I suggested taking the mail-bags in the van. Iris had just finished strapping back the mattresses. The post-mistress came with us. Afterwards she gave us breakfast and two dollars for the caravan fund. We had a great talk. She had worked in a Lancashire mill at eleven years old, and thought that many things were wrong in the Old Country. She described in the most realistic way the patter of the clogs of little children going to the factory at six o'clock in the morning. She thought Canada a much freer,

better country, where the poor were not downtrodden. She would not live in England for worlds. I told her about the Factory Act, Old Age Pensions, etc., but she did not seem to believe me. She thought of England as it was when she left it forty years ago.

At Invermere we found that Mr. Holmes, the young Deacon, had arrived from Leeds. He told us that he was really a Canadian from Hamilton. He was anxious to visit the families we described to him, but he had no car. I promised to mention his need in England. Happily, I was given the money to buy him a Ford car, and he has been able to do much work by its means. A charming girl from Leeds went out and married him. I know what a help she will be to the mothers in the valley.

We visited families on a bench behind Invermere, whence we had splendid views of the lake. I noticed its likeness to Windermere in England.

Looking back over our month in the valley we found that we had started five Sunday-Schools and put eighty children on the Sunday-School-by-Post.

IV

We wanted to start a Sunday-School in the little Church at Windermere. All the parents were most anxious to have one, but we could get no volunteers to teach. One woman who would have been ready to do so explained that on Sundays she had to help her husband at the petrol pump from early morning till late at night, because of the rush of tourists who sometimes demanded gasoline at 5 a.m. The others had hotels or tea-rooms and were equally occupied. It is very inconsiderate of those whose time is their own to spoil a workingman's one day of rest.

At last we heard of a family at the Government Experimental Farm. A young man greeted us warmly; he knew

about the vans and also knew a clergyman known to me in the Qu'Appelle Diocese. The seventeen-year-old daughter of the house had been prepared for Confirmation by him, chiefly by correspondence. She had never been in a place where there was a Sunday-School. With a little persuasion she consented to take an infants' class.

We went up to Sheep Creek. Many great trees had fallen across the road in the recent thunderstorm. Fortunately for us, the road had been cleared. A man driving through the storm had a narrow escape. He saw a tree crashing in front and reversed to avoid it. As he did so a tree fell behind. Both missed him. Some people in a shack by the roadside, selling ice-creams, said that every minute they thought their shack would be crushed.

At Skookumchuck (Indian for "Good water") we arrived at the Post Office on mail day; several families had come from the mountains, one from seven miles off. There was a Frenchwoman from Paris and a Belgian educated at Brussels University. He said that he preferred Canada.

We came to Tata Creek. Years ago a sheep stealer escaped from a gaol and was here given a fresh horse. As he rode away up the mountains beyond the creek the police arrived on the other side on jaded steeds. He waved to them and shouted "Ta-Ta!" They say that he escaped into the States. There were many different nationalities here—Norwegians, Danes, and Germans. They were all glad to have our S.S.P. lessons.

We were able to stay at Wassa now, as the mosquito season was over. We went on to Fort Steel. On the way we had to hunt for a family off the road. We found them, but could not stop long as a thunderstorm was coming up. We hurried back to the van and got into Fort Steel before the worst of the storm broke. Next day a man who had come through Sheep Creek told me

it was the worst he had ever known, and he had lived in Alberta, where the electric storms are particularly severe.

South of this, near Creston, a loosened rock rolled down the mountain-side on to the road, and a man came round the corner too fast to stop, crashed into it, went over the edge, and was killed. He was an experienced traveller for a cattle dealer and well used to these roads.

At Fort Steel we started a Sunday-School. Future teachers listened to our lesson. We had a service in the Church in the evening. It had been built for a day-school and was afterwards fitted up as a place of worship.

We went on to Marysville, a good-sized settlement; most of the inhabitants worked in the Kimberley mine or concentrator. Several families had recently come out from England, there was one from London and several from Manchester. The latter, especially, were astonished and grieved to find no Sunday-School or Bible teaching in the day-schools or services of any kind on Sunday. We had a service that evening and I gave the address. The result was that they volunteered to start a Sunday-School. They were wonderfully hospitable here.

Next morning we left for Kimberley. The engine started all right. We stopped at a house to tell one of the mothers what we had arranged at the service, as she could not be present. When we returned to the van I found that the starter had jammed, and when I tried to crank I found the benticks had jammed. A man passed with a motor-truck, and I asked him to help me shake the van, which I had left in gear. This also proved useless. Then he towed me a bit, but with no effect. I could not detain him longer as he was hauling gravel for the road. I took the starter to pieces and managed to disengage the benticks. The car started and we were able to get into Kimberley. I was glad I did not have to send the four miles for a garage man, it means so much extra expense. A driver

with no mechanical knowledge is of little use on these roads, and is forced to run up expenses considerably, whereas our aim is to make our subscribers' money further the actual work as far as possible. I know well the sacrifice with which it is often given.

The Kimberley mine is one of the largest lead and zinc mines in the world. It goes straight through the mountain for three miles. The upper mine is 6,000 feet over sea-level, the town site is 4,500 feet, two and a half miles away. Lower down still were more houses. It was strange to see this town clinging to the mountain-side with houses all round. Two miles away is a concentrator where they grind up the mineral and divide the zinc from the lead by a chemical process. Then it is sent to Trail to the smelter.

For many years this mine was not worked. Although the mineral was known to be valuable, it was not marketable because the lead and zinc could not be separated by the ordinary processes of chemicals and cold water. The process now used—hot water and chemicals—was accidentally discovered by an old miner. He noticed that, as his wife washed his shirt, the lead sank and the zinc floated in the bubbles. It is now called the "Bubble" process. We noticed how few men were required in the mine and concentrator. The work was largely done by machinery. One heard many different languages.

The English Church had only just been built. The United Church was already well established and had a large Sunday-School. The Anglican clergyman, Mr. Crick, had not been here long. He was now away. The Anglican Sunday-School had few children and had difficulty in getting teachers. There was only one and the clergyman. It was not easy to find the Church of England people. No one would give us information about them.

The upper mine had no Sunday-School, and it was almost impossible for the children to go up and down these

miles of mountain. The United minister had talked of starting a school up there, but had left no supplies. We visited members of all Churches and several Welsh miners' families. They missed their Sunday-Schools and Bible teaching in the day-schools. Though they were Methodists they welcomed the idea of a Sunday-School, and were glad to take our books on the life of Christ. Here, as often before, I felt how sad and absurd it was that Christian Churches could not agree on Bible teaching in the day-schools, leaving out controversial subjects. The doctrinal points might be taken in the Sunday-Schools of the different Churches. This is done in Australia and South Africa. Many conferences have been held on this matter between the Provincial Governments in the West and the representatives of the Churches. A Bill was even introduced into the British Columbia Provincial Parliament, but this caused such an uproar that it was withdrawn and not even discussed.

The miners' wives gladly accepted our books and pictures, and agreed to start a Sunday-School. This was the "highest" Sunday-School we started in the diocese—6,000 feet!

The Prince of Wales was to visit Kimberley. There were great preparations, but most of them had to be done on the morning of the day itself, as the miners were working hard up till then. They were all given a holiday on the day of the Prince's visit. Flags were put along the route and gravel on the new rough roads, still full of stumps. The gravel was put on in cartloads and was full of large stones. I wondered how the cars would get along. They were picking off the largest stones when the Prince had already arrived. The townspeople said that they owed it to the Prince that their road was now "fixed" instead of having to wait for some time.

We saw the Prince at the station talking to eighty ex-

service men from the mine. He had a word for all of them, but stopped longer with one elderly man, who was a V.C., we heard afterwards. Prince George accompanied his brother. They were taken all through the mine and the concentrator. The train taking them on to Fernie had three engines, we noticed, the gradient is so steep.

Outside Kimberley was a settlement called Chapman Camp. It had grown up around the concentrator, which is one of the largest and most up-to-date plants of its kind. We were shown over it in the course of our visiting. The machinery was worked by electricity, with power from the Bonnington Falls, miles away. We saw the mineral crushed, and then the huge boilers and trays where the zinc and lead are separated, and, finally, the masses of powdered mineral ready for sending away by rail down to the smelter at Trail.

We had a great rush to get into Cranbrook in time for the W.A. meeting. We had to change and wash. I had got very dirty on the way. The fan belt slipped off going up a very long hill, and putting it on made me very greasy.

I gave an address to the W.A. on our work. They were very interested, and promised to help all they could, in the future, with running expenses and Can Showers.

We took Sunday-Schools and services around Cranbrook on the Sunday. We found several Cumberland people. A man in Cranbrook was the brother of a former Curate of Dacre, one woman had lived in Penrith, and her uncle was stationmaster at Blencowe in Dacre Parish.

Mr. Newby, the clergyman from Creston, met us at Yahk. We had a service in the Community Church and I gave the address. Many parents attended whom we had visited on the way up. This little Church was used by all denominations.

V

We crossed the border at Kingsgate. The Sunday-School we had started there was going on well. The Customs officers recognised us and did not search the van. We drove 114 miles in the teeth of wind and rain that day. At midday the thermometer stood at 34° —on August 31. They had snow at Fernie, we heard. We were going through Montana and Idaho. It was cheaper to take the van through the States than to put it on boats to get back to the Okanagan.

The roads were gravelled and very wide but were full of pot-holes, and mud covered the wind-screen. I had no automatic wiper, so I was obliged to open the wind-screen, and, hence, got very wet and cold.

We reached a town quite late, but were shown a camp ground. It was still pouring with rain. I felt too frozen to cook a meal outside, so we found a little restaurant and had supper there.

Next day we followed a paved road, called the Apple Way because of the many orchards. There is room on these roads for two cars abreast each way. The cars are so numerous that they follow behind each other, two deep both ways, most of the time. I shall never forget the difficulty of driving through Spokane and of finding a parking-place; also the traffic rules are different from the Canadian, and I did not know them. I had heard, too, that ignorance did not excuse you from a fine. I was thankful when we got through safely.

We now crossed prairie land with the harvest in full swing. They were cutting wheat with a double-header drawn by twelve horses. It reaped only the heads of the grain and threshed it as it went along. We did 100 miles that day and camped at Wilburn in the State of Washington. A woman told us that there were seven Churches in

left. The storekeeper's wife was said to have disappeared up the mountain and the husband had gone away, so people had lost sight of the children.

Monday, being Labour Day, was a public holiday, so we washed our clothes.

Next day we went on to Oliver, the ex-service men's settlement, where the Government has put in a large flume. We noticed a great difference from last year; many more fruit farms, so Oliver and Osoyoos are nearly joined. A new school had been started at Testalinda adjoining Oliver. The year before we had arranged with a Church of England girl that she should start a Sunday-School when the day-school was built and we would provide books and pictures. She had been trained for Sunday-School work by Miss West in Qu'Appelle Diocese. In the meantime the United Church minister had asked the girl to start a United Sunday-School and sent his supplies. She did not feel at all at home with these books. She told him she preferred ours. I went to see the minister and explained the situation. He agreed to abide by the parents' decision. Next Sunday we held a Sunday-School and service, and the parents decided they would like our supplies for their children.

We visited the S.s, very keen Anglicans from England. Mrs. S. was collecting money for a Church, but most of her neighbours were starting fruit farms, and most of the apple trees were not at bearing age. The previous autumn a frost had killed the tomatoes and cantalupes, and this spring a lovely show of apricot blossom was blackened by a night's frost. This summer had been the wettest known for forty years in this dry belt. Consequently, the tomatoes were splitting and the cantalupes had not ripened well. The American market for iced cantalupe had been poor owing to the cool summer. I was interested to find they had just started growing tobacco, which seemed to be doing well. They had built some great drying-sheds.

Up above Oliver one can see the immense expanse of orchards now planted. When these trees come to full bearing age the amount of fruit will be enormous. Where is it to be marketed? Surely what is needed is a large cannery plant and jam factory. Both in England and in Canada there is much more U.S.A. canned fruit. Here at Oliver was a small cannery for tomatoes, and in Eastern Canada and British Columbia there are a few fruit canneries, but the proportion of Canadian canned fruit, compared with the U.S.A. output, is very small. I was told the reason is lack of capital. One could wish some big English firm would start a cannery amid these rich fruit orchards.

Up at Fairview there was once a mine. Father Pat used to have services here. We found a couple whom he married. They told us how he would ride miles in the worst weather to get medicine for the sick. In old days they got letters only once a year.

In Oliver we found an interesting woman from Guelph in Eastern Canada, married to a New Zealander. Her husband had lectured on agriculture in New Zealand and Eastern Canada. He had contracted bad rheumatism in the trenches and was advised to settle in the dry belt. It had done him good. His wife greatly missed the Church at Guelph, with its fine organ and choir, in which she had sung. Like so many of her neighbours, she much desired a Church and resident clergyman. The baby was not baptised. Since our visit a clergyman has come to Oliver. He was obliged to give up his parish in another part of the diocese owing to rheumatism. Services are held in a room till a Church can be built.

We camped near old acquaintances on the way to Penticton. That night a large bear came down from the mountains and ate apples in their orchard. It was believed to be a grizzly.

We went through a narrow rocky gorge to Keremeos,

where there was a Church and a clergyman, Mr. Clementseno. It was a scattered district, and he was anxious for us to do much work among the children. On our way we found a worried teacher. Her trustees were Holy Rollers, and they insisted on her taking her own children fourteen miles to Penticton to the Pentecostal Sunday-School. The other school-children came, too. She was Church of England and hated it, but would have lost her school if she had refused. She was a widow with several children. She took our S.S.P. papers thankfully. Hereabouts we met a woman who had a tremendous argument with us, proclaiming herself an atheist. H. G. Wells was her prophet. She collected for the Red Cross and had a daughter a nurse. I told her that nursing the sick only came with Christianity. She maintained that she had always lived a blameless life. At that moment there was a knock on the door; a policeman appeared and informed her that her husband forbade her the use of his horses to get in the hay. Afterwards we heard that he had left her because she was impossible to live with. He was an Oxford man, and was ill in hospital at the moment. When she stated that she wished her children to grow up open-minded and read everything, we promptly offered the S.S.P. papers, which she could not then refuse.

We revisited Poplar Grove, a fruit-growing settlement above Penticton, where all the children were on the S.S.P. They gave us an eager welcome and begged us to stay over Sunday, offering to tell everybody on the bench. At one house the parents were away and the children prepared a nice meal. They told us how they had answered their S.S.P. papers, and delightedly read to us the letters received from Cheltenham girls with whom we had connected them. We connect up many of these children with families in England or Eastern Canada, and try to get letter friends for specially lonely women. We gave a lantern service on

the life of Christ with Hole's pictures. It was greatly appreciated. One of the children remarked: "What a beautiful story Miss Hasell told us!" It seemed that very few had heard the life of our Lord told consecutively.

We visited Summerland and Peachland on our way along by the Okanagan Lake. The constant rain, most unusual at this time of year, had caused landslides, which impeded us. Once we left the van on the road while visiting. A new family, of whom no one had told us, came by and saw it. They knew the Edmonton van and appreciated its work, so they left a message at the store asking us to call. They were keen to have a Sunday-School, and we were looking for more help.

On October 11 we reached Vernon and stored the van.

VII

We gave in our report to the Bishop. The summary of our work is as follows (May 26 to October 11, 1927):

New members enrolled in S.S.P.	...	...	1,190
S.S.P. members revisited	...	...	128
Sunday-Schools started	...	...	19
Homes visited	...	...	811
Sunday-Schools helped	...	...	16
Day-schools visited and Bible lessons given			17
Services taken	...	...	17
Addresses given to adults	...	...	33
Extra classes for children	...	...	37
Lantern services	...	...	2
Names found for Baptism	...	...	102
Travelled in van	...	...	2,325 miles.
Driven, by boat, etc.	...	...	358 "
Walked	...	...	317 "
Total	...	...	3,000 "

Running expenses raised in the Kootenay Diocese, \$125 (£25 16s.).

Board expenses for five months for two workers, \$15 (£3), owing to the gifts in the Can Shower and the generosity of the people.

This year there were eight vans in six Western dioceses: Cariboo, Kootenay, Edmonton, two vans in Qu'Appelle, two in Saskatchewan, and one in Brandon.

The summary of the work of all the vans for this year is as follows:

New members for S.S.P.	...	...	4,142
S.S.P. children revisited (of these,	397		
were families)	...	...	1,414
Sunday-Schools started	...	...	49
Sunday-Schools helped	...	...	74
Homes visited	...	...	4,205
Day-schools visited and Bible lessons given			138
Services taken	...	...	51
Extra classes for children	...	...	126
Addresses given to adults	...	...	95
Children found for Baptism (of these,			
32 were families)	...	...	330
Travelled by vans	...	...	20,899 miles.
Ridden, driven, train, etc.	...		2,212 „
Walked	...	...	1,649 „
Total	...	...	24,760 „

I had to see the Bishops and discuss the workers for the next year, and see what repairs each van required. Then I gave some lectures in Vancouver and Victoria, in the chief towns of Ontario and at Montreal. I sailed thence for Liverpool, and lectured throughout the winter in England to raise funds for the work. Bishop (then Archdeacon)

Rix, of Caledonia, had asked for a van for 1928 and wished me to come myself and start the work. There were only thirty clergy in this diocese.

On September 14, 1927, the following was contained in a resolution passed unanimously by the General Synod of the Anglican Church, Dominion of Canada, which consists of four Archbishops, twenty-three Bishops, and clerical and lay representatives from each diocese:

“Moved by the Bishop of Kootenay, seconded by the Bishop of Cariboo, and—

“Resolved that, the General Synod having again learned of the excellent work being done in an increased number of dioceses by the Sunday-School Mission vans, expresses its deep appreciation of this sustained effort to reach the lonely scattered settlers in the Ecclesiastical Provinces of Rupert's Land and British Columbia.

“It would desire to assure Miss Hasell of its gratitude to her for the gift of eight vans and money wherewith to start the work of each in the varied dioceses benefited, for aid and assistance generously continued year by year, and it offers to her and her band of assistants its thanks for their devoted work, which has been of the utmost benefit to the Church in the above-named Provinces of the Canadian West.”

IN THE DIOCESE OF CALEDONIA, 1928

I

IN the spring of 1928 seven of us went out on the *Montcalm*, and two more followed. There were now nine vans. Some of the workers came from Eastern Canada, others had remained in the West throughout the winter. Some did Sunday-School and Guide work, the others took posts. It is best when the same workers can go year after year, but it is not always possible. Some have home ties, others can only do honorary work for a certain length of time.

A clergyman was taking out fifty boys from institutions in England and Scotland, to work on dairy farms in Eastern Canada.

Six days out we got into fog and had to lie-to most of two nights and proceed with caution. Then we passed between two great icebergs.

On the way to Regina I stopped at Missanabie, a fur-trading post of the Hudson Bay Company, where I had friends. The previous autumn I spoke to the Indians there about our work. Nine Indian women, members of the Woman's Auxiliary, had sold cakes, and bread, and needle-work, and now gave me \$35.50 for the caravan fund.

We stopped at Regina to see about the two vans there, and then went on to Saskatoon to see that all was in readiness for those four workers. While waiting for our train at Edmonton we saw a train load of immigrants. I walked through the train and found only four English-speaking families. The rest were Ukrainians. They looked the dirtiest and most criminal lot of people I had seen for a long time. A tall C.P.R. policeman surveyed them with



THE COAST RANGE AT HAZELTON, CALEDONIA.

Facing p. 174.



TOTEM POLES, KITWANGAR.

Facing p. 175.

great disgust, and remarked to me: "I suppose these are some of the New Canadians." They were going on to Edmonton and up to Northern Alberta and the Peace River. The clerk in the ticket office at Edmonton had great difficulty in making out their destinations; they did not know a word of English.

The last few years only 33 per cent. of the immigrants have been British. The rest were mostly Central Europeans. The General Synod sent a deputation to the Minister of Emigration asking him to limit the influx of these foreigners because of their low moral standard and the Bolshevik literature which they circulate. But he replied that population was so much needed that all who came would be welcome. These people are encouraged by certain employers of labour because their standard of living is so low that they can subsist on small wages. They are also very good at clearing land, and can live on much less than British people. They are expert wheat farmers, and are used to a long winter in their own country. With their large families they easily outvote Canadians and British. They bring a disloyal element into politics which has never been known in the Dominion before. Appeals were continued, and in June, 1929, restrictions were at last put on Central European immigration.

We looked over the van at Edmonton and then went on to Prince Rupert. At Edmonton I had examined maps to find out how to take a van to the Peace River Block, in the Caledonia Diocese, which was part of the district we were to work. The Alberta Government was endeavouring to make a road through a difficult, boggy piece of country near the Lesser Slave Lake. Any road work done in the autumn was frequently washed away in the spring by the melting snow and the water from the flooded lake. They hoped the road would be finished by August in readiness for cars to get through.

Then came the problem of getting the van from Prince George to Edmonton. We knew there was a road from Edson, but were told to inquire at Jasper Park as to whether the road was finished between there and Edson. Between Prince George and either Jasper Park or Edson we should have to entrain the van. At Jasper they told us that there were twenty miles of good road east of there, but beyond that there was still a piece not connected with Edson. Thunderstorms often cause wash-outs and delay the opening of these new roads when they are just completed; consequently, they are frequently advertised as open when not actually ready for traffic.

We noticed little settlements by the wayside stations on our way to Prince George. The main line C.P.R. trains do not stop, so the only way to visit these would be to take slow local trains and "hop the ties" for the five miles in between each station. We passed through small portions of the Dioceses of Edmonton, Kootenay, Cariboo, and Caledonia, and surveyed the lonely spots with great interest, again wondering how they could be visited. Between Prince George and Hazelton I took particular notice of the roads, as we should visit there with the van. Some looked good, others were narrow tracks on the edge of a precipice; others, again, were boggy trails through the forest. This countryside was beautiful and in most places heavily timbered. The train ran along by the Buckley River and Canyon, very fine scenery. At Skeena Crossing, just beyond Hazelton, the motor road ends. Some of the first settlers came in by the Skeena River and thence by pack trail. The railway is a great engineering feat from here to Prince Rupert. That is why the motor road stops here. It is almost impossible to find a place to continue it. Attempts are still being made; even aeroplanes are used to survey the country. The change in vegetation was remarkable as we drew nearer to the Pacific Coast. The spruce were twice the

size, and there was much luxuriant fern undergrowth, due to the greater rainfall and the warm Pacific winds.

At Hazelton a clergyman got into the train, and we made ourselves known to him. He was Mr. Proctor, the Rector of Hazelton. He looked after the Indian missions along this line. Kitwanger is a show place. The train stopped, and everyone got out to look at the wonderful totem poles. Mr. Proctor showed us the best point from which to take the avenue of poles with the snow-capped range behind them. One totem pole lay on the ground with a plank on top of it. An old chief wanted to sell his pole to a rich American, but was prevented by the Government, so this was his revenge. The art is dying out. The younger generation will not trouble to perpetuate it. There was an Anglican Church here. An Indian Church Army captain took services when the Rector could not come. These Indian missions are some of the earliest in British Columbia. They were supported by the C.M.S., but are now taken over by the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada.

Archdeacon Rix met us at Prince Rupert. Mrs. Rix gave us hospitality. The town is beautifully situated, with mountains all round. It has a fine natural harbour, with large elevators, and one of the largest cold storage plants for frozen fish in the world. An immense amount of fish is caught, including halibut and salmon. Some of the halibut weigh between two and three hundred pounds. The storage plant is run by a Canadian and an English company. We were shown over it by a man from the East End of London. The frozen fish was piled up like stacks of wood in the refrigerator rooms. It is sent to most of the big cities in Canada and U.S.A. and even exported to Hull.

The Bishop asked me to give an address at the evening service in the pro-Cathedral, as he was anxious for people to

know about the work we were starting. On the Monday we spoke to the Woman's Auxiliary, and asked Mrs. Ballock to become S.S.P. secretary. This had not as yet been organised in the diocese. She was the wife of an engineer on the C.N.R., and later on had to resign the secretaryship, as her husband was moved to the Kootenay Lake. Now the work has been kindly undertaken by Mrs. McCoskrie, one of the first C.M.S. missionaries out here.

Prince Rupert, the largest town in the diocese, has a population of 6,000. The other places were so very small that Can Showers or any help from them was impossible. The diocese is 640,000 square miles, or nearly five times the size of England. It had only sixteen clergy. The Queen Charlotte Islands are also in the diocese. The coast mission steamer did most valuable work visiting canneries and lumber mills. The Peace River Block—which received 1,200 immigrants in May, 1928—is 10,000 square miles. It lies east of the Rockies, with no road or railway connecting it with the rest of the diocese, which extends west of the Rockies to the Pacific Coast. The Bishops have always lived at Prince Rupert, and therefore have to go to Edmonton by train and then up to Grand Prairie, where the steel (the railway) ends. This is the same distance as from London to Greece. After that there is another 200 miles northward to travel by road and pack trail.

There had been no Bishop since the late Archbishop de Vernier died. The C.M.S. said they could only continue the stipend as long as he lived. Archbishop de Pencier and Archdeacon Rix had been hard at work collecting money for an endowment fund, and the election of the Bishop was to be in the following September.

We explained to Archdeacon Rix that there might be delay in starting our work, as the new model Ford truck had not yet arrived at Vernon, where the body was to be built, by the same builder who had built the Kootenay van.

It was impossible to have the body built at Prince Rupert, as there was no motor road into it, only the railway.

The truck had been ordered in January, but Henry Ford was "making a lady out of Lizzie," and it took a long time to produce. The factories were turning out more cars than trucks of the new model. The agent at Vernon had done his best to get one. I wrote to the manager of the Ontario works, who replied that he would send one as soon as humanly possible. Fortunately, I had a plan of the new chassis, and the body builder was able to work from this. I was desperate, for the seasons are so short. Lady Willingdon's niece had driven a van for two seasons and had interested her aunt and the Governor-General in the work. So I wrote to Lord Willingdon asking if he would write to the Ford manager at Ontario. The reply to his letter was very different from the reply to mine. The manager was very sorry Miss Hasell had been delayed and would send off the truck at once. But it had to come by freight train and the distance was great, so the van could not be ready till the end of July.

We went by boat down the Pacific Coast from Prince Rupert to Vancouver. The scenery was beautiful, not marred even by the canneries and lumber mills. At Alert Bay we saw some of the children from the Indian mission school of which I had often heard. We arrived in Vancouver on Empire Day, kept as a general holiday all over Canada. Our friends were away, so we spent most of the day in Stanley Park, as there was no train for Vernon till night. The azaleas and rhododendrons were lovely. At Vernon we saw off Mary Nettleton and Nan Bostock in "St. Michael." The former had been teaching at a mission school in Japan since going with me in the Brandon van. We bought the equipment for our caravan, and decided to start work on foot without waiting longer for the truck, taking with us waterproof sheets and blankets in a kit-bag,

a light tent, a knapsack, some books and pictures, a saucepan bought at Woolworth's for fifteen cents, two aluminium plates, two spoons, forks, collapsible cups, and pocket knives. The cups were always collapsing.

II

We had our dismissal service with the Kootenay van workers. Bishop Doull used specially beautiful prayers. Afterwards we asked for a copy, and this dismissal service is now used in other dioceses. Our lay-readers' licences were signed by the Archbishop of New Westminster, who was then looking after the Caledonia Diocese, and by Archdeacon Rix, the Administrator.

It was our greatest venture yet. The van is a home and protection. Moreover, we had no details of the country and only one or two introductions. There were no clergy in the 10,000 square miles of the Peace River Block where we were going.

We took the train to Edmonton, and then had to wait two days for one to Grand Prairie, as it only runs twice a week. We put up our tent on the Exhibition ground. The Bishop's wife entertained us, and we enjoyed the Cathedral services on Sunday. The twenty-four hours' train journey was very uncomfortable. The lines were laid over a bog in parts, especially near the Lesser Slave Lake. The train was crowded with foreign settlers—hardly any English-speaking people. The terminus was ninety miles from Pouce Coupé, where we were to start our work.

Grand Prairie is in the Diocese of Athabasca, the Alberta part of the Peace River. The Peace River Block, our destination, is in the Caledonia Diocese, in British Columbia. It has belonged for many years to the Dominion Government, but is now being handed over to the Provincial Government of British Columbia.

We called at the rectory for information. We found that the Rector, Canon James, was an old acquaintance from the Edmonton Diocese. His father was a doctor in Kilkenny, and knew my mother's people. They allowed us to pitch our tent in their garden. Miss James, the S.S.P. secretary for Athabasca, lived at the rectory.

We heard that it would be very expensive to get to Pouce Coupè, so we planned to ask for a lift on a truck going in with supplies; but fortunately a car came in and took us back for nine dollars (nearly £2). Our baggage came on a truck later. The road was sticky after rain. It was an earth road, not gravelled. We arrived at the hotel with nothing but a bag of books and pictures. We had supper there. Our baggage arrived, and a store-keeper showed us where to pitch our tent, near a little creek. We cooked our breakfast on a camp fire, in relays, in the one saucepan.

During our two months' camping I had to follow the Guide rule of lighting a fire without paper. I collected leaves and sticks and kept them in the tent if rain seemed likely.

The next day we visited in the little settlement and gained information from the Government agent. As each settler decides on the piece of land he wants he has to file his claim with the agent and pay an entry fee of ten dollars. A quarter section (160 acres) can be obtained thus by any person who is the sole head of a family and any male who has attained the age of eighteen years and is a British subject or declares his intention to become a British subject. Within the first three years a habitable house must be erected and thirty acres cultivated. Buildings must also be put up for the stock, of which there must be at least five head in the first year and ten in the second. Ex-soldiers had free entry and money advanced from the Soldiers Settlement Board of Canada towards buying their land, machinery, and animals. This must be paid off in twenty-five years.

Fur traders had gone into this district many years ago; there were trading posts at Fort St. John and Hudson's Hope. In 1914 many settlers came here to experiment with farming, as the soil was known to be fertile. The crops proved splendid, but transportation expensive and difficult owing to the distance from railhead, hence many settlers left. After the war, in 1919, a fresh influx arrived. Many were ex-service men under the Soldiers Settlement Board. These settlers were anything from 100 to 200 miles from a railway. We visited the Soldiers Settlement at Sunset Prairie several times.

The projected railways could not be built for many years owing to financial depression. At Sunset Prairie for some years no threshing machine could be got in because the roads were so bad. Sometimes waggons fetching things from the store twenty-six miles away had to be unloaded. It did not pay to drive cattle a hundred miles to the rail. All that could be done was to exchange produce for necessary commodities. Many settlers left; only the most persevering remained. Amongst these were those at Sunset Prairie. The railway is forty miles nearer to them now, in 1929, and in 1930 it is hoped to lay another fifty miles.

In 1928 a third rush took place. This was incited by a farmer, in 1926, in the Peace River winning the prize at the International Show at Chicago for the best wheat and oats in the whole world. We saw something of this wonderful wheat. The growth is extremely rapid. It was up three inches at the beginning of June, and by the end of July it was five feet high, in the ear and turning. It is never really dark these two months. In 1929, when most of the crops in the Prairie Provinces were dried out, the crops here were magnificent—fifty bushels to the acre for oats and forty for wheat. The old-timers say there has never been a crop failure nor are they ever hailed out.

This is the last homesteading land left in the great

North-West, as we were reminded by placards all across Canada. Many British settlers came here from the dried-out areas of the Prairie Provinces, and others came because they could take up quarter sections for all boys over eighteen. There were already 3,000 people here before the 1928 influx.

In the winter it was possible to take a shorter route to railhead, to Spirit River instead of to Grand Prairie, sixty or seventy miles. This way was boggy in summer, but frozen in winter. Sometimes the temperature would fall to 40 to 60° below zero; then the warm wind, the Chinook, would blow through the passes in the Rockies from the Pacific, the snow would melt and leave the sleighs stranded for a time until it froze again. But this had its advantages. Incomers from Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Alberta found the winters less trying because of these intervals of warmer weather. It took five days to get there and back even if all went well, and it cost a good deal in food for horses and men. Meanwhile the women had to look after the animals on the farm in the bitter cold. One man told us that he could not sell any wheat all winter because he did not like to leave his wife with a small baby. Those who lived by the Peace River were able to get some of their grain away by the Hudson Bay boat in the early summer; later on the water was too low for the big boat to come up.

III

At Pouce Coupè we met Mr. Steer, the divinity student from Emmanuel College, Saskatoon. He was the only representative of the Church of England in the Peace River Block, which is as big as Devonshire and Wales. These students for the ministry go out to take services during their vacation. There were a minister and a student of the United Church working here. No Bible teaching

was allowed in the day-schools, and there were only two United Sunday-Schools. We saw that there was plenty of work for us to do. A Roman Catholic priest visited his people throughout the district at very long intervals. There was only one Anglican Church in the Block. A resident clergyman had once lived here, but the rectory house had been empty for three years. The present population had moved away from the Church. There was only one doctor for the whole of the Peace River Block. He lived at Pouce Coupè, where there was also a Red Cross hospital under a splendid matron.

On Sunday we had Sunday-School at Pouce Coupè. Mr. Steer was to take the service and I was to give the address, explaining our work; but the United Church minister arrived with a special preacher, so we retired in his favour. In the afternoon Mr. Steer drove us eight miles in his car to East Pouce Coupè. While he preached we took the children outside and gave them a Bible lesson. Then we went on eight miles further to Dawson Creek; there Mr. Steer took the service and I gave the address, while Iris taught the children in a little room adjoining. We found great ignorance, as was to be expected, but the children were very keen.

The next day we crossed the river at Pouce Coupè in a hanging basket worked by a pulley. First we had to haul the basket to the bank, then climb up a ladder by the tree to which the cable was attached, then we let ourselves into it and swung down the cable into the middle of the river, for the cable was slack. It was exceedingly difficult hauling ourselves up to the other bank. Supplies had to be taken across like this when the water was too high to use the ford.

We began our hunt for families. It was rough forest country with no made roads. We found a family from the dry belt in Alberta, near Hanna, which I had visited

in 1922. They were delighted to hear they could have the S.S.P. papers. We explained that they need not pay for them; we collected money from the towns for that purpose. They told us of a family across another river, but as we should get very wet if we waded across Mr. C. lent us horses—quiet ones which the children rode to school. When the little girl slipped off, her horse always waited till she mounted again. There was only one saddle, so I rode bareback. We went through the bush and down a steep river bank. One had to duck to escape the branches. I had to grip hard with my knees to prevent myself falling over the horse's head. We followed Mr. C. across the river. Up the opposite bank I found myself slipping over the horse's tail. Mr. C. told me to hang on to the mane, as the children always did. I thought the horse would object!

The family we had come to visit knew about the vans. They had just moved from Armstrong on the Okanagan and missed the Church and Sunday-School. They welcomed the S.S.P. papers for their son. We returned to the farm, bade good-bye to the kind C.s, and walked on, following their directions. There were so many trails that it was difficult to know which was which.

At 10 p.m. we reached the house of Mr. and Mrs. T. He had been an officer in the army, and her father had been Governor of Zululand. She had done Red Cross work in the war. When we knocked on the door voices called to us from within. We concluded that they were in bed, and so suggested we should go away and call another day; but as we had started in the rain and walked miles in rubber boots we *did* hope someone would take us in. We explained who we were and what we were doing. Mrs. T. insisted on our coming in, and got a room ready for us. Next day they took us in their car to Pouce Coupè. Fortunately, the river was low. Then

they took us and our baggage to Dawson Creek, where we camped.

The next day we walked to East Dawson school district, and the day after started off to visit North Dawson. It was difficult to find families. At first we came to bachelors and empty houses and the house of an old Russian woman. Here we were directed by gesticulations to the home of a Yorkshirewoman, a fellow-Churchwoman, who gave us a warm welcome, supper, and her own bed. We were glad to rest. We had walked fourteen miles, and it was quite 90° in the shade. The next day we walked to another school and taught there out of hours, then on to visit the families. We found people from Scotland and an old woman and her daughter from Cleator, Cumberland. They had relations in my own parish. We had "a good crack." A family from Dalton-in-Furness gave us hospitality. We slept in the kitchen, but could not go to bed because the Scotch neighbour had come in to mend the separator and stayed long talking, delighted to find I had Scotch relations. We had walked twelve miles that day.

Next day we visited another school and taught. Most of these children were ignorant of the main facts of the life of Christ. There was no one to teach them.

Iris was one day showing the "Hope of the World" picture to a three-year-old child in a house we were visiting. She said: "This is Jesus Christ in the middle." The child shook his head solemnly and remarked: "You oughtn't to say that. That's a bad word." The mother was a very nice woman. I asked how he got this idea (which I had found woefully common in other places). She said he had been playing with older boys, and afterwards used our Lord's name so frequently in the wrong way that she had forbidden him to say it. He was too young to have the matter explained fully.

These children need to be given the right impression at a very early age before they receive the wrong. People coming in in covered waggon have to bring only bare necessities. Women often asked us for a Bible, saying theirs had been lost in moving.

Pictures and Scriptural books are a real need. If we do not supply them the International Bible Students will. The St. Christopher series of books is splendid (S.P.C.K.). The New Testament stories are specially valuable. They are very cheap and well illustrated.

We were not the first in the field by any means. This is virgin soil for strange creeds. The Russellites had already been round to every shack and tent. They will not go till they sell a book. The children are eager for books and pictures, and buy this terrible, garbled version of Holy Writ. We took away some of these books and gave our own in their places. The following quotations are from this literature:

“Some have earnestly believed that Jesus was God himself, but such a conclusion is not warranted by the Scriptures. . . . Some insist that Jesus when on earth was both God and man in completeness. This theory is wrong. . . . Jesus was put to death in the flesh and was resurrected a divine being. . . . We must conclude from the Scriptures that the dead are wholly unconscious from the moment of death until such future time as the Lord may be pleased to awaken them out of death, and give them an opportunity of life. . . . For many centuries Satan has been the god or invisible ruler of the present evil world. . . . The coming kingdom of the Lord is the new heavenly kingdom. This new ruling power, the Messiah, is invisible, and will be invisible to human eyes, but will establish in the earth visible agencies and representatives of his government of righteousness. . . . The time of the Lord's second presence dates from 1874 . . . a new in-

visible power of control . . . to take the place of the old. The symbolic fire . . . will continue to burn until all the false systems of Satan's empire are completely destroyed. . . . The political class, striving always to do the will of the financial powers, are . . . constantly acting in a vain attempt to help their allies in the great beastly organisation; while the apostate clergy, which goes to make up the third element in the beastly organisation, is trying to induce the order-loving people to unite themselves with church systems and thereby support the employing class. Clergy and capitalists are works of the devil, and the clergy are used by the Government to exploit the people. These various elements, selfishly exercising what power they have, are going from bad to worse, leading on to a great disaster for the unrighteous systems of earth. Jesus points this out as the final and conclusive evidence of his presence . . . in this time of trouble the great Messiah will manifest himself and put into operation his kingdom. . . . This is the day of God's vengeance, and his fire will burn until all parts of the Satanic organisations are destroyed." —From "The Harp of God," 4,230,000 edition.

These books are widely circulated. They are well got up and attractively illustrated. Their arguments are full of Bible references and most plausible to the ignorant. The aim, however, is clear, and the harm seems likely to be great.

A Mormon had also been round. One told a clergyman that in the Bible it said "a bishop must be the husband of one wife"; that showed that others might have more. The young people have had no ethical teaching, and it is difficult for them therefore to have a high moral standard. There were queer preachers, too, whom we could not place. One walked through a settlement carrying a knapsack and wearing two placards, the front one bearing the legend "A Day in Heaven," the back one

"A Day in Hell." One wonders where these sects get their funds. It is sad that they can find men and money and our Church cannot. She often arrives too late, and finds the flock in the power of the wolf and some of her own sheep among them. Our people at first wait with patience, and then for the sake of their children take any teaching which comes along, preferring it to sheer materialism.

We overheard an interesting conversation in a store one day. An old-timer, a Norwegian, was lamenting to the storekeeper that he had just lost 200 dollars which he might have had from the Government for finding locations for newcomers. A stranger, speaking broken English, had come and asked him to find him land which did not need much clearing. He was very pleased with the section shown him, and said that he wanted twenty sections for his people. The Norwegian got suspicious, and asked what people they were. "Good people, Russians," was the answer. But the old-timer could not apply that adjective; he had had them for neighbours, and they stole his machinery. He did not want them as neighbours again, and certainly not some eighty families, which twenty sections would support. He refused to find the land, and lost the Government commission.

We considered this Norwegian a public benefactor, knowing the pernicious habits and literature which these Russian peasants spread. With only two Sunday-Schools in 10,000 square miles this atheism would have a clear field. We felt there was no time to be lost in establishing Sunday-Schools and putting the children on the S.S.P.

When we had left our tent two days before it was hot and cloudless, so we only took books and pictures and tooth-brushes. Now rain came in heavy showers, and we were soaked through again and again. At one house the wife was out, but the man invited us to cook our dinner

on the stove. His wife returned to find two strange women cooking in her kitchen.

At the next house we found a Presbyterian married to an Anglican husband. She was a teacher before she married. We discussed the difficulties of bringing up children with such strange religious ideas about. She recounted how, one night, a traveller asked shelter, and then, to her dismay, began to declaim the doctrine of the International Bible Students at supper-time, in front of the children. These Russellites are very political. They were pro-German in the war, and all their literature was banned. They are gaining foothold even in England, in spite of daily Bible instruction in the day-schools and a Sunday-School in every parish.

It was pouring with rain and the earth roads were excessively sticky, so we were very thankful when Mr. C. kindly drove us back to Dawson Creek. The water had run into the tent by the tent-pegs. The sleeping-bags were wet and so were we. Our night was not comfortable.

The next night was disturbed. Indians were camping near us. They had come for their Treaty money and to sell their furs. Although there were severe laws against selling intoxicants to Indians, they had managed to get riotously drunk. We heard they could accomplish this on lemon essence. They shrieked and shouted round our tent all night, and when the sounds came very near I wondered how I should deal with them. When sober no one is more courteous than an Indian. Spirits have a worse effect on them than on whites. Happily, they never troubled us, but I stayed awake most of the night.

This next Sunday Mr. Steer was taking the service and asked me to give the address. It was pouring with rain, and we had eight miles to go on foot. We started at 8.30 a.m. We nearly fell down in the mud; our feet doubled in size as we walked. I thought we should never

get there. We seemed to slip back more than we went forward. We arrived at 11.10, too late for Sunday-School. We tried to scrape our shoes clean with a stick, but could not move this peculiar brand of clayey mud. It is known as gumbo. Men say it is worse than the mud of Flanders. As I stood up to speak I left a trail of mud across the floor. In my address I was able to say that we had started three Sunday-Schools and put many children on the S.S.P.

The hall was not conducive to worship. Matches and cigarette ends from the dance of the night before littered the corners. An attempt had been made to sweep up, but there was so little time. I wished I could have taken the children into a stately old Church, hallowed with the prayer of ages.

The rain ceased in the afternoon. Mr. Steer drove us to Saskatoon Creek for a service in the only Anglican Church. It was full of people. I was sorry to see how bare it was, with not even a cross. While I gave the address, Iris taught the children outside, thus escaping my sermon. Mr. Steer had gone on to another school district to take a service there. Then he picked us up and drove us to Dawson Creek for his last service. He had been thirty miles or more. Some Sundays he went much farther; Sunset Prairie was thirty-four miles away. These young men work hard at college and then spend their summer vacations in this way.

The next week we visited the Red Cross hospital at Pouce Coupè and had an interesting talk with the matron, who knew most of the small children in the district. We talked to some of the patients. Lonely women thought of going into hospital as a pleasant change and holiday. Had it not been for the Red Cross, the hospital could not have been kept open, though all who could gave gifts in kind, and those who could paid fees. Patients were brought here from 200 miles away.

We saw some new families coming in to Pouce Coupè and camping. We asked them what the roads were like from Edmonton. They said that many people had shipped their cars part way. June is a wet month; the roads dry out later. It was interesting to see the new settlers come in. Some had old Fords, held together with hay wire, full of people, with their household effects hung round. Others were driving cattle and horses before them. We got into closer touch, as we were camping, too. One woman told us she and her husband had been three months on the way. He had gone on to look for land and to fetch his motor truck, which had broken down. Meanwhile she camped by the Pouce Coupè River with a baby in arms and three other children. We noticed that they were spotlessly clean. We learnt that she had been a nurse in Ottawa. They had come from the States, south of the Okanagan. We promised to look out for her when we went up north, where her husband intended to settle. In case we missed her, we put the children on the S.S.P.

Later on we met a woman who had arrived in the autumn of 1927 with her husband and three children, and only a tent and five dollars (£1) to face the winter with. They had been hailed out and frozen out in Saskatchewan. But her husband managed to get work on a threshing machine, and by the next year (1929) had his own truck and was hauling grain. He hoped to pay for the truck out of what he earned by haulage.

We returned to Dawson Creek. Mr. Steer was going to Rolla, so he took us and the tent the twelve miles. We had started a Sunday-School at Pouce Coupè, Dawson Creek, and at the little Church, to be held there every other Sunday so as not to interfere with the United Church, who had one in the school.

IV

At Rolla we found Mr. and Mrs. C. He was the road engineer for the whole of this district. In a few years he hoped that there would be a road from Prince George into the Peace River Block. This would be about 175 miles long, whereas now everyone had to come via Edmonton, which was 1,000 miles. This new road would help the Bishop and clergy immensely. We asked his advice about getting to Fort St. John, which was 80 miles north of Pouce Coupè. We did not relish the idea of tramping thither carrying our tent and blankets. It was a lonely stretch of country between Rolla and the Peace River. He said that if we waited here we might get a lift with some settlers. His wife offered us hospitality. They were Church of England. She came from Huddersfield and he from Nova Scotia. They had two children, a little girl and a baby. Mr. C. had a beautiful new "Lady Elizabeth." The cars of the new model were coming through quicker than the trucks, but he had had some difficulty in getting it. I looked at it with great interest, and thought: "What an improvement on the old Ford!" He took us round a school district and waited while we visited, but in doing this we missed a car going up to Fort St. John. There was a large United Sunday-School at Rolla, and the United Church minister lived here.

On Saturday afternoon we started to walk twelve miles to visit an Englishwoman who kept a stopping-house. We left our tent and baggage with Mr. C. to give to a man who was expected to come through on Sunday in a car. It was hot walking. We got to Mrs. K. about 5.30 p.m. She was delighted to see us, as she was very lonely in the midst of the forest. She had left Liverpool about two years before. She had kept a pawnshop. Her husband used to drive loads of fruit from the dock. She had a

brother here in the Peace River Block. Her husband was away working on the roads to earn money to help in the clearing of his land. They had only one old horse, aged about thirty, far too feeble to pull out stumps. The elder girl was working in Rolla; the other children were too young to be of much use. She and the elder boy had been struggling to cut brush that day and came in exhausted. The cow had strayed away, the dog had eaten the last piece of bread, and there was no flour in the house to make more. We were offered a cup of tea with no milk. Mrs. K. said she was very lonely; her nearest neighbour was five miles away. As she talked of Liverpool she began to cry, saying how they missed the services and Sunday-School. We told her of the S.S.P. papers. She was visibly relieved when we said there was nothing to pay. We gave the children a Bible picture talk and had a short service with hymns and prayers.

There was no suggestion of sleeping accommodation, and we knew there was no food in the house, so we started to walk to the next shack, through the forest. It was clouding up for thunder. Presently the storm burst. The road turned to gumbo. There was nothing for it but to return to Mrs. K. and ask for shelter. She said there was only the bunk-house, and took us to it. It contained an incubator. While she told us how unsatisfactory the latter was, we looked round the place. There was a wooden bunk in the corner with straw. We should not have minded sleeping on the floor, but while we hesitated our hostess remarked: "Very likely as it's a wet night the Red Indians will turn in to sleep here." That decided us.

We went on through the forest in the pouring rain. We walked five miles, but it took us hours. There were two tremendous hills, which would have been hard going had the road been dry, but in this slippery mud were almost impassable. We had to hold each other up. Then

we slithered down a very steep hill to a river and crossed a large bridge, beyond which were two tents. It was then 1 a.m., but at this time of year it is never dark all night. A car with four men in it stood near the road. We recognised them as some respectable elderly people who had given us a lift on their running board earlier in the day. They had come from Saskatchewan, looking for land for their sons. We asked them if they knew who inhabited the tents and where we could sleep. They had seen a woman in one of the tents, and went with us to rouse her. A kind Danish woman appeared. We explained our situation. She took us in, put clean sheets on the bed (which was already spotless), made us sleep in her bed, and herself shared one with her daughter, while the boy slept on the floor. In the morning they got up early and left the tent to us. They gave us breakfast. After this we showed Bible pictures to the boy and girl and had a short service. They were Lutherans. Mrs. N. was a particularly charming woman. I think she will never forget the spectacle we made that night, draggled with rain and our feet huge with mud, two veritable hoboes.

All that day we waited for the car from Rolla which was to bring our tent and pick us up. In the evening the car came, but it was full of people, one of them a woman with a cracked rib, coming back from the doctor; it was impossible to crowd her. The car could take our baggage, but not us. We decided to walk. We started at 7.30 p.m., because it is easier to walk in the cool of the evening. We were told there was no shack between there and the Peace River, twenty miles. The way led up a very steep hill through the forest. Mosquitoes came in clouds. We could not talk for fear of swallowing them. The road was rough with ruts and mud-holes, and very monotonous, a switchback alternating with straight stretches through the forest. It was the first year that cars had used the road;

there had been no bridge over the river till now, and the road itself was full of stumps. It was rather eerie through the dark pine-woods, and the walking was most tiring. We could not sit down to rest without lighting a smudge, which we did three times and sat coughing in the smoke. Once we heard shrieks which betokened drunken Indians; we hastily kicked out the fire lest they should see our smoke, and hurried on, happily hearing no more of them.

As we walked, mosquitoes settled on our legs in brown masses. Even in the woods it was never quite dark all night. About 4.30 a.m. we came to the top of a long hill which overlooked the Peace River. The sun was rising, shedding over the wide, beautiful landscape a rosy glow. I called Iris's attention to it, but she was marching along with her mackintosh over her head, saying she could not look, as this was the only way to keep out the mosquitoes. We had been bitten for nine hours without a pause.

The 900-feet drop to the river bank seemed very long; it was actually five miles, owing to the winding of the road. We hoped that every bend would be the last. At 6 a.m. we reached the ferry. The ferry boat did not go for an hour, so we went into an empty bunk-house and made a smudge in an old pail to ward off our enemies, and tried to keep ourselves from falling asleep. We did not like to intrude at the house by the ferry too early, because we knew that the woman there had only just returned from the doctor. Presently we knocked at the door and asked if we might make ourselves a cup of tea. They said, "Certainly," and meanwhile offered us a bed to rest on. It was only two feet wide, but we slept soundly and did not roll out. We had breakfast when we woke, and then crossed the river by the ferry and walked up a steep hill to Taylor's Flats, where we found our tent and the rest of our baggage at the store. We put up our tent and tried to sleep, but ants crawled all over us, so in desperation we

got up and visited. There is far too much insect life in the Peace River. One morning I woke up to find a black beetle in my hair. That really *was* the last straw.

The people at the store gave us much information. The man was an Italian and his wife a Dane. We collected the children the next day and taught them. They knew very little, but were keen.

We asked a man to take our baggage in his waggon to Fort St. John. We wished to visit the school districts on the way up. Waggons were carting sacks of wheat down to the river, where the Hudson Bay boat, the *D. A. Thomas*, would pick them up. A waggon gave us a lift up the steep hill from Taylor's Flats. Then we walked off down a side trail and came to an empty shack. A thunderstorm came on, so we sheltered here, as is permitted by Western hospitality. We sat waiting, but the storm did not abate, so we lit the fire and put on the kettle. Presently we heard wheels. A man and woman and several children drove up in a waggon. They were drenched, and very thankful to find the kettle boiling. The poor woman, a Finn, was in a great state of nerves. The horses had fallen once or twice on the steep hill we had just come up, and she had feared they would all slip to the bottom again. She had come from the prairie, and had a horror of these steep, slippery hills. She gave us supper and insisted on our staying the night. Her husband (a Swede) took the boy to the bunk-house, and she put clean sheets on one of the two beds for us.

Just as we were about to fall sweetly asleep, our startled ears were assailed by loud whoops from the children. We were helpless. I had never had whooping-cough. We called to mind that one visit from the doctor out here cost £20. Breakfast, though welcome, was spoilt by the chorus of whoops. The mother did not recognise the nature of the complaint. We were thankful when the incubation

period was over and it did not develop. Iris had had it already.

We asked the parents if the children might have the S.S.P. papers. Rather to our surprise, the mother eagerly assented. Her countrymen in Canada are often anti-Christian. But the father, a Swedish Lutheran, said he had had too much religious teaching and did not want his children overburdened. In his youth it had occupied a large part of the school curriculum; Baptism and Confirmation were then made a necessity before any post could be obtained. No boy could even enter the navy unless he were confirmed and went to Communion so many times a year. But he was willing for his children to have the papers if they and the mother wished, so we enrolled them. We felt most grateful for their kind hospitality.

Along the road we found the tents of new families everywhere. One woman was living alone with a pig, which she said was excellent company. Her husband was looking for land. An English family in a waggon stopped to speak to us. They were delighted to hear about our work, but begged us to get a doctor and hospital for this part of the country. Sometimes they had to send to Grand Prairie, ninety miles beyond Pouce Coupè, when the doctor there was not available and the need was urgent. It was often not possible to cross the Peace River when the ice was not safe and the ferry could not run. There were three very bad hills on the way, too, and after a thaw and a frost they were like glass. Our informants had written to Victoria to hear if the Government could do anything. Money was the difficulty. The old-timers had little; though the crops were good, transportation was expensive. The 200 families recently come in had, of course, nothing to spare.

In one tent we found a Pentecostal, or Holy Roller. She was most anxious to start a Sunday-School.

At East Fort St. John we came first to a settlement of French Roman Catholics, so we went on, as we knew they were looked after by their own priest. We called on Mr. and Mrs. Birley, of whom we had heard. He was an old Public School boy, and had been fur trading for some years. He and his sister were now farming adjoining land. We went on to see the latter. She was known by all in the district. She had had three years' training in the London Hospital, and she nursed for the Red Cross during the war. Out here, whenever there was an accident or when anybody was ill, they always flew to her. She gave lavishly of her time and often provided medicines and dressings for those too poor to buy them; but the new influx of population was more than she could cope with single-handed. She urgently desired to have a doctor and nurses here, and thought an outpost hospital should be built as soon as possible. No one can be nursed properly in one-roomed shacks and tents. She spoke of the crying need for a trained maternity nurse.

Another great need was someone to look after the young people and provide wholesome recreation, such as Guides and Scouts. Girls of eleven and twelve went to the local dances. Some of the men they met there had had months of loneliness in solitary cabins along the trap lines and now wanted a good fling.

There was no Sunday-School in these two school districts, although there were quite forty children in Fort St. John school. There had been one once, but it was given up owing to the difficulty of finding suitable teachers.

We stayed the night with Miss Birley and her sister. The latter spent her time travelling as a rule. She had laid out a very charming garden here. The pleasant house was delightful after the bare shacks.

We walked on to Fort St. John. We had expected a small town, but all we could find was a store, a Post Office,

and the Government agent's office. Two miles farther on we found another store; two and a half miles in another direction was the Hudson Bay store. They all hoped that the town site would be near them.

We found our tent at the Post Office. The kind people there allowed us to camp near them and supplied us with water, which had to be carried two miles. They often invited us in to meals and were generally helpful. Although we visited every home we could find no one willing to take the Sunday-School, so we put all the children on the S.S.P. and made up our minds that we must find someone to live here, train young teachers, and do Guide work.

There was a United Church student here for the summer months. He had now gone up to Hudson's Hope. We therefore arranged to take a service and Sunday-School at Fort St. John. A thunderstorm did not prevent adults and children coming. The children were very much interested in our pictures. They had learnt a little of the Gospel story from a former day-school teacher. It was clear that this district would have a materially prosperous future, with its rich soil to the south and its untold mineral wealth to the north-west, which would all be developed when transportation was easily available. But a country cannot be great simply by the wealth of its natural resources. History shows that a country's greatness is due to great citizens; but how could these future citizens attain noble characteristics without some ethical and moral teaching and training in citizenship? Wholesome recreation is lamentably lacking. There are no organised team games, which are so valuable for the mind and body of the adolescent. It seemed sad that they had no padre for spiritual leadership and no sacramental helps.

We inquired for the family we had met camping on our way up, and were shown in what direction to look for them. We climbed a steep hill and looked over a wide



HOMESTEADERS ON THEIR WAY TO THE PEACE RIVER.



A REST ON THE WAY.

Facing p. 200.



THE PEACE RIVER : HUDSON'S HOPE IN SIGHT.

plateau. There were trails here and there, but who could say which was the right one? Presently we caught sight of the children in the distance. They guided us to the tent. Their mother was very delighted to see us. Her husband had taken his truck to fetch their household goods, which he would bring up when the road was fit to travel. She made us have supper. We collected wood for the fire. We were much struck by her splendid management, with her few household utensils, a baby in arms and three small children, here in complete isolation.

We were fortunate in getting to Fort St. John in time for the stampede. People came even from Grand Prairie, 160 miles away. They were proud to see so many cars, for this was the first occasion on which any number of cars could get through to Fort St. John. People came also from Hudson's Hope and the pack trail by the Peace River. Many Indians took part. One competition was to pack a pack-horse in so many minutes and ride round. Boys rode calves and men rode bucking horses and steers.

The people camped all around. Some had brought their cows with them. Meals were provided and they sold their milk there. There were dances at night. The stampede lasted about three days. Fort St. John flew the Union Jack, but on July 4, Independence Day, some Americans absurdly flew the Stars and Stripes beneath it.

We watched the sports with camera in hand. It was extraordinarily difficult to get a photograph of the man on the bucking animal. You thought you had him, and when the film was developed he was out of the picture. Every now and again our attention was called from the arena by a friend introducing us to some mother from a distance who would like the S.S.P. papers for her children. Then camera was laid aside and notebook and pencil produced. We did not stay for the dances at night. We were thankful for Miss Birley's invitation to sleep at her house.

We discussed the needs of the district with her. We had gathered much information while visiting. The people were sore at being left so long without a Church of England clergyman, though we explained that the diocese was very poor and could not support one here. Every strange preacher was looked upon as sent by one of the Churches. Many of them were half-educated men preaching the weird ideas of strange sects. People asked us how they could respect the Church when these were its representatives. It was in vain that we explained they did not represent the Church of England. We felt that the Anglican Church as a whole should have made some effort to provide ministry for these people, for the sign of the followers of Christ is that the poor have the Gospel preached to them. We had seen for ourselves as we visited the homes that it was quite impossible for the people at present to support their own clergyman and build their own Church.

One day Miss Birley lent us her Ford car, thinking we were walking too much in the heat. I was proud to drive this celebrated vehicle. It was the first car up here. Miss Birley had had it about two years.

Miss Birley asked us to come with her to visit a very lonely woman, Mrs. X., although she had no children. Her husband was a University man, and she had always lived in a University town. Now they had an isolated farm by the Peace River, in a most beautiful situation. He had been out some time, and had cleared a good deal of land and built a good log-house before his wife joined him. The farm was only fourteen miles from Taylor's Flats, but it was impossible to make a road out that way, for the ground was intersected with steep ravines running down to the river. It was about twenty miles to Fort St. John on the other side, but this way was chiefly bog land and stumps. The easiest means of access was the river, but it had a tremendous current for a small boat. Steamers only passed

about once a fortnight, and then only for a short period in the summer, till the water got too low. In winter the river could sometimes be used as a highway, but the previous winter Mr. X. was driving his wife on the ice when it broke, and they only saved their lives by jumping off the sleigh, which was lost with the horses.

We motored to Taylor's Flats and left the car there. We started at about 11.30 a.m. for our walk, and did not arrive till 7 p.m. The heat was intense, about 90° in the shade, the mosquitoes virulent, the ravines so steep and slippery that we sometimes had to slither down them and haul ourselves up the opposite slope by clutching bushes and scrub. For the first time I began to hate wild roses in flower. They caught you about the knees and nearly threw you down, tearing your stockings to ribbons. There was no water now in the ravines. We stopped to eat oranges halfway. At one precipitous slope Miss Birley told us that Mr. X., bringing in his wife, had to let her down here in a sheet, it was too nerve-racking to ride down.

The views of the Peace River in the distance were beautiful, if the heat and the mosquitoes had allowed us to enjoy them. We were thankful when buildings came in sight. We went down through winding paths into a charming garden, in the midst of which stood a picturesque log-house. The situation was delightful, on the banks of the wide river.

Miss Birley called out to Mrs. X.: "I have brought two Holy Rollers to see you." This was what she had dubbed us at first sight, when we arrived covered with mud. We had come with intent to cheer Mrs. X., but now we needed her ministrations more than she needed ours. She plied us with innumerable cups of tea and we had a good wash in cold water, after which we felt quite different. The house was beautifully kept. Mrs. X. had laid out the garden herself. She had bottled wild strawberries, raspberries, and

cranberries. She gave us a splendid evening meal and entertained us for the night. Her husband was away, so she was specially pleased to see us. Charming as the place was, we could imagine the awful loneliness. She was nervous of horses, and as riding was the only means of getting about she hardly ever went anywhere. The next year, however, her husband made a passable road to Fort St. John.

A large part of the caravaners' work is to try to cheer lonely women, who are very glad to see one of their own sex. We find they look forward to the visits of the van year by year. They are thankful to talk over with us the difficulties they meet with in bringing up their children—in particular how to combat the low moral standard so prevalent, points they could never discuss with students or young unmarried clergy. We can often help them, too, with advice about their own ailments.

Sometimes we meet with startling requests. One stout woman produced a scanty piece of bright blue stuff, procured from Timothy Eaton's, and requested Iris to cut her out a dress *and* bolero jacket, which were to be trimmed with a small piece of "sand-coloured" silk. The day was very hot, and the swarming family crowded round to watch this ticklish operation. We knew the creation was destined to be worn at ensuing sports, and we carefully avoided our client thereat lest the costume should reveal an undesired hiatus.

On the Sunday we went up to Charley Lake, six miles from Fort St. John. Mr. Birley drove us. We stopped at the tent to get some hymn-books. We had not been near it since Wednesday. My canvas bag was full of red ants rapidly hatching. There had been no sign of any when we left it. We shook out everything most vigorously, for we wished to sleep there that night.

The children at our Sunday-School were keenly interested, but most of them knew nothing at all of the life of Christ.

It appeared that some of the people here had not much use for religion, others were anxious to have services and instruction for their children. We walked back to our tent that night. We had to pack up and start for Hudson's Hope in the morning. We asked the storekeeper to have our tent sent down to Taylor's Flats when a waggon could take it. We were travelling very light, as we had a sixty-mile tramp before us, up a very rough pack trail. When we had visited the farthest point we should return by boat, if we were lucky enough to hit one. Nobody ever quite knew when they were coming up the river.

V

We set out with a satchel bag chiefly full of books and pictures; our personal equipment was a brush and comb, tooth-brushes, soap, mackintoshes, and a change of stockings. For rations we had a chunk of thick chocolate. We were told that the families were from seven to seventeen miles apart and would be delighted to see us, so it behoved us to strike a homestead at nightfall.

Our friends at Fort St. John looked askance when they learnt our intention. They seemed doubtful that we should carry it through. The kind post-mistress drove us three miles of our way in her car.

The second house we visited gave us a very warm welcome. The family had come from the States. There were two daughters, one married, and a boy of twelve. He attracted our attention. He had a very intelligent face but could not speak, only make strange sounds, which his mother, however, understood. He became deaf from measles at two years old, and so could never be taught anything. They wanted to take him to a specialist at Edmonton (600 or 700 miles away), but could not afford it.

We had to push on to the next family in order to space

out our journey properly. The heat was intense, and the mosquitoes worried us all the time. If you put a mosquito net over your head you were nearly suffocated. The pack trail was intersected with ravines, making stiff going; but the streamlets at the bottom were all dry, and in most places the Peace River was 200 feet below us. We could see its cool waters all the way but could not reach them.

Presently we came to a path which led down to a log shack on a fertile ledge by the river. It was most prosperous looking, surrounded by a good garden and splendid crops. The wheat was already turning, although it was only July 9. Here lived Captain and Mrs. F., who entertained us most hospitably. He had been in Egypt in the Regulars; she came from Northampton, and though used to social life was very happy here. She enjoyed country life and riding. The children were bonny. We showed them Bible pictures, which they enjoyed, and were pleased to hear they were to have papers by post. They gave us deeply appreciated luxuries—a tent complete with mosquito nets and Flit and a real bath.

Though Captain F. was a successful farmer he was not without difficulties. Last year was the first time he was able to send his wheat away by boat. This could only be done during two or three months of early summer.

We walked on next morning. The way led through thick bush with fallen trees. After a time the trail was overgrown, and we lost it for awhile. The policeman and another man were once lost up here for two or three days in the winter. We came to a place where lived two families who were not on speaking terms. There were a big boy and girl here, the latter engaged to be married, though only fifteen. There was a day-school, and at one time a Sunday-School had been held for three months. This was all the religious teaching these young people had had. We walked on to another farm near by for the night. We had done a

very hard walk that day, much of it through thick brush and the unwelcome wild roses. The mosquitoes made rest almost impossible, hot as it was.

This family, the R.s, were from Ontario. One son had served in the war and knew Great Britain. He thought the island so small that it could easily be explored in a week. Our hostess was keenly interested to hear about our work, as she knew how much it was needed. She kindly offered to put us up for the night, but explained that the house was not finished. She hoped we would not mind. We thankfully accepted such a haven; the mosquitoes outside were a torment. The upper floor was still unpartitioned. We had a most comfortable double bed with a mosquito net. The other furnishings were a spacious wardrobe and another bed screened by it. After we were in bed the two young men stepped softly in to occupy this couch. They were gone before we rose in the morning.

Next day we started early. Our hostess said she would walk a mile with us, it was so nice to see another woman. She knew her husband and sons would laugh at her.

First we went down a very steep ravine, thickly wooded and full of mosquitoes; no breath of wind stirred to disperse them. We struggled up the other side, nearly suffocated with the pests. Every now and again on higher ground a breeze blew them away, and we were able to enjoy beautiful views of the blue river and the distant blue Rockies. We thought of the story of how the river got its name. Many years ago the followers of two Indian chiefs quarrelled. They asked their chiefs if they might decide their quarrel by a battle. This was agreed to, but before it took place the two chiefs met accidentally by the banks of a great river and together smoked the pipe of peace. When their followers came up all ready for the fight the chiefs said that no battle could take place because the peace pipe had been smoked, so they called this mighty

river the Peace. It is melancholy that this beautiful region, so fittingly named by the heathen, should as yet know so little of the Prince of Peace.

The way seemed long, and we were feeling exhausted with heat and lack of food. We wondered if we could keep going to the Half-Way River, where we knew there was a family. We thought we saw some cultivated land by the river and a trail down. On the other hand, there was a well-marked trail through the bush, so we took the latter. We went on and on through stifling undergrowth and could find no way down, till at last we came to a winding, steep road leading to a fertile flat with a good crop of grain. The sun blazed down on us here. Iris was almost fainting by this time, and I had nothing with which to revive her but a piece of half-melted chocolate. She pulled herself together and we managed to get to the farm. We had been on the way from 8.30 a.m. to 4 p.m. A man was building a log-house. He came towards us, having seen us coming, with much surprise. He gave us cold well water, which we drank thankfully.

There were three families living in the house. Mr. and Mrs. T. were the owners of the farm. It was he who greeted us. His wife came from Bristol. Then there were Mr. and Mrs. W. from North Lancashire, in my own diocese, who had come out a year ago to work for the T.s, and a Mrs. N. and her son. There was also a Mr. B. helping Mr. T. There were twelve children in all. Mrs. T. thoughtfully gave us tea to help us on till supper-time. The women were delighted to see someone from the Old Country. They could hardly ever get out. It was five years since they had been any distance, except when Mrs. T. had the twins, just a year ago. Once she had to go into hospital in mid-winter. Her husband had to carry her down the pack trail and then take her in a sleigh on the ice to get to Pouce Coupè.

After supper we held a service and Sunday-School and gave them books and pictures to carry it on. They felt neglected by the Church up here. We must certainly sleep there that night, they said. We wondered where. But everyone was stowed away in the most wonderful manner. Mr. and Mrs. T. with their seven children slept in one or two rooms, Mr. and Mrs. W. and their children in another. Where Mrs. N. and her boy slept we never knew. We were accommodated with a Winnipeg couch propped up at all four corners with logs; this was in the sitting-room. They had to make a smudge in the room to keep off the mosquitoes. We heard a tremendous storm of wind and rain outside, and felt doubly thankful for our comfortable night's rest. When we said good-bye our hosts showed most cordial appreciation of our visit. Hard as this expedition was, it was well worth while, because people realised we did truly sympathise and want to help, otherwise we should have gone up in a boat to Hudson's Hope as other people did.

Mr. T. took us over the Half-Way River, which here flows into the Peace. Walking down to the boat, Mr. B. asked me if I were any relation of a Canon Hasell, a clergyman at Aikton in Cumberland. I said: "He is my uncle." Mr. B. had lived in his parish as a boy, and had often had a lesson from him in the Church day-school in the Scripture hour. He and his brother were in the Church Lads' Brigade with my cousins. His wife and small baby were now in hospital at Peace River Crossing, 230 miles away. His brother was thirty-four miles north of Hudson's Hope and had several children. We determined to visit him one day.

The storm of the night before had blown down many trees, and climbing over them made our walk particularly hard. Several of the telegraph poles were down. We pulled branches off the wires where we could. The lines-

man was in for a busy time. It was rather better going to-day in that the thunderstorm had cooled the air.

There was one great source of delight in these woods of Caledonia and the Kootenay—the birds. The blue bird was very common. It is nearly as big as a thrush, and a bright saxe blue all over. There were numbers of them in the woods. Then there was the big blue jay with crested head, bright and beautiful, and the red-winged blackbird who bore a scarlet bar on his wings. There were a great many woodpeckers and hawks, and we once saw a bald-headed eagle in Caledonia.

We came to a shack where lived Mr. A., the son of a Canon of the Irish Church. He had served overseas during the war. Mrs. A. was a Dutch Lutheran. She had lived in Brussels. There were four young children. They gave us a very warm welcome, and a large meal. Mr. A. had just shot a moose, and we found the meat delicious. They were delighted to hear that the children could have the S.S.P. lessons. Both of them missed Church services and sacraments, and were particularly grieved that there had been no clergyman up the pack trail since any of their children were born. Indeed, as far as I could gather, no ordained clergyman had ever been up the trail at all. Many years ago an Anglican student had visited them. Some of Mrs. A.'s experiences were a further proof of the need for a hospital up here. Just before one baby was born she went a hundred miles into Pouce Coupè to hospital in a sleigh, along the river for the first part of the way. Up the steep river banks the snow had melted and then frozen; the sleigh turned over twice and she had to jump out. Mr. A., returning home after an operation, had to get out and push his sleigh in a sudden thaw, and this reopened his wound, so that he had to return to hospital. One of the children was tongue-tied for two years for want of surgical attention. Up till now Mr. A. had been unable to get in

a threshing machine, so he kept cows and pigs; the latter could be sent away by boat. The farm was beautifully situated, a delightful homestead. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. A. would like to live anywhere else.

The first thing we did was to help the A.s put on the roof of their house, which had blown off in last night's storm. Mrs. A. said her sister in Brussels would be surprised to hear that this operation could be performed between tea and supper. They gave us hospitality for the night, though it meant crowding them. The linesman had come with his pack-horse to put up the telegraph poles. He slept with the hired man on the kitchen floor. We were given a comfortable bed on a couch in the sitting-room.

Next morning Mrs. A. gave us sandwiches to take with us. We were very glad of them, for we hoped to do seventeen miles that day. We had to cross the Red River, which fortunately was low. We scrambled down steep banks and waded across. We were puzzled to know which was the right trail, there were so many paths made by wild animals—bears, moose, and so forth. After we had walked for some distance we had a splendid view of the Gates of the Peace, two tall rocks on either side of the narrowed channel of the river.

After fourteen miles we came to a house, where we were given tea, then on to some charming people, the M.s. She was a Yorkshrewoman, her husband an Eastern Canadian. They had been here fourteen years. They had a good farm and fine poultry, and most up-to-date hen houses. A foaming mountain stream was between us and the house as we approached. A girl of fifteen rode up on a good-looking horse. She was a daughter of the house, and she showed us a log which formed a bridge over Lynx Creek. I preferred to wade, and so took off my shoes and stockings. One shoe slipped from under my arm and sailed

off down the stream towards the Peace River. I feared I should see it no more, but, happily, it caught on a log and I rescued it. I was told that it would have taken six weeks to get another pair. The mail went out once a fortnight in summer, but less often in winter.

We got a very warm welcome. Mrs. M. was delighted to see anyone who knew her county. The eldest daughter was the wife of Mr. B., who lived in my uncle's parish as a boy.

When we arrived poor Mr. M. was in much pain. He had been leading a cow with its rope twisted round the horn of his saddle, and his thumb got caught and badly crushed between the rope and the saddle-horn. One of the ex-Service men from Hudson's Hope had dressed it, so I did not like to interfere. I explained that I had nursed in the Red Cross in the war and gave some advice. Later we heard that it became much worse, and he had to go fifty-six miles to meet the doctor and have it amputated.

Mrs. M. missed not being able to get to Holy Communion. The only services were once or twice in the summer, taken by United Church students from Fort St. John, at Hudson's Hope, four miles away.

Mr. M. had been a Hudson Bay factor. Then he took up prospecting and surveying. He had sent specimens of the minerals around here to Montreal, and was told that they were some of the best they had ever had from any part of Canada. A huge black lump of hard anthracite coal stood by the door. It was found near the Peace River Canyon. Wind and weather had not affected it, though it had stood there for years. There was a great mineral belt running from Finlay Forks to Stewart on the Pacific Coast, which could not be developed till the railway went through.

The flowers and vegetables in the garden were a really wonderful sight. The long hours of sunshine promoted

rapid growth. Though so far north, Mr. M. and his sons grew both cucumbers and melons. The wheat on the flat below was up five feet and in ear and turning on July 13. At the beginning of June most of the grain was only up three inches.

We slept soundly that night in a beautiful, clean, quiet room.

We should have liked to stay longer in this pleasant place, but next day was Saturday, and we wanted to arrange a service at Hudson's Hope on Sunday. Jean was going in to Hudson's Hope with a pack-horse laden with eggs. We watched them being skilfully packed, and were told that not one was ever broken. Jean offered to take our bag and mackintoshes on her horse, and we walked beside her into the township. On the way we met an old man in a waggon. Jean introduced us and explained that we had walked the sixty miles up the pack trail. He said: "You're the first two women who have walked in. We generally have to go and fetch them in."

VI

Hudson's Hope was an old fur-trading post. It consisted of a school-house, a Post Office, two stores, and about twelve shacks. We put up a notice about our Sunday-School and service next day. Then we tried to find a place to sleep that night. Mrs. G., who kept a restaurant, most kindly offered us her bunk-house, a beautifully clean place, with a very comfortable bed. It was very good of her, for she let rooms. We stayed till Tuesday morning, and she would not let us pay for any meals. The G.s came from Prince George, in the Cariboo Diocese. Her son had been married by one of the clergy we knew. Mr. G. owned the anthracite coal up the canyon. He kept on hoping that transportation would develop so that he

could work the mine more extensively. A little coal was got out and sent down the river in scows.

There were not many children here, but most of them attended our Sunday-School and joined the S.S.P. Jean and her brothers rode in to the evening service. Afterwards we were entertained in the Hudson Bay store with coffee and a very good dictaphone. There were some beautiful records. We were amused by the new popular song, "How Henry's made a lady out of Lizzie."

This was the farthest point of call for the steam-boats. The Peace River Canyon was just beyond this and could not be navigated. Boats coming down the river had to be portaged for fourteen miles. There was very good hunting and fishing above the canyon. People went from Prince George to Finlay Forks, and then down the river in a boat or scow.

Monday was wet. We walked to the beginning of the canyon, but made no attempt to explore it. On the way we met an old trapper, who came thirty-four years ago from York. He knew Iris's relations by name. He gave us tea in his spotless shack, where he lived all alone with his yellow cat, for whose convenience a hole was made in the door. He told us interesting stories of his winter work on his trap line. He thought there were far too many new people coming in; he would have to build a new cabin farther in the forest. This seemed a pity, for he had a wonderful garden; the fruit and flowers would have taken a prize at any show.

That night we heard that Mr. Weaver's boat had arrived from Peace River Crossing, and would be going down next day. It came up about every fortnight, but no one quite knew when, so we were very fortunate. He was the special friend of everyone living along the river. He would call in at any of the landings and would fetch anything for anybody, even to a packet of hairpins. It was

a motor-boat with a large scow attached. Sometimes, when he had a lot of freight, he towed two. He could come up the river much later in the season than the Hudson Bay boats. Later in the year and lower down the river the *D. A. Thomas* got on the rocks and her cargo of cattle had to swim ashore. She was rather big for this river, and the sand bars were continually changing.

The scenery was beautiful from the river, but nothing at all could be seen of the farms and shacks we had visited. They might not have been there for all you could tell, going up to Hudson's Hope by boat. The other side of the river was thickly wooded and uninhabited. The boat stopped only a few minutes at each landing place, so no work could be done travelling by boat even if the people came to meet one.

The girl of fifteen who was going to be married got on with her young man. Her mother saw her off. She had to go 230 miles to her wedding. The other alternative was to have a civil marriage performed by the policeman, which was often done up here. The young bridegroom hoped to find work at Peace River Crossing, where they would be married. I asked the girl if her parents had given her a letter to the clergyman to say they approved of the marriage, which was necessary for a girl of her age. They had not, so I gave her a letter to the Bishop of Athabasca and one to the Church of England clergyman at Peace River Crossing, as I knew the mother approved of the marriage. The girl had never been far from home. She did not know the river lower down.

Captain F. loaded sacks of grain at his landing. All the men passengers were expected to help in the work. It was not an easy matter. The sacks had to be rolled down a plank from the top of the steep bank and then hauled on board. Mr. Weaver's charges were very reasonable.

We went to Mrs. M.'s stopping-house at Taylor's Flats.

She was extremely good to us. She would not let us pay for our evening meal. She seemed glad to help us, as at our former visit we had put her boy on the S.S.P. We found our tent at the store, and our letters. We had had none for nearly three weeks.

We wanted to go to Rolla next day, but hiring a car was too expensive. We had visited all the way up, so it was not necessary to walk back. While I was making our breakfast coffee over the camp fire, we saw a truck stop at the store. The man agreed to take us, so we had to get our breakfast and pack our tent and bedding in fifteen minutes. Going up the bank beyond the ferry the truck stuck in the shingle of the beach and had to be pulled out by a team. It was difficult to keep our seats going up the steep five-mile hill, with its bad corners and very rough surface. The road had dried up since we walked it. We sat on a box at the back of the truck and felt every bump.

We stayed the night with Mr. and Mrs. C. at Rolla. They told us that the Governor-General and Lady Willingdon were expected next day at Pouce Coupè, and were going up to Hudson's Hope. We wanted to thank Lord Willingdon in person for getting us the truck. It had been delivered some time ago, and the van was now ready.

Mr. C., the road engineer, had to meet Lord Willingdon at the border of British Columbia. He took us as far as Pouce Coupè. We had tidied ourselves up as best we could. Fortunately, we each had a clean costume and a new pair of stockings; the others were all in holes from our long tramp. We did our best to put some sort of shine on our shoes. Unfortunately, Iris's new laces no longer matched her shoes; they had changed colour considerably.

We sat outside the Post Office talking to the young girl in charge, an old acquaintance. Her parents had gone to England on holiday, for which they had been saving for years. Everyone had brought out his best equipage to

meet the Governor-General; but we were only tramps, and could make no imposing appearance. A car passed, those in it smiled and bowed, and lo! it was Lord and Lady Willingdon, and we had not even risen to greet them.

That evening Mr. C. told us that Lady Willingdon wished to see us at 9.30 next morning. She received us very kindly, saying that she had heard much about the work from her niece. Lord Willingdon came in, and I was able to thank him for his kindness. They asked how were we getting about without the van, and were surprised to hear we had walked 300 miles each in the last two months. Lord Willingdon laughingly said: "My command is, when you get the van you are not to walk so much." Lady Willingdon pressed a gift into my hand, saying: "This is for transportation." We were deeply grateful for her kind thought. It was a ninety-mile car ride to Grand Prairie and over 1,500 miles by train to Vernon, and we were wondering how our money would hold out.

Lord and Lady Willingdon were very anxious to get as much information as possible about this district and the needs of the people. We were amazed by what the Governor-General had already learnt from settlers coming in whom he had questioned by the way. He had gathered that many of them had little or no capital, and would have a hard struggle till they had developed their land. They were sorry to hear that there was no Church of England clergyman in the whole Block, nor any Scouts and Guides and such a lack of religious teaching. Lady Willingdon asked where we were going to take service on Sunday. We said we were going to Sunset Prairie, and described the settlement. Lady Willingdon said: "What a pity we have arranged to go up the river! Lord Willingdon would have read the lessons for you. He always does wherever he is."

Lady Willingdon was president of the Red Cross. I told her of the need for a Red Cross hospital, doctor, and nurses at Fort St. John, and mentioned that Miss Birley could give her all details. We accompanied them on their visit of inspection to the hospital, with which they were very pleased. Then they went on to Rolla to lay the foundation stone of the United Church. A friend gave us a lift in his car. The ceremony had begun when we arrived. Afterwards Lord Willingdon said to us: "I don't believe you really do walk. You get lifts all the time!" Lord Harding and others were with the party. They all went on in cars to Fort St. John, and from there in the Hudson Bay boat up to Hudson's Hope.

Now we had to get on to Sunset Prairie. Mrs. C. drove us in her own car as far as the stumps would permit. We walked on to a little settlement called Arras, where we slept that night. Three new families had just arrived in covered waggons. One had come from Pigeon Lake, in the Edmonton Diocese, and had been on the S.S.P. They proudly told us that between the three of them they had twenty-four children, so that wherever they settled they would be able to have a school. We put them all on the Caledonia S.S.P. On the way to Arras we crossed a well-built bridge. This was not there when the settlers came in after the war, and they lost horses and cattle swimming them across the river.

The mailman came to Arras that night in his two-wheeled cart; he was going on to Sunset Prairie next day. He agreed to take us the fourteen miles. Iris sat in front and I perched on the mail-bags. There were so many stumps and mud-holes that I had to hold on for dear life, but was nearly shot out several times. The mailman said the road was at its best just now. He thought the women out here would be glad to see us; they seldom went even as far as the store at Dawson Creek (twenty-six miles),

because they got so bumped about. The men fetched the stores and sometimes had to unload a waggon to get it out of a mud-hole. Until this summer it had been impossible to get in a threshing machine.

The mailman stopped at his house. Two sailors from Devonshire, farming there, came for their letters. The mailman had three boys. The mother died when they were very young, and the neighbours offered to adopt them, but he would not part with them. They were not in a school district, and he would not let them go away to school, so they ran wild and did some trapping in the winter. Only the elder boy could read a little, but they wanted the S.S.P. papers, which, their father said, someone could read to them. Later on we heard that the poor boys took to pilfering, then stole guns and got into trouble. Finally, the eldest was sent to a reformatory school in Vancouver.

It being Saturday and mail day, most of the inhabitants of Sunset Prairie were congregated at the Post Office. We put up a notice that we would hold Sunday-School and service next day, and asked them to tell everyone else.

A man came up to Iris and said in a Cumberland accent: "Is it Miss Hasell from Dalemain? We've read about her vans in the *Cumberland News*, and wondered how long it would be before she came to visit us up here." Mr. M. then came up to me. He had been a choir boy at Croglin, and inquired for his Vicar, and said his brother and his wife would be very pleased to see me. They had not had Holy Communion for three years here. They were nearly all Church of England, he said, and very keen. Everyone would come to our service.

Mr. S. took us in his waggon to visit his wife, who came from Yorkshire. She was a keen Churchwoman. They felt much neglected up here. They were too poor to support a clergyman, being themselves in debt to the

Soldiers Settlement Board. The only thing which paid at this distance from the railway (over 100 miles) was to sell pigs. Another woman we visited quite broke down. Her husband owed 500 dollars (£100) to the Board, and she did not know how they could pay it off. He had been badly shattered in the war, as had several other men here.

We went on to the G.M.'s, who also came from Croglin, near Carlisle. They had small children, and were a most cheerful, uncomplaining couple, although we knew what a struggle they must have had since 1919. They gave us hospitality and a most comfortable room to ourselves. They were so glad to hear about old Cumberland friends. They asked me to visit their mother and sister when I went home. They had relatives in Penrith, too. All of them came to my lectures at home and saw their relatives on the slides, and I was able to tell them how proud I felt of my fellow-Cumbrians out there who had stuck it out under such difficulties.

On Sunday there was a large attendance at the Sunday-School and service, which was held in the hall, an old tumble-down shed with a thatched roof with large holes in it. On a wet Sunday they would need to hold up umbrellas—but nobody had an umbrella. The foundations had sunk so that the tallest man could hardly enter. They sat on planks and packing-cases. How they did sing! Such a pleasant experience after finding adults and children who hardly knew a hymn, so that we two had often to sing a duet. There was no musical instrument, but that did not matter to this congregation.

They were all eager to start a Sunday-School, and all voted for Mr. M., the old choir boy, as teacher. He said he would do his best. Ought not the children to learn the Catechism? We were staggered. It was the first time that anyone had mentioned the Church Catechism since we entered the Peace River Block. We were only too glad to



OLD COUNTRY FOLK AT SUNSET PRAIRIE, AND THEIR ONLY PLACE FOR WORSHIP, 1928.

Facing p. 220.



THE ROAD ENDS ON THE WAY TO SOB LAKE.

provide the necessary books and pictures. One of the other men volunteered to help Mr. M.

After service a community tea was held, at which all provided something. It was like a happy family party, so different from those places where one family would not speak to another. But here there were strong binding interests—race, patriotism, and religion. Most of the men had been in the same battalion. The Cumbrians and I compared the tumble-down shed with Carlisle Cathedral and the stately Norman Churches of the diocese.

Mr. W., who also came from the Carlisle Diocese, took us to visit another family five miles off. They turned out of their room for us to sleep the night there. Next day we walked six miles to visit an old couple with a very beautiful garden. On Tuesday Mr. W. drove us seven miles in his waggon, and then we got out to visit. We called on a Welsh family, who afterwards drove us by a rough trail through the bush to Arras, where we had an evening service and talked to the children. Next day Mr. J. drove us in to Dawson Creek. We walked on eight miles to Pouce Coupè, where the doctor's wife kindly put us up for the night. The packing-case of books and pictures had at last arrived, so we had a great business making them up into parcels for the various Sunday-Schools we had started—seven in all—and 500 children on the S.S.P.

We gave a report of our work to the student, Mr. Steer, at Pouce Coupè.

The next day we were driven to Swan Lake, where we visited a number of families.

I wanted a place to store the van at Pouce Coupè. There was a nice situation near a creek on the main road. It was owned by a miller. I asked him for a piece of land on which to build a garage, and he gave me this spot. I hoped it would be built in the following spring, before everybody got busy on the land.

The next day we went ninety miles into Grand Prairie to catch a train for Edmonton. We were only charged five dollars each instead of ten. We had been 200 miles north of the railway.

We arrived at Edmonton on Saturday evening, July 28, a twenty-four hours' journey. The Bishop and Mrs. Gray gave us hospitality. We were thankful to get to a Celebration in the pro-Cathedral. We went on that morning by train to Vernon. Mr. Gibson and his sisters were away, so we put up our tent near the Church and used the parish hall cooking-stove.

VII

We were delighted with the new van, "St. Andrew." Susan Gibson, the Rector's artist sister, had made a particularly nice medallion for it representing the call of St. Andrew. I was extremely pleased with the new model truck when I tried it out, and felt quite at home with the gears, which were like the Morris Cowley which I drove at home.

We collected our equipment from the stores. Then we had a tremendous wash day; it was difficult to have one while tramping. In the early afternoon I hung out the wash, as we were starting in the van next day. But, alas! an ardent gardener in the vicinity had put on his sprinkler, which did not damp his lawn alone. The only thing to do, when I found our wet clothes at sunset, was to hang them over chairs where they would catch the first morning beams, get up very early, and iron them.

Archdeacon Rix had asked the Bishop of Kootenay to dedicate the van, as it was impossible for him to do so. The Bishop performed the ceremony after an early Celebration. We arrived at Vernon on Tuesday afternoon, and we left on Friday morning. That night we camped near our old friend Mrs. St. Laurent. On our way to Kamloops we called on other old friends, among them

three teachers carrying on Sunday-Schools we had started. We camped at Kamloops on Saturday evening, and thus were able to attend a Celebration on Sunday morning. After service, when we were cooking our breakfast, an old man came along who used to be gardener at Hutton-in-the-Forest, near my home.

After breakfast we started up the Cariboo Road. The new truck went up the hills splendidly, often on high gear, and as these hills are extraordinarily steep it was quite remarkable. It never got overheated, although it was new and I was running it in. It used very little oil and water, unlike the old Fords.

We lunched with friends met in 1924, then on to Clinton, near Big Bar Mountain, and so to the L.'s at Kelly Lake, who were so good to us when the road gave way and the van turned a somersault. We were all very pleased to meet again. It poured all night and most of the next day. We went on to the Hundred Mile with chains on the wheels because of the mud. A man coming along on a truck suggested that we should camp near his house. He had seen the Cariboo van workers this summer. We had hoped to have seen them, but they were not now working on the main road.

Next day we had a good run in fine weather. At Quesnel we saw more old friends, and found a clergyman, a Church, and a rectory. We were told there were now sixteen clergy in the Cariboo Diocese. When we were here in 1924 there were only eight. There was now a good gravelled road to Prince George. In 1924 they were just making this road, and I had to go by boat. We had done 464 miles from Vernon. We camped near the Church and rectory. The Rector, Archbishop de Pencier's son, was away camping with the Scouts, but Mrs. de Pencier was at home.

I took the van down to the garage to have the oil

changed. A crowd gathered to look at the new model. It was the first new model truck they had seen up here. Everywhere that summer the truck was inspected with great interest.

The next two days and nights it poured without ceasing. Mrs. de Pencier's company and hospitality cheered us wonderfully. When we came in drenched she likened Iris to a wet hen and me to Sairey Gamp.

Saturday morning was fine, but it came on very wet later. We started for Vanderhoof, however, seventy-two miles away, in the Caledonia Diocese. There was no gravel on these roads, only sticky gumbo and deep ruts. In the middle of the day a nice Yorkshirewoman gave us a meal. The road now ran through thick pine forest. Once we had to chop a fallen tree to let us through. A passing man helped. A little further on a car in front of us was trying to get up a sticky hill. It was sliding down backwards, the brakes refusing to grip. A car behind this had to stop and so had we. The front car could not put its chains on, as the jack sank in the mud. The other man never offered to help, so I got out to go to his aid, and promptly slipped up and fell flat in the mud. I picked myself up and went on. The man lifted the car while we put the chains under the wheels. When I tried to start my engine again the starter switch jammed. Smoke and sparks came from the generator, which was rapidly getting very hot. There was an awful buzzing noise. I knew that the car would go up in flames unless I disconnected the battery. This I managed to do with a screw-driver, but the end was burnt in so doing. The benticks was jammed, so I could not crank the car, but I put that right. Directly I connected the electric wires it jammed again. I was nearly at my wit's end. It was growing very dark. If you stood for any length of time in one place you sank in so far that you could hardly pull your feet out.

I asked a man in a car to tell the garage people at Vanderhoof. Help came at 9 p.m. The garage man's headlights gave us light to work by. He connected the electric wires as I had done, and the same thing happened. Then he asked me for wire and installation tape, and connected the electric wires with the battery but not with the generator. We were then able to crank the car. I followed him into Vanderhoof. We and our feet and the front of the van were a mass of mud. We got in at 11 p.m. and camped by the garage. The man said some connection in the starter switch and the generator must have jammed. Should he put it right the next day, Sunday? I said I would rather he left it till the Monday. We were very cold and wet and my hands were absolutely black, but I could find no place to wash, so I had to eat my supper at a restaurant in this condition.

After breakfast next morning we went off to find the clergyman, Mr. Hales. He was a young man living with his mother. He had been trained at Emmanuel College, Saskatoon, but came from Nottingham. The morning service was held in one room at the school. I was asked to give the address. They had some very nice Church furnishings. They were made by a local young man whose parents came from England. They were very anxious to build a Church, but could not afford to do so. There was a Sunday-School, however.

The proprietress of the hotel invited us to dinner. She had been in Saskatchewan, but originally came from London. That afternoon Mr. N., the forest fire-warden, drove us to a little school. The Rector and Mrs. Hales took Iris. I gave the address at the service. Afterwards I had a long talk with a man from Longtown, Carlisle. He had been in Canada thirty-four years. Then we went on to a little log Church, the first one that had been built hereabouts. The building of the Canadian National Railway

through to Prince Rupert on the Pacific Coast, about eighteen years ago, had attracted the population, so that towns sprang up along the railway, Vanderhoof being one of them. Hence Chilco, with its farming population, had a Church and Vanderhoof had none. There was a rectory by the Church, but no clergyman's house in Vanderhoof, which was now the best centre for him.

Mr. Hales gave us the names of all the school districts, and we now planned to visit them. The van had been put right. The garage man and I discovered that the starter switch wanted adjusting, after being used it did not release the connection.

While visiting we found an Irish family who came from Kilkenny and Wexford. They were delighted to find that my mother had come from County Kilkenny. We camped near them and stayed all day. On Tuesday I was asked to speak at a Woman's Auxiliary meeting in Chilco. We arranged to start a Sunday-School, to be held in the little Church. Several women volunteered to help, among them Mrs. T., a good Churchwoman from England. She had been kitchen-maid at Cheam School. Then we went on to a Scandinavian settlement and camped near a family of which the mother was a Yorkshirewoman and the father a Norwegian. The children were particularly nice. These people are splendid farmers, most industrious, and very loyal citizens. The houses are spotlessly clean.

We went on to Stuart River, where no service or Sunday-School had ever been held. One family had been there for five years and had had no chance of religious teaching. There were seven children. Their eldest boy was drowned while bathing in the river through cramp. Mr. Hales heard of the tragedy and went to take the funeral, which was how he got into touch with these people. He offered to come at intervals when he could, although the roads out here were very bad and his district large. He suggested

that we should visit the settlement, as he thought they might like a Sunday-School.

After that we went on to Finmore along a bad road through the forest, with curves and turns and stumps and stones. I was glad the van had a high clearance, or the car would have been damaged. We camped near the F.s. Mrs. F. came from Morecambe.

We now went through the canyon down to the river by a steep, narrow road with a very bad surface. At the ferry we found the ferryman's wife in trouble. She feared she had cracked a rib, and was in much pain. I examined her and strapped her up. They came from Glasgow. Her husband had been a sailor. We put some Scotch reels on the gramophone for them.

Beyond the river was the railway line and a little station and small settlement. We visited here on foot. We heard that Mrs. M. had had a Sunday-School, and went to see her. It had been given up, but she was quite ready to start it again. Another woman came from near Keswick, and was glad to talk about the Lake District. That evening we had a service and Sunday-School in the station waiting-room. Iris talked to the children about the angel choir at Bethlehem, and then we put on one of Master Lough's solos in the Temple Church. The pictures and music make a tremendous impression on these children.

Going up the canyon I was very glad that the new Ford was so powerful. We were fortunate not to meet anything, or we should have had to back to the bottom. We camped near the T.s, who had come from Newcastle. They came out five years ago and were clearing land. They had lost much money through the industrial depression after the war. We sat up late that evening, putting on one record after another. They so loved and missed English choirs.

We came to a settlement near the river and railway. There was only one English family, which had been out

here five years and had had no Sunday-School or service. We quite understood why when we found that the rest of the settlers were Ukrainians and French—Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic. The former were glad to find that we knew all about their Church, as nobody here seemed to understand about them.

While we were camping, pigs, sheep, and goats bothered the life out of me, they would keep eating the food while I was trying to cook the dinner.

We were told of a lonely settlement in the forest called Sob Lake. A large sign-post directed us up a newly graded road. This continued for six miles and then ended in thick forest. It had been an electioneering scheme, but as the other party got in the road work ceased. We left the van and walked. The first families were Scandinavians. Then we came to the X.s, who had come from London about eighteen years ago, when the construction of the railway was begun. Mrs. X. had never been able to get to a service since she had been in Canada, and there had never been a Sunday-School near her. Their shack was in poor condition, with holes in the roof. They looked very sad and depressed. Iris showed Bible pictures to the three small boys while I talked with the father. He seemed to have lost all faith in God and man. He had cleared 1,000 acres and had a beautiful crop of Timothy hay, but could not sell it. They had a good garden, but were much troubled by early summer and autumn frosts. I had noticed the great drop in temperature now, in August, from 90° in the shade in the day to 2 or 3° of frost at night. The altitude here was over 2,000 feet. I had already been told that the potato crop suffered much in certain places.

Mr. X. was puzzled by the age-old problem of the inequality of things—could there be a just God? He read in the papers about millionaires in the States, and here was he, who had worked so hard, with very little. He seemed

to be inclining to Bolshevism, but was quite a reasonable person and was able to see the arguments one put before him. In a pause in the conversation we overheard Iris giving the children a Bible lesson, and he remarked: "I'm afraid we have not taught them anything about God. A girl who came to stay with us from Prince George tried to teach them something. Afterwards, when one of the boys cut his foot with an axe in the forest, he did not swear as usual. I remarked on this, and he said that the girl had told him there was a big man who lived in the woods who did not like to hear little boys swear."

Evidently this girl knew what we had discovered, that many of these children have no idea of a Supreme Being, and the names which are so sacred to us mean nothing to them.

Then I had a conversation with the mother, a sad-looking woman. She told me a tragic story. Years ago she had two small children. She had to leave them in the shack while she took her husband's dinner, because they were too young to walk far. When she returned the shack was burned to the ground and the children with it. She had three more children now, the eldest a boy of eight, but it was evident that she brooded. She never went out anywhere. They could not leave unless they sold the farm, and no one would buy it if they could not make it pay. At least they had a house and food. We saw we must do something to cheer this lonely, sad life, so we connected her with a friend in British Columbia, who has ever since written and sent useful gifts for the family, giving great happiness. Mrs. X. and others so often feel themselves forgotten and think that nobody cares, not even the old Church of England. We left Bible pictures and books and promised the S.S.P. papers free of charge. Kind friends in Victoria and Vancouver were defraying the cost of the papers for this diocese.

We walked back to the van and slept in the forest, our slumbers broken by the howling of coyotes.

On Tuesday we went to Isle Pierre. There was a very steep road through the forest down to this settlement on the railway by the river. We were told that the road was full of holes and we had better not take the van, so we drove it two miles along a forest trail and left it by the A.s. He was an ex-service man who had not been out very long. His wife was a wonderful example of cheerfulness. We knew quite well that things are hard when first starting, but she made light of all her troubles. There was a dear bright little girl, who took a great interest in us and the van. She was glad to have the S.S.P. papers.

We walked on for over eight miles. The road was drying up, and we really could have got the van through. We crossed the river to visit the ferryman's wife. She came from Sheffield and was lonely and depressed, so we slept the night there. We had prayers and hymns with them. They never had a service or Sunday-School. She was worried about her elder boy, a lad of sixteen, who was badly wanting help and guidance.

Then we visited a Scotswoman on the other side of the river. She liked the country, she told us, and she was getting accustomed to things now, but at first she thought it awful to be thirty-two miles from a doctor (and she was on the railway), with no day-school, Church, or Sunday-School, and no minister to bury you and no kirkyard. Like all Scotch people, she was glad to have the S.S.P. papers. At present there were not enough children of school age in the settlement for a school.

On our way back we had a meal with the elderly post-mistress and her husband. They had a beautiful garden near the river. They came from London. The old man asked if I could not bring some girls out from England for the bachelors here. Perhaps I would like to settle down

with one of them myself? I replied that I had far too much to do.

The project of a paper pulp mill here was under consideration. There was water power and timber. They hoped it would make their fortunes.

We went back to the van and set off up another side road through the forest, with holes and stumps enough to knock you to pieces. We visited some people who had a fur farm—beavers and musk rats. They had netted in a tract of country with a lake and stream so that the animals bred naturally in a wild state. This paid much better than ordinary farming. There were no big towns to take any large quantity of food supplies, but furs are light and can be sent by rail. There is an old charter of the Hudson Bay Company which says that all furs bought by them must be sent to London to be dressed and made up.

These settlements between Vanderhoof and Prince George were really in nobody's district. We now worked back towards Vanderhoof, going about thirty miles that evening through thick forest. It was a twisty road with dark pine woods all the way. Coming round a sharp corner, the sun on the edge of the fir-tops caught me full in the eyes with red beams like a searchlight. I could not have seen an on-coming car. I drew to the side and waited a few minutes till it sank behind the pines. A wonderful sunset spread over the sky and glowed through the trees.

It was some time before we could find a camping place sufficiently free from trees and stumps. At last we found a spot which had been cleared for a road camp. In dry weather, such as had now set in, this road was inches deep in dust. When you passed a car it was difficult to see, especially with headlights.

It was very late when we cooked our supper. This was sometimes a wearying job after a hard day's work. The

water in our canvas water bag had to do for our supper and breakfast, which did not leave much for washing.

We went on to Mapes next day. There was little to do here, as there was already a United Sunday-School, but a few isolated families were glad of the S.S.P papers.

We went into Vanderhoof to give a report of our work to Mr. Hales. We called on some Cumberland people. Staying with them was a friend from Carlisle who had a copy of the *Cumberland News*, which contained photographs of the Carlisle Pageant, in which his daughter was acting. I was specially interested because my sister and cousin were taking part in it, and I had not yet had news from home about it. I was much struck by the way in which Cumberland and Westmorland people continually keep in touch with county doings. It is a pity that we cannot similarly keep in touch with them. We ourselves keep a notebook in which we enter the names and addresses of all near relatives in Great Britain and Ireland of those whom we meet in Western Canada. Then when we are lecturing anywhere near them during the winter we send them a post-card and ask them to stay and speak to us after the meeting is over if we have not time to call upon them. Though they correspond frequently, this first-hand news seems to give great pleasure.

There was a meeting at Mr. Hales's house that evening to discuss the building of a Church. They had just heard that they could not use the room in the school any longer, as it was needed for school purposes. Another room was offered them, but it had a club above it, which would be noisy on winter Sundays when the men were not at work. I gathered that the difficulty was that nobody had any money, but all were ready to help with labour.

VIII

Next day we started off for Fort St. James on Stuart Lake, an old Hudson Bay trading post and Indian village and the old capital of Northern British Columbia. This lovely lake is forty-six miles from Vanderhoof. The Indians there are all Roman Catholics, and there are two Roman Catholic Churches. At the head of the lake was Douglas Lodge, a picturesque log building, much pleasanter than the ordinary hotel. It catered specially for sportsmen. The proprietor asked us to speak to the cook. She had lived at Empress in Alberta; we had visited her with the Calgary van in 1922 and put her boy on the S.S.P. She promised to come to the service and Sunday-School we were holding in the school on Sunday if she could get away.

At the next house we visited we found Mr. Hoskins, the Government agent at Smithers and inspector of minerals. He was a lay reader, and had heard of our work from the Archbishop of New Westminster. I asked if he knew anybody who would store the van for the winter. He at once offered to do so in the Ford garage at which his son works, and he would pay for the storage. I was delighted with this kind offer.

We met an old Scotsman who came to this Hudson Bay post in 1855 and had been here ever since. We also found a young clerk who was a friend of our former Rector's son, who was now a clerk at Missanabie.

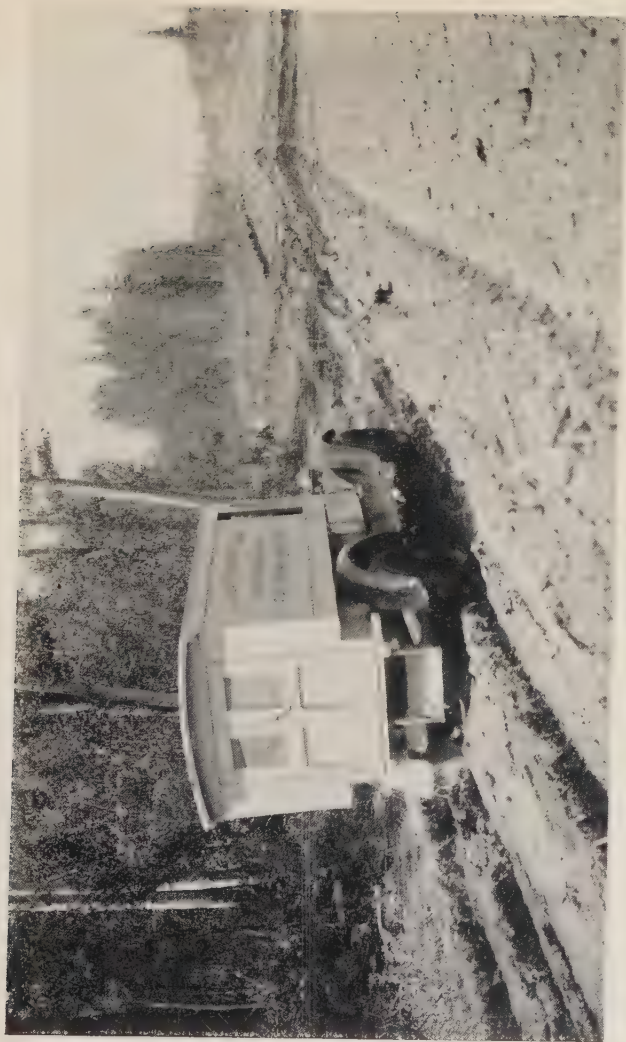
A few people came to our Sunday-School and service on Sunday morning, but most of them were busy with summer visitors. An old Indian was very much struck with the pictures and begged for one. We sent him one afterwards. Those who came to the service were mostly Roman Catholics and Presbyterians. The Indians have no

resident priest; one comes at intervals, but they always hold services by themselves.

We went back to Vanderhoof and then west. In a lonely two-roomed shack we found a terrible condition of things. While we were talking to the mother and two bright girls we heard strange sounds from an inner room. We asked if anyone were ill, and then found that three of the family were imbeciles, who could neither walk nor feed themselves. One was a girl aged twenty-six, the others were younger. The family all slept together. The case had been reported some years ago, and we reported it again, but it appeared that nothing could be done because the provincial mental home was full and the father said he did not want to part with the children. But he did not have to look after them. The work was killing the mother and the two bright girls. We heard that the mental home is to be enlarged.

Later on we met a charming woman who was very troubled about her mother. The latter believed herself to have had visions, which it was her duty to describe to the world. Although quite elderly, she wanted to leave her old husband and go forth to preach. She was now trying to put the visions on to canvas, and then she would take them round and explain them. The daughter was glad to find someone in sympathy with religious matters with whom she could discuss these problems.

We were told to look out for a narrow trail off the main road, down which lived two very isolated families. We found and followed the trail. It was only fifteen miles through the forest, but it felt like fifty. The grader had thrown the clods into the middle of the road and left them unbroken. They had hardened into rocks, and were so high that only a Ford could clear them. Unless a road is made at great expense, the stumps are left in. Here there were fallen branches as well, and such twists and turns



CARAVAN IN RUTS.

Facing p. 234.



MR. KERR BUILDING HIS CHURCH AT BURNS LAKE.

round the big trees that it was difficult not to knock the rear of the van while clearing with the front. Then the road ran along a hillside so that the van was all aslant. This is called a sideling trail. I held on to the wheel and Iris had to hold on to a leather strap, the angle was so acute. I was thankful when we got to the end and found a beautiful valley with a good crop of grain. We could see no buildings, so we walked along a narrow trail till we came to a shack. It had hardly any furniture, so we concluded it was a bachelor's. Presently a woman and child appeared. She wore a depressed, lifeless look, as if nothing mattered any more, but she cheered up wonderfully when she found that we knew Piccadilly. She was a Londoner born.

We said: "I suppose you don't often go out along this road?" She replied that her husband took her to Fort Fraser once in two years if he thought fit. He was a German. We told her to come to the van next morning, on her way to make hay, and we would put on records of London choirs for her and nursery rhymes for the child. We connected her up with a friend in the outside world, and now the child is getting the S.S.P. papers.

The other family lived about a mile away, but they were not on speaking terms. This woman also was delighted to see us. She had not seen a woman "from outside" for two years. Her husband was a Norwegian and a trapper. He had many theories about improving the world. It was interesting to meet a man who thought so much. He had a great love of pictures, and admired ours so greatly that we sent him some. He had a splendid crop of grain and a wonderful garden of vegetables. He warned us about the steep sandy hill we should have to go up on our way back. He had often stuck on it. By following his directions to keep to the right we got up safely. I was glad when we were on the high road again. The people who need us most are generally on the worst roads.

The next farm we called at was the home of the woman who saw visions. She had a beautiful face. It was evident that she was in deadly earnest. She showed us her picture—a strange medley of form and colour—which she intended to exhibit with strong electric light behind it. Poor soul, she intended to describe her visions in towns where we knew she would meet with nothing but ridicule. I gathered she had been a Methodist, and now had been reading the literature of strange sects. We said that we thought it unnecessary to go far in search of work; the children all around needed teaching so badly. She told us that she had a Sunday-School, but afterwards a mother asked us for our S.S.P. papers, saying she could not let her children go any more to Mrs. Z.'s school, they had been so much frightened by her descriptions of the great war that was coming, when we should all be exterminated by gas bombs.

We discovered a lonely section house. The man was in, but his wife, unfortunately, was not. She had come from Kendal.

That night we were awakened by a dog barking at the farm near by. Looking out of the van, we saw in the bright moonlight a large black bear quite close to us. We were glad he did not eat our bread.

Just before getting in to Fort Fraser (another old fur trading post) we found a keen Church of England family from York. The father had been at St. Bees, and was confirmed by Bishop Diggle. His great delight was to get gramophone records of Church choirs in England. He and others were giving free labour in erecting a little Church in Fort Fraser with grants given by S.P.G., S.P.C.K., and M.S.C.C.

Visiting up above Fort Fraser, we found two families who had just come out under the Empire Settlement Scheme, which provided them with a shack, a team of

horses, implements, and some cattle and poultry. One couple had come from Durham and the other from the Clyde. The latter man had been an engineer and out of work for two years. Neither family had any capital, but had made up their minds to make good. The Scotch people had a family of children. They missed the Bible teaching in the day-schools and Sunday-Schools, and were very glad to have our papers. The ex-engineer told me that he did not know how to harness his team. He tried first one way and then the other, and at last said to the horses: "I wish you could show me how to put it on." His wife drove the waggon two days running with the collar the wrong end up till a neighbour showed her how to put it on. We connected her up with a kind friend in England, to whom she sends wonderfully descriptive letters.

We started a Sunday-School in Fort Fraser. It seemed useless to be building a Church if all the Church of England children went to the United Sunday-School, as they had done heretofore, for they would naturally wish to continue in the Church in which they had been brought up. With the passing of the older generation, who would attend the Church and keep it up? Even where there is an Anglican Church the children often attend a United Sunday-School. The clergy have such distances to go on a Sunday and so many services to take that they can seldom, if ever, hold a Sunday-School. The leakage among our own people is becoming very serious.

On Saturday we went to Fraser Lake. We had not had a washing day for a month, and were now desperate. We took the primus stove down to the lake shore and had a great time. The clothes-line was strung between two trees. The clothes dried extraordinarily quickly.

In the middle of all this, Mr. Sweetman, the clergyman from Endako, arrived. He had been out here eighteen

years with hardly a holiday. His district used to extend from Prince George west. How any human being ever did it I do not know. Even now, with improved roads, it took us six weeks, working weekdays and Sundays, to cover the district. He and his wife came in with the construction camps. They lived in a tent—in fact, the eldest daughter, Patience, was born in a tent. He married all the old-timers and baptised their children. Often he walked miles on slippery, snowy roads. Once he walked forty miles in winter to marry a couple. Now he had an old Ford car. His district was still very large. We told him what we had been doing in Fort Fraser. He approved of the Sunday-School we had arranged to take next day.

I had just had a letter from Mrs. Holland, the Overseas Secretary of the Mothers' Union of the Diocese of Worcester. She had got up meetings for me in that diocese the year before, the outcome of which was that the Mothers' Union gave me £300 to replace the 1920 caravan in the Diocese of Qu'Appelle, with which I started the work there. She was most anxious to see our work at first hand, so I invited her to spend a fortnight with us in the van. She had already been a short time with Gwen Davies in the Brandon van in Manitoba, and one day in the van which her diocese had given to Qu'Appelle. She had also been through the Rockies and up the coast, and had stayed with the Bishop of Caledonia at Prince Rupert. She was coming by train from Prince Rupert and alighting at Endako. The train arrived at a very awkward hour—2.30 a.m. Mr. Sweetman met her on our behalf and took her to the rectory. He brought her to meet us later in the day at Fort Fraser.

On Sunday we had a Sunday-School at Fraser Lake and then drove to the settlement, nineteen miles off, eating our food by the roadside on the way. We drove up to the

Church, where Mrs. Holland and Mr. Sweetman met us. He was holding a service at Willow Vale that afternoon and took us with him. We had visited this district, and were pleased to see our friends again. The engineer's wife drove up in fine style with her children in the waggon. Mr. Sweetman asked me to address the congregation. Iris took the children outside and gave them a lesson.

On Sunday evening the foundation stone of a new Church at Fort Fraser was laid by one of the oldest inhabitants, who had come from Suffolk. Mr. Sweetman again asked me to give the address. I pointed out the need for living stones. It was not much use to build a Church unless the young were trained to love God's house and keep it up.

That evening we offered Mrs. Holland the van, and said we would use the little tent we carried; but she would not allow us to do so, and slept in the tent herself.

On Monday there was a Fall Fair organised by the Women's Institute. Many Indians came in, bringing beautiful birch baskets. The Indian children from the Roman Catholic school at Le Jac had made many pretty things. The nuns came with them. A Norwegian member had made a marvellous rag rug with a basket of flowers worked in the middle. There was fine garden produce, too. One of the old Indian chiefs had put on European clothes, with disastrous results. He wore a red woollen cardigan, grey flannel trousers, and a small bowler hat. The women were wiser. There were many wearing gorgeous coloured shawls with their papooses strapped on their backs. Unfortunately, they hate being photographed, and always run away.

The weather was lovely now—very hot in the daytime but cold at night. We saw distant forest fires.

We heard of a woman just come into the settlement who had lived right away in the bush. We called on her, and

she was so overcome at seeing other women to whom she could freely talk that she went into hysterics. When she recovered she told us how she had lived first on the prairie and then in the bush, and had always worked far too hard, not taking proper care after the children were born. From what she told me and from what I could tell by the state of her nerves, I saw that she required treatment, and ought to see a doctor at once. I suggested this to her, but she said she could not possibly leave, as the men were coming to thresh. I knew she had in mind the prairie threshing, which went on for days, with the men to be fed all the time. But here her husband only had about a day's threshing. I could see she was a great worker; everything was spick and span, but now she was quite unfit to do any cooking. I went to speak to her husband outside. He was an extremely nice man. He had tried for weeks to get her to go into hospital. He would much rather take the threshers to an hotel than that his wife should overwork herself. At last we managed to persuade her to take the early train next morning to Hazelton Hospital.

We started off for Fraser Lake. I was rounding a sharp corner, well to the right, in the narrow road through the forest, when I saw a man coming towards me in an old Ford car. I got as close against the trees at the side as I could. Instead of slowing up till I had rounded the corner the man came on faster, cleared the front of the van, got to the curve, swerved up the bank to avoid the end of the van, and came down with a crash on our rear mudguard and buckled it in. I got out in time to see the car disappearing in a cloud of dust round another corner. I could not even take his number. I was much annoyed, as I had tried to keep the van looking nice. By law all accidents had to be reported to the police within twenty-four hours. The nearest policeman was twenty miles away. I sent a telegram and a letter from Fraser Lake.

There was no garage, but a young man and an Indian helped me to take the mudguard off and beat it out. I described the reckless driver, and the latter recognised him as an Indian who drove an old Ford with worn-out brakes. Indians love to buy up these old Fords. They go like the wind.

We visited families between Fraser Lake and Endako. One woman from Glasgow had been deserted by her husband eight years ago, and she had five children to support. She had only enough land cleared for a garden. She excused her husband's conduct because he had been in the war, and this might be the after-effects. The neighbours had helped her a lot. We saw that here was a case where a friend could be of great assistance, and were able to link her up with one.

We camped near the Sweetnams at Endako. They had four children. He had arranged a service in the pretty little Church which was given as a War Memorial from Lisburn in Ireland, his native land. In the morning there was a Celebration for us. Mr. Sweetnam gave us names of districts he would like us to visit.

We went towards François Lake. We found a Welsh family from the Rhondda Valley. The father and sons were working in the lumber mill at Fraser Lake. They were glad they had come, as now the whole family could at least get nourishing food, which they had not had for several years. The mother was very homesick, and was glad to talk of Wales. All this district was very out-of-the-way, and never had any services or Sunday-Schools. Two of the families we visited had fur farms—silver fox, mink, and marten.

It looked like a hard frost that night (September 7), so I drained the radiator. In the morning there was a quarter of an inch of ice on the water outside the van and some ice on the water in Mrs. Holland's tent. There were 14°

of frost. In the winter it goes down to 40 to 60° below zero.

Mr. Sweetnam was most anxious to go to the consecration of Bishop Rix at Prince Rupert, but did not like to give up the Sunday services. I volunteered to take them for him. On Sunday we took the Sunday-School at Endako in the morning. In the afternoon we were going nine miles to take services and Sunday-School in a school. Mr. Sweetnam had warned us about a bad hill which his old Ford would not go up, but I was sure our new model could do it. Just as I got to the worst part of the hill, there in front of us was an Indian coming down backwards in an old Ford car, his brakes obviously useless. It was too narrow for us to get out of the way, so I stopped dead and wondered what would happen next. Just in front of me he turned off to a side trail. I had to start again at the very steepest pitch of the hill, but got up all right. All the families came late and at different times. Their clocks all varied. We started the service an hour late. We just got back to Endako in time to put up the lantern for the service at night. For the first time I showed the beautiful slides of the life of Christ by William Hole. They had been given to me by Mrs. Holland and a layman who knew the artist. The pictures made a great impression on children and adults. One boy ran home to his father and cried: "Oh, father, you ought to have been there. She showed us such swell pictures of God."

We went towards Burns Lake next day, along a road full of holes. It had not been made long. These roads had only been connected up about two years, making a through road from Prince George to Hazelton. Burns Lake is on the C.N.R. The Rector's wife, Mrs. Kerr, received us. Mr. Kerr had been to the consecration of the Bishop, and returned next morning. They were anxious

for us to go to Ootsa Lake and beyond, to visit several Old Country families and to see an outpost hospital, which had been closed for two years but was badly needed again. This would be a trip of quite sixty miles.

We started off on Wednesday afternoon, although it was cold and blowy, and trying to rain. We went seventeen miles to François Lake, then two and a half miles across it by ferry. We were shown over the hospital. It had been very well equipped by the local people, but there was great difficulty in getting doctors and nurses for out-of-the-way places. Part of the salary for a doctor could be raised, but financial help from the Red Cross and the Government would be needed for the rest of the staff. When it was open formerly the Presbyterian Church had helped, but now they wanted their money for another hospital. There was a scattered farming population, some of whom were sixty miles from the hospital at Burns Lake, and Lake François, moreover, lay in between. For weeks in winter it was impossible to cross, as the ice was not safe and the ferry could not run. So in certain seasons these people were cut off from any doctor, nurse, or hospital. Occasionally a doctor had been posted on the south side of the lake, but none was there now. It was a lovely spot in which to live, the lake so blue, with the mountains reflected as in a mirror. We wished we could help these people. I wrote to the Minister of Health and the Red Cross, and also interviewed them that autumn to see if anything could be done.

We came on to Ootsa Lake, another lovely spot, with snow-capped mountains at the head of the lake, which is 3,000 feet above sea-level. The thing to do, we heard, was to make a boating expedition through the Lakes Ootsa, White Sail, Eutsuk, and Tetachuck, but it was only safe with a local guide, as sudden storms came on.

That night it blew a gale off the lake, and I was afraid

Mrs. Holland and the tent would be blown away, but they were both there in the morning.

We came to Streatham Post Office. Mr. and Mrs. R. and her old mother had come from London. A sister lived a little farther on. They told us how difficult it was for Mr. Kerr to get here in winter, and how much the hospital was needed. They sent us to two couples from London; one had been out eighteen months and the other three months. One family had lived at Stoke Newington, in a parish in which I speak to the Young People's Fellowship every winter. They liked the country and were getting on well.

We finally got sixty-five miles from Burns Lake, and then walked two miles to see Mrs. S., whom we had come to visit, as the road was so full of stumps. Mrs. S. came from Skelsmere, near Kendal. She knew Canon and Mrs. Reid very well. He had prepared her for Confirmation. She gave us such a warm welcome and begged us to stay the night. She had four fine boys, whom she taught herself by a correspondence course from Victoria, as there was no school near. She welcomed the S.S.P. papers. They were old-timers. The house was particularly nice and the farm excellent. Mrs. S. told us that when she came out to marry her husband she insisted on his meeting her at Montreal (nearly 3,000 miles away). His bachelor friends laughed at him, and pointed out what a lot of cows he could buy with his railway fare. The last part of the journey she had to do on horseback. His brother and his wife came to supper that night. Both brothers had been here thirteen years, and were in the Klondike before that. Mrs. S. had read about the caravan work in the Westmorland papers, and was so glad we had now come up there. She knew friends of mine in Westmorland. She told us that Mr. Kerr held services in their house when he could. She missed the services very much. It was so different

from Skelsmere Hall, but she was very happy here and liked the life.

It was rather an anxiety getting Mrs. Holland off early so that she could catch the train. Mrs. S. gave us a very early breakfast. We walked two miles to the van, then drove seventeen miles. It was impossible to go fast, as this was a very bumpy road. I had arranged with the mailman to take Mrs. Holland to François Lake, where another mailman would take her on to Burns Lake, whence she had to catch a train at 1.30 a.m. next day, en route for Jasper Park. Mr. and Mrs. Kerr had promised to see her off. We enjoyed having Mrs. Holland very much, and missed her when she left us.

At Ootsa Lake we met a funny old American Seventh Day Adventist. He said it was terrible in England now; we used a prayer in which we worshipped the King. I assured him that this was not so, but he replied that he knew it was so; he had heard it on the radio, and so it must be true. He had odd ideas, too, about English politics, which I tried to put right, but I might have saved my breath. He thought that he, as an American, knew much better than I did.

The children round here begged us to start a Sunday-School. They were very keen, but most of them knew nothing. When Iris asked a fourteen-year-old girl who were the first people to worship the baby Christ on the first Christmas Day, she answered: "Adam and Eve." But the lantern service at Streatham on the Sunday evening was quite a contrast. It was a most remarkable settlement of Old Country people. They could not arrange a Sunday-School, as they were very scattered, but most of them taught their children very carefully at home. They knew a great deal. They also sang very well, which was most unusual. When we had "While shepherds watched" and "There is a green hill," both adults and children sang

remarkably well. As a rule, the congregation not only knew no hymns, but apparently could make no sound. Mrs. A. played very well. We heard afterwards that she had taught the children many hymns, and also in winter-time got up little concerts and trained the children to sing. There was a noticeably family feeling throughout this school district, which was conspicuously absent in some others. Although they had taught their children so much already, they warmly welcomed the S.S.P. papers.

Some of the Church of England people here had been much troubled in their minds by an evangelist, as he called himself, who came round and held services for adults and children, and said the Church of England clergy were well off and got much money out of the people, whereas he and his fellow-workers never had collections or took any money from anybody. He propounded many strange doctrines, which worried his hearers. They were glad to discuss these things with us. Some of these evangelists turned out to be Mormons.

Before leaving Ootsa we had very cold weather, with snow even on the lower slopes of the mountains (September 16) and a very high wind. On the way to Grassy Plains we had to chop through three trees in one day, as they had fallen across the road. The two last were dead pines and very hard. It was impossible to get round them, as it was dense forest. They were about three feet in diameter. The axe-head got loose and came off, which hindered matters. There was nobody to help us. We chopped them through and then had to lift the end round. It took about two hours to clear the road.

We came to a school district, off the main road, which seemed to have been left out by everybody. There were many Russians and other foreigners here, who gave round Bolshevik literature, which did much harm to the big boys. There was a nice Scotswoman, who told us that when

she first came the nearest white woman was thirty miles off. There were some Norwegians, too, who, like her, were keen on having a Sunday-School. It was particularly sad that such a number of young people should be left without any religious instruction, especially as there was so much atheistical literature being given round. We left books and pictures, and encouraged them to do their best.

Sometimes while visiting we received surprising information about what was happening in England. An Anglican from the Old Country was studying current Church matters. She informed us that "The old man," meaning the late Archbishop Lord Davidson, "had resigned because he could not get the Church of England to join the Church of Rome." But she got rather more than she bargained for, for Iris and I set upon her until she looked rather alarmed and said no more. It was really more than I could stand to hear the late Archbishop so maligned, especially as he had written a preface to my first book.

We now crossed the ferry over François Lake. It was more beautiful than ever on this sunny day, with the scarlet and yellow foliage of the surrounding woods. The lake is eighty miles long. We heard of a child living alone in the forest with her parents who never saw any other children, and began to bark like a dog. She was sent to school, but proved unmanageable. We should have liked to visit her, but the place was inaccessible except by water, and we could not find a boat.

A very usual occupation round here is making railway sleepers (ties) in the forest. They are floated down the lakes and then taken in motor trucks to the railway.

When we arrived at Burns Lake we gave a report to Mr. Kerr of all that we had done in his district. We found him hard at work in overalls, helping to build a new Church. They did not know where they would get enough money to finish it. His district was unworkably

large. It extended over one hundred miles east and west and over sixty-five miles south. A clergyman was needed south of the lake as much as a doctor. If there were more clergy many of them would not be disheartened, and fewer would break down under the strain. All the Theological Colleges in Canada are full of students for Holy Orders; the chief difficulty seems to be finding their salaries when they are trained and men of experience under whom they can work.

Mr. Kerr was very pleased that we had been able to spend so much time south of the lake. He could not go as often as he would wish because he had seventeen points for service.

IX

We started off from Burns Lake and went west. That night we camped near some French people. They insisted on us camping in their field and having supper with them. The four-year-old daughter talked beautiful French. They were returning to France, as they had had some money left them. The next year, however, we found that they had come back to Canada—surely a striking proof of Canada's charm. The people here were extraordinarily hospitable. The next family killed and cooked a chicken for us, and the husband put my watch right and mended our cameras.

We went on to Rose Lake, the highest point on the line between Prince George and Prince Rupert. There were many Old Country people here. The school was closed because there were not enough children. We were particularly interested in the twelve-year-old son of the postmaster. He had done exceedingly well at school when it was open. His mother was in a mental home. The old father was scarcely able to carry on the Post Office. (The next year he had retired.) He was not able to cook for

himself and the boy. The child's clothes were in a deplorable condition, ragged and filthy. The neighbours had done what they could, for they were very sorry for him. Worst of all, he was getting into bad company with men, who were teaching him to drink and gamble. We reported the case to Victoria, and they supplied money for clothes for the boy and boarded out him and his father. We wanted him taken away from this environment and sent to school.

We camped by a Lancashire family. It was a very cold night with a hard frost, and they invited us in to sleep. Like all Lancashire people, they were very musical, and much enjoyed our gramophone. As they hardly ever had any services here, we held a lantern service that night. It rained nearly all day and was very cold, as Rose Lake was at a very high altitude. We found a family from Norfolk. The old man was now a Russellite, though he had been a choir boy in his youth. In his opinion, the English Bishops and Lords had combined together to keep down the working-classes. I did not agree with him, and pointed out how much they had helped with hospitals and institutions, so that the poorest person in England could have the best advice even though he could not pay a penny, whereas in new countries like Canada the hospital fees were from three to five dollars a day. He was very scathing about the squire and his lady, and how the girls used to curtsy and the boys touched their caps. I said: "Very well, Mr. X.; when I meet you in the van I shan't acknowledge you, and of course you won't expect me to shake hands with you when we leave." He said: "Oh yes, I shall. I should be very hurt and offended." I explained that the other was only an old-fashioned form of recognition, and assured him that the people he abused had their good points. He begged us to stay and have a meal, and we parted good friends.

On Monday it poured with rain. I put on the chains,

and we struggled along a newly graded road which was on the edge of a precipice and very skiddy. We camped by the C.s, who invited us in to supper. We were very thankful. He was an old-timer, and used to be on the telegraph line to the Yukon. There are huts at long intervals for the men who keep the line in order. Their food supplies used to be taken up by pack trail in the summer-time, often with great difficulty. It was a very lonely existence. His experiences were very interesting. Another Mrs. C. lived near. She had heard about the vans when she had attended the Diocesan Synod.

When we woke up on Tuesday morning there was a quarter of an inch of snow on the van, and it was still falling. The kind C.s invited us in to breakfast, so we did not have to cook a meal in the snow.

We now went along a narrow road, full of holes; rain had succeeded snow and filled the trail with slush. There was not much room to skid, as there was a drop on one side. We found quite a number of Old Country families, who were glad to have the S.S.P. papers. We came to the Church, which is also used as a school. The money for the Church was given by Holy Trinity, Tunbridge Wells, some years ago. Mr. Kerr took services here.

In one school the teacher asked if I would like to speak to the children in recess. I explained the main facts of the life of our Lord with large Nelson pictures. I tried to question the facts from them, but got no replies, though the elder children were fourteen. Then I tried questions on outstanding Old Testament characters, still with no result. The teacher, a member of the Church of England, who came from Victoria (where there are excellent Sunday-Schools), was much surprised at their lack of knowledge. I made excuses for them, saying they were probably shy. She said: "I watched them all the time. They were a little shy, but I could see by their faces that they really didn't know."

She offered to teach them on Fridays out of hours if we would send her books and pictures. She explained that this was better than a Sunday, as they had so far to come. We spent the evening with her and her mother in their little shack by the school. They were glad to have a talk, as they came originally from Newcastle. At the store lived an old couple from London; he had been a telegraph boy, and he was sure he could still find his way anywhere.

After this we got on to the main road, which was gravelled and wide and ever so much better. We came on to North Bulkley—rugged scenery with great rocks on either side, then down into a basin with mountains all round; the soil was fertile and the country beautiful. We were now in the district of Mr. Gibson of Smithers, who was leaving to become Rector of Prince Rupert in place of Archdeacon Rix. There were a good many English people here at Houston, but although services were taken at intervals there was no Sunday-School. Mrs. A., who came from England, seemed delighted to talk to us. At the meeting that night she and two others volunteered to start a Sunday-School.

From here to Quick and Round Lake there were some steep hills and rugged scenery on either side. It is all part of the Bulkley Valley, which is noted for its hay. There was a little Church at Quick, which had just been moved from the other side of the river. Each plank was marked before moving. It was the work of one man, a Scotsman. We met him presently. He told us that the population had moved to the other side of the river. The Church had been given in memory of a clergyman at Torquay. Mrs. G. had been asked by the clergyman, when he left, to start a Sunday-School here. She was much needing books and pictures, and so welcomed ours.

We thought these two school districts could form one

Sunday-School, to be held in the Church. There were several Old Country people who had not been out long, and did not like their children to be without religious teaching. There were miners from Wales and families from Devon.

Mrs. G. was very kind to us. She insisted on our coming in to meals. We were very thankful, as it had begun to snow and was very cold. We had finished our visiting, and were going off that morning, when Mrs. G. remarked: "There's one family you've missed. They are just too far off to send their children to school, so their mother educates them herself with a correspondence course. I should think they'd like your S.S.P. papers too, and I'm sure the mother would like to see you. Her husband was in the Flying Corps. He has taken up land under the Soldiers Settlement Scheme. I know they must be having a struggle, for several of those who settled there when they did have given up and gone. She does not look as if she were used to hard work before she came out here."

It was snowing fast. Mrs. G. advised us not to take the van, as the road was bad enough when dry. We had a five-mile tramp in snow and slush. We visited on the way, but here and there were empty shacks. One woman from the States welcomed our S.S.P. papers for her children, saying she had never had any religious instruction herself. At last we reached the W.s, and received a very warm welcome. It was a very nice log-house, and the garden, one could see, had been beautiful in the summer. On a fine day there would be a splendid view over the mountains. Mrs. W. did all the work of the house, and she and the children, twins, helped with the animals. They were wise beyond their seven years in the care and feeding of animals and the knowledge of birds and flowers. Mrs. W. discussed with us the problem of the children's religious education and the difficulty of getting suitable books and pictures.

We told her of the S.S.P. papers, and ordered some books for her. Mr. W. and I talked at length about ex-service men and their difficulties, owing to the inflated prices of machinery and animals after the war, followed by a sudden drop. At one time he collected the Government loans from the soldier settlers, but gave it up because he had not the heart to press for payment. Presently in the course of conversation we discovered that Iris had met Mrs. W.'s sister in England, and that the head mistress of Downe House, a well-known girls' school, where I had spoken on the van work, was her cousin. I now remembered that she had mentioned to me that she had a cousin in a lonely part of British Columbia.

We came on to Telkwa, a pretty place near the Bulkley River, with the Hudson Bay Mountain, snow-capped, in the distance. There was a Church here and a Woman's Auxiliary. The president was the sister-in-law of Arch-deacon Knowles in Qu'Appelle Diocese. She collected the Woman's Auxiliary for me to address them about our work. Since Mr. Gibson, the Rector, had left, the school-teacher was carrying on the Sunday-School. She needed helpers. We asked the schoolmaster to give out a notice of our talk with lantern slides. One child said to her mother that she didn't think she would go; she didn't want to slide that night. We heard of another child saying to her mother on another occasion: "I really do not understand how you slide down a lantern." The Church was full of children and adults that evening. We could tell what a deep impression Hole's pictures made.

On clear, frosty nights now we could often see the Northern Lights shimmering in the sky to northward. Greeny yellow streamers flickered up and down across the sky. Sometimes they were pink and other colours.

Near Telkwa there are several mines, which are being developed more every year. We visited the settlements

around and started some Sunday-Schools. We camped by a school one night. Next morning strange sounds proceeded from the building, and it gradually dawned on us it was the children trying to sing. It is remarkable that in these out-of-the-way places children often cannot sing a note. It is seldom that you find a musical instrument in any rural school. The teacher is not obliged to take singing, but if she is musical she may take it as an extra.

One morning we woke to find the ground and the van covered with snow. We always keep warm at night, with sleeping-bags and blankets, but the trying part is getting out in the snow to cook breakfast. There is no room in the van to use the primus safely. I had drained the radiator, fortunately, but there was thick ice in the bucket, and even the milk had frozen.

We went on to Smithers, visiting along the way. Smithers was the largest town we had come to since Prince George. There was a Church here, but the Rector, Mr. Gibson, was just leaving. There was an excellent Sunday-School with a good staff of teachers, whom we were asked to address on the Sunday. We looked up our kind friends the Government agent and his wife, who had promised to pay for the storage of the van here at Smithers. As lay-reader he was taking the services on the Sunday, and asked me to give the address. There were present many Anglicans from England. It was an odd coincidence that one man had been a choir boy in Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, which Church had given the running expenses of our van. Others had relations in Bournemouth, whence came the money for it. The people here were most kind and hospitable; they knew we were busy cleaning the van, and so invited us to meals. This was quite a busy little town, as it was a divisional point of the C.N.R. A mine of rich ore up the Hudson Bay Mountain behind the town sent the ore down to Smithers in motor trucks for despatch by rail.

I always like to leave the engine looking like a new pin, and while I clean it up Iris washes the paint of the van inside and out. We had a great rush to get it all done, and it was late that night before we had finished washing our clothes, which for obvious reasons had to be our last job. We hung them out at 11 p.m. In the morning, when we wanted to iron and finish packing, they were frozen as hard as boards, and had to be thawed out before ironing.

The day was spent in driving our things to the station and going round to kind friends with equipment for them to store. Finally, with a great sense of relief, we drove the van to the garage for its winter rest. Then I took the keys to Mr. Hoskins, and bade them good-bye with much gratitude, promising to look up their relations in England. Then we left for Kamloops by the 9.35 p.m. train on October 20.

X

In making up our report for the Bishop we found that we had visited sixty school districts, and we found only sixteen Sunday-Schools of any Church, only five of those being Church of England. The S.S.P. was not organised in this diocese until we started it this year.

The summary of our work, from June 1 to October 19, 1928, is as follows:

New members enrolled in the S.S.P.	...	975
Sunday-Schools started		22
Sunday-Schools helped		5
Homes visited		461
Day-schools visited and Bible lessons given		18
Services taken		11
Lantern services		6
Extra classes for children		41
Addresses given to adults		29
Children found for Baptism		100

256 CANYONS, CANS AND CARAVANS

Travelled by van	1,608 miles
Ridden or driven or by train ...	1,633 „
Walked	912 „
Total	4,153 „

Running expenses, \$68.65 (£13 15s. od.).

The remainder of the £60 was used for building a garage to store the van at Pouce Coupè.

Board expenses for five months for two workers, \$45.40 (£9 5s. 6d.). The Diocese was so poor that no Can Showers could be given.

The summary of the work of the nine vans in seven western dioceses in 1928 is as follows:

New members for the S.S.P.	3,452
S.S.P. children revisited	2,430
Sunday-Schools started	71
Sunday-Schools helped	90
Homes visited	4,487
Day-schools visited and Bible lessons given	180
Services taken	81
Extra classes for children	183
Addresses to adults	132
Children found for Baptism and names given in to the Bishop or his clergy ...	498
Travelled by vans	23,876 miles.
Ridden, driven, or by train, etc. ...	3,940 „
Walked	1,624 „
Total	29,440 „

I received the following encouraging letter from the Bishop of Caledonia:

“ SYNOD OFFICE,
“ PRINCE RUPERT,
“ BRITISH COLUMBIA,
“ November 6, 1928.

“ DEAR MISS HASELL,

“ I hope you will inform those to whom you tell of the Sunday-School van work that the Bishop, the clergy, and the people of the Diocese of Caledonia feel that your work and that of Miss Sayle in that diocese has been of very great value.

“ A most strenuous task has been efficiently done, and nearly five hundred homes have been brought into touch with the Church; many of these families would hardly have been reached in any other way.

“ I do not know how you managed to do so much under such difficult circumstances. Your experiences in the Peace River country, without the van, must have been strenuous in the extreme. Your resourcefulness and endurance win my unreserved admiration.

“ We commend the work that you have been doing to all interested in British people overseas, as well as in foreigners, whose children, it is to be hoped, may become good Canadians. We shall be glad to have you with us again, and your welcome among our scattered people will assuredly be warm.

“ With thanks and appreciation,

“ I am,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ G. A. CALEDONIA.”

I have sometimes found an impression among people that our work is of a fleeting value, the children merely receiving one or two lessons from us. But after our visit they get definite religious instruction every Sunday, either through the Sunday-School we have started in the district, for which we leave a year's supply of lesson books and

pictures, or through the S.S.P. lessons, which they read or have read to them each Sunday at home. The secretary sends four lessons monthly, to save postage. The answers of the elder scholars are corrected monthly and returned to them by the secretary, who also writes friendly letters. Should any of the members change their address, they notify the secretary, who forwards the new address to the S.S.P. secretary of the diocese in which they are going to live. These graded lessons are published in Toronto by the General Board of Religious Education of the Church of England in Canada.

Each year a report is written on each school district we have visited and on all the families; maps are marked with the names of towns and the roads we have travelled. The report and the maps are given to the workers who follow me when I go to another diocese to start a new van. Those who follow me are urged to do more intensive work, such as holding training classes for the Sunday-School teachers and giving consecutive lessons in the day-schools out of hours. This can be done by arranging to visit schools near together two or three times a week if the area which the van has to cover is not too large. A revisit at the end of the tour is most valuable.

As usual, I inspected all the other vans, and we gave lectures going across Canada. Five new vans were needed for 1929—two to replace old ones in Brandon and Edmonton, and three new vans for further development of the work. Archbishop de Pencier had asked for one for his diocese. This meant a busy winter.

Before sailing we spoke at a number of meetings in Montreal, organised by the younger clergy, who had been previously stirred when they had attended a mass meeting in the spring on the needs of white settlers in the West. We emphasised the need for clergy in the Peace River district of British Columbia, mentioning the number of

unbaptised children. Later we were told that the outcome of these meetings was that a group of clergy sat in a café half the night evolving a plan of campaign. The result of this was the formation of the Fellowship of the West, by which a clergyman and a layman were to go out together for two or three months each summer in a car with camp equipment into these newly settled districts, where there were no clergy, to baptise the children and take Celebrations. The money for their travelling expenses and the cars was to be raised in Montreal, largely amongst the young men. The laymen were to go from McGill University.

During the winter I had a letter from Mr. Scott, the Rector of St. Columba, Montreal; he was the son of Arch-deacon Scott, the "beloved chaplain" of the Canadian Forces. Mr. Scott said that he and a young layman were going into the Peace River Block the next summer, and would we give him the names of the families and children, especially the communicants and those for Baptism? He also told us that Professor Naylor, from the Theological College at Montreal, was going with another young layman into the Peace River district of Athabasca Diocese.

As usual, I spoke to the Woman's Auxiliary members at St. James the Apostle, who are my prayer partners. Besides the spiritual help they give us all summer long, they remember we have bodies as well as souls, and two of them saw us off at the boat with a beautiful basket of fruit, and welcomed us back in the spring most warmly.

IN THE DIOCESE OF CALEDONIA, 1929

I

WE lectured all that winter and early spring. At the end of our campaign I found that I had enough money in hand for the five new vans needed.

Iris and I sailed on the *Montrose* from Liverpool on May 4, accompanied by Rosalie Pennell and Ursula Snowden for one of the Edmonton vans, Gladys Wise as teacher for New Westminster, Kathleen Townshend from Ireland for the Kootenay, and Mary Vaughan, the teacher for the Cariboo, who was also going to stay out and do winter work.

The following sailed later: Millicent Stuart, the Dean of Carlisle's daughter, who was driving the second Edmonton van; Joan Collie, from Aberdeen, to drive one of the Qu'Appelle vans; Irene Brodie, from the Isle of Wight, to drive one of the Saskatchewan vans.

The boat called at Cardiff and took on 500 people, miners and others, making 1,400 passengers in the third class. They were mostly young parents with small children. As we watched them coming on board we thought that more and more vans would be needed. I was interested to find that a number of boys of seventeen and upwards were going out to Church of England hostels in the Dioceses of Edmonton, Qu'Appelle, and Saskatchewan. This is a new venture and is proving most satisfactory. The clergy in Canada sign a paper to say that the farmers who are applying for young men will give them a good

comfortable home and will allow them time off on Sunday. There is an organisation in London, the Church of England Council of Empire Settlement, 39, Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W. 1., which receives names of young men who have already had some experience in farm work and are desirous of going to Canada. They must be recommended by a clergyman in England. They go out in parties under the cheap Government rate, and are met and taken to the hostels. They are kept in touch with when they go out to the farms, and if they are not happy the reasons are examined and another place found if advisable. They can always look on the hostel as a home. All these young men have done extremely well. Coming out at this early age, they are adaptable. It is hoped that they will presently start up for themselves. They have learnt conditions and how to manage a farm in this climate. They can also pick their land very carefully with the advice of the farmers for whom they have been working, and thus have a distinct advantage over those who come straight out from England. The intention is that they should be Church of England members sent to Church of England families, which keeps the Church people more in groups, and so it is easier to minister to them.

The third class was a seething mass of humanity, and yet this was only one ship among many full of emigrants, sailing weekly from Liverpool and Southampton, many feeling that they would rather try their fate in a new country than be on the dole, and Canada is calling out for people to populate her enormous spaces.

We were delayed by fog and ice, but even so the new van for Brandon was not ready. The new truck was most satisfactory. Portions of the old van body were used for the new. The workers in this van were Doris Miller, from Toronto, as teacher, and Jean Stanley as driver. The former went with me in 1924 and 1925, and in other vans

since. The latter had driven in 1928 in Qu'Appelle and took a post in the winter.

We stayed at St. Christopher House, Regina, a new venture. It is intended to be the headquarters of the S.S.P. in Qu'Appelle. Margaret West and her assistants manage it. She has been working since 1921, when she followed me in the van. She was now helped by Sisters Ellen and Amelia, S.S.J.D., and Nona Clarke. Old S.S.P. members can be invited to tea when in Regina. Such a house in every diocese would be a great boon. This house was being rented, with a hope to buying it in the future. Funds are urgently needed.

A whole-time S.S.P. secretary is now required in each diocese, but only a limited number of people can do honorary work like Miss West. Guaranteed salaries are badly needed. Money could be ear-marked for a special diocese through S.P.G.

The Qu'Appelle vans were about to start. Nona Clarke was to be driven by Dorothy Gent, who lived in that diocese. She was the first volunteer whose home was there. Miss West was soon starting out with her driver, Joan Collie, from Scotland.

At Saskatoon I looked over the vans. One needed painting. Three out of the four workers here were Canadians—Misses Gotts, Hailstone, and Girdlestone—the fourth was Irene Brodie. I was kept very busy at Edmonton. There were two new vans here, one to replace the old St. Aidan. The second van was much needed. The Diocesan Board of Religious Education told me that with one van the families could only be visited once in six years. Part of the money for this van was given in England by Hastings and St. Leonard's Ladies' College, but \$1,000 were given me by Mrs. Warren, the Guide Commissioner for the whole of Canada. Many of us van workers are Guiders, and try to help in that work all we can. Miss

Walker, from Toronto, was going with Miss Stuart, from Carlisle, in that van. Miss Vaughan joined Miss Gill at Kamloops. She had driven the year before, and spent the winter on Vancouver Island. We went on to Vernon, where the new St. Cuthbert van awaited us. It was given by the Diocese of Carlisle, and the running expenses by the parishes round Lake Windermere. This van was to be driven by Elizabeth Philips, the daughter of the Rector of Troutbeck, near Windermere. She had driven the year before in Qu'Appelle, and spent the winter in Victoria. Her companion was Miss Townshend. This van was to be used on the Kootenay side, as one van was not enough in this immense diocese with its geographical difficulties. The St. Michael van was to remain in the Okanagan, and be worked by the Misses Jeppison and Murphy, from Eastern Canada.

Archbishop de Pencier met us at Vancouver and took us to the See House. The new St. Columba van was very satisfactory. Mrs. de Pencier invited the Woman's Auxiliary members and others to tea, followed by a Can Shower. They brought a marvellous lot of canned quantity for Miss Wise and Miss Hicks. The latter had driven a van the previous year, and spent the winter on Vancouver Island.

We attended the dismissal service of the New Westminster workers and the dedication of the van. Then we said good-bye to our kind host and hostess, and left Vancouver by boat for Prince Rupert, where we stayed with the Bishop and his wife. We were glad of this opportunity to talk over the needs of the diocese.

There was a British naval cruiser in at Prince Rupert Harbour. Officers and men attended Church on Sunday morning. The Bishop asked me to give an address on our work in the evening. We had our dismissal service after the eight o'clock Celebration that morning, when we were

handed our licences. Then we went on to Smithers, where the St. Andrew van was stored. We arrived there on June 3.

Mr. Hales and his mother kindly gave us hospitality till the van was ready. He had been moved from Vanderhoof to Smithers at the end of October. The rectory was a very long way from the Church. Since then he has had the option of buying a house next to the new Parish Hall and Church, but funds are needed.

All our friends in Smithers invited us to meals. We had much to tell them, as we had seen several of their relations in England. I told Mr. C. that I had spoken at Holy Trinity, Sloane Square, and how interested they were to hear I had met an old choir boy. We were delighted to find that the Sunday-School had increased since we left, and there was a waiting list of teachers, both men and women. Mr. Hales had started Scouts and Cubs, and was training several young laymen to take services for him when he was away in the outlying districts. They wrote sermons for his criticism.

We started off to go west towards Hazelton, fifty miles away, visiting as we went. At a settlement called Evelyn there were quite a number of English and Scotch people, with Norwegians and Swedes. They were delighted to have the S.S.P. papers, and wanted us to stay over Sunday and have a Sunday-School and service. The school was quite full. One Scotswoman was quite tearful when she heard the gramophone and during my address. She said afterwards that she knew she hadn't taught the children as she ought, but she had so little time. Another woman gave us a stirring account of her journey to hospital on a hand-cart on the railway line (*i.e.*, a hand-worked trolley). A train came along, and her husband threw her off, and the baby was born shortly afterwards, but they were both all right.

We had a beautiful drive on Sunday evening towards Hazelton. The road ran by the Bulkley River and Canyon, with the serrated peaks of the coast range shining in the setting sun, the snow rose-tinted.

We camped on the outskirts of New Hazelton. A man came up to speak to us, saying: "I think you're Miss Hasell? I come from Long Marton, and I know Canon Harris." He begged us to visit his wife, who was delighted to have a talk with us. She often felt homesick.

Hazelton is an Indian village with wonderful totem poles and an Indian school. Up on the hill behind the settlement there is a little Indian cemetery. Some of the graves had curious pent houses, under which were put the treasures they thought the departed would need in the other world, such as the bows and arrows of dead chiefs. One woman's grave had an old sewing-machine.

There is a hospital here which is of great use to the locality.

A remarkable collection of Indian curios has been made from this neighbourhood—masks, drums, peace-pipes, clothes, head-dresses. Some of these Indians belong to the Church Army.

We called on the Proctors, and were given the names of the white parishioners, whom we visited. There was a Sunday-School, so they asked me to address the parents in Church.

Connecting Old and New Hazelton is a remarkable bridge of a single span between two high rocks. It is now unsafe.

We went west towards Skeena Crossing, where the motor road ends. Then we went east to Smithers. On the way we came across an old man and his wife, from Berkshire, who said they had not had a clergyman to call on them ever since they came, ten years ago. They were

in no one's district. I told him I knew Berkshire, as I had an aunt living there. He was so delighted to meet someone who knew his county.

Behind Smithers was the Duthie Mine. We heard there was a settlement up there with several children. We inquired when the trucks full of ore were coming down, as we did not wish to meet them, for the road was narrow in places, with hairpin bends and very steep. We rose 3,000 feet in sixteen miles. I was glad it was dry, for the road was of sticky clay round some of the bends, and there was no log or stone to prevent you skidding over the edge. It was difficult to find a camping place when we did get up, for the houses are all perched on the mountain-side. We finally camped near the power house. It is kept going by wood and not coal, so there is also a lumber camp here. The mine is a rich one—galena, a mixture of zinc, lead, and silver. There was a lovely view of the mountains, and there were two little lakes up here. There was very good fishing.

No one had taken a service here for a long time. A member of the United Church held a Sunday-School in her house, but a good many Church of England children did not go, so we gave books and pictures to one of their parents to hold a class in her house. We ourselves held a Sunday-School for everybody in the United Church person's house. Her husband looked after their small baby meanwhile.

Visiting on the Saturday had its difficulties, for the houses were mostly very small and sometimes the men were in bed, as they worked in shifts. It was 4,500 feet up the side of the Hudson Bay Mountain, and that day was cold and rainy. The school was up a rocky trail very difficult to walk upon. We held a service there at 9 p.m. on Sunday. It poured with rain, and there was a large tree across the trail. A few people turned up, amongst them a young

engineer, who said that his mother was a very keen member of the Woman's Auxiliary in Ottawa.

I was very glad that it had cleared up on Monday. We waited a little while for the road to dry, and then got down safely.

On the mountain we found a woman and her children who remembered me from 1924, when I visited her beyond Barkerville, when her husband was working in the gold mine.

We began revisiting east of Smithers, going to Driftwood school district. We found a new family who had come from Wales. They had been farming on a small holding, but it did not pay. The boy had played the organ in the Mission Church, and missed the services very much. We put on the gramophone with the Church choirs, and they were delighted. I suggested that the boy should ride into Telkwa and play for the Sunday-School and teach a class. Then we visited Mrs. W., whom we met the year before when they had just arrived from Wales, feeling homesick and having lost everything through the depression in trade. They had got on wonderfully well and were happy. She was quite ready to start a Sunday-School and teach in it.

We went across the river from Telkwa to visit some families we had not had time to visit last year. We had to go up a very bad road to get to them. The children went five miles to day-school at Telkwa, and so could not be expected to go in on Sundays, too. We found a very lonely woman in a two-roomed shack. The paper was peeling off the walls—it is put on to keep the wind out. In one room there were a lot of chickens just out of an incubator, making a great noise, and ducks were running all over the floor. But she would give us tea, and produced her very nicest cups. She said she would be only too glad to have the S.S.P. papers for her children. The

children we had enrolled six months ago liked the papers very much, we found. It was wonderful that so many answered their questions and sent them in, considering the difficulty in many places of getting envelopes and stamps and mailing letters.

It was encouraging to find that the little school we had started at Quick was flourishing. New people had come to the section house. We were interested to find it was Mrs. H., whom we missed before. She was delighted to talk about Kendal and Miss S.'s Bible class, which she had never forgotten. She volunteered to teach in the Quick Sunday-School. This time we took the van up to Mr. and Mrs. W.'s. The garden was very pretty, and the beautiful view could be seen this fine day.

One day we found an ex-officer of the Gordon Highlanders now working as a hired man. He had lost much money in a fruit ranch on the Kootenay Lake.

One evening we arrived late at the end of a school picnic at Houston, and were given sausages cooked over a camp fire and coffee. We camped near Mrs. A., and were glad to find the Sunday-School we started last year was going on well. On the Sunday we took the Sunday-School, and the teachers listened. Then we had a service.

The mining developments round here in the last six months were interesting. A large hotel and a garage had been built here. Everything was exceedingly dry, and they were all wanting rain. They had had frosts at night (June 24), which had cut the potato tops and the beans.

When we left Houston on the Monday it poured with rain, which the farmers were glad of but we were not. The dust was so thick on the roads that rain made them very bad indeed. We had a great struggle to get along. Going into Forest Dale, there were so many holes that the mud and water covered the wind-screen till I could not see and had to keep cleaning it. We camped near the

teacher who had gallantly kept on with her Friday instructions. Unfortunately, she and her mother were leaving, but the children were already on the S.S.P. It was noticeable how much more they knew now than six months ago. We had hoped to get through the revisiting quickly on this tour by getting the people to services, but we found that they were not satisfied unless we visited them all in their homes. They were so pleased to see us and had so much to say that the revisiting took much longer than the first visit.

We walked five miles along a bad road, cut up by hauling ties, to see a mother of some S.S.P. children who had been in hospital for many weeks at Smithers and was still in bed. The elder boy was a splendid fellow; he cooked, baked, and washed.

In another school district we revisited a family who were all on the S.S.P. One of the girls had been allowed by her mother to act as cook in a lumber camp. She was assaulted by a man who had already been put in prison for that offence and had escaped. The other sister had run off with a man.

At Burns Lake we found Mr. Kerr putting the shingles on the Church. The money had come to an end, so he was doing the work himself. Last summer there had been little more than the foundations. Mr. Kerr left for Eastern Canada that autumn, and a layman from England was put in charge.

We went on to François Lake, visiting as we went, and crossed by the ferry. The outpost hospital was still closed. We wrote again to the Minister of Health at Victoria, and found that he had not been able to get a doctor or nurse to come up here.

We were told of all the difficulties of the previous winter. The weather had been more changeable than usual, and the ice on the lake was unsafe to cross for

weeks at a time. One man lost a Ford truck. He and his dog jumped off just in time. A man carried an injured boy across the lake to take him to Burns Lake hospital. The ice was so unsafe that he had to strap a pole across his shoulders. He went in six times, but the pole saved him. Even in the summer-time one child died of diphtheria because the serum could not be got in time. One of our S.S.P. girls had appendicitis with an abscess. By the time they got her to Burns Lake it was too late and she died. At Streatham we heard that the old lady had died of pneumonia. They were all ill together, and could get no doctor or nurse or anything. They showed me the grave in a beautiful spot near the lake, saying that one day they hoped there might be a Church there.

We again went to see Mrs. S., leaving the van two miles away because of the stumps. We got a great welcome. She invited her brother-in-law and his wife to meet us. After supper we had a service. It was refreshing to hear their singing. We put on the gramophone with our new records, which they much enjoyed. Next day there was a Dominion Day picnic by Ootsa Lake. The others were taken in a waggon. Mrs. S. drove with us in the van, which delighted her, as we had thus lots of time to talk about Westmorland and her old friends whom I had seen last winter. It was a cold, showery day. Instead of eating ice-creams and having water sports, as was the usual custom, we sat round bonfires drinking cups of tea. Everyone brings their own food to these picnics and shares it with friends. All our friends of the neighbourhood plied us with dainties and also gave us much to take away. It was a splendid opportunity to see numbers of people from the districts round. It was unusually cold for this time of year (July 1); a few days later there was some snow.

There were several fur farms near Ootsa Lake. One man had a successful silver fox farm on an island.

On our way back to Burns Lake we visited the school district which we had found so neglected the year before, without Sunday-School or service for four years. There were many difficulties in the way of religious education in this district. A number of Russians and Finns lived here, single men, who had got themselves voted into the trusteeship of the school. They gave Bolshevik literature to the older boys, to the distress of many parents. There was great trouble at the school trustee meetings because they wished to put in teachers of their own way of thought. There had been stand-up fights between some of the decent fathers and these men on the way home after a meeting. The parents had found that they would not allow the Sunday-School to be held in the school. We held ours there, however, and twenty young people came, including some of the big boys. The mother of a family newly come from the prairie offered to teach and two others offered to help her. We hope they will be able to manage in a house. Few know what some of these loyal parents go through in trying to train their children in religious principles and patriotism.

In another school district we walked up a mountain, where we found a most amusing Roman Catholic Irish-woman. She had heard me speak at a service in Saskatchewan in 1920, and I had taught her boy and had given him the Hope of the World post-card. She told us how the boy had afterwards criticised a United Church minister for not permitting the Red Indians and white boys to run in the same race. He was quite sure that Christ would have treated them all alike. He remembered that this picture showed our Lord with children of all nationalities around Him.

Another family whom we revisited had a tame moose calf. The mother had been shot out of season, and they had brought it up on a bottle. It followed the children

everywhere, a Canadian version of "Mary's Little Lamb."

While camping here an old-timer came up and was interested to see "Caledonia" on the van. He was born in Eastern Canada, but his mother was Scotch. He was most interested to hear that people in Scotland had this year given the running expenses for "St. Andrew." He said he was glad we were doing Sunday-School work; it was a hot-bed of infidels round here.

We walked up a very boggy trail through the forest to revisit a lonely Irish family. As we drew near we saw the father working in the garden, simply dressed in shorts only and burnt as brown as a berry. We found the mother in a new shack, and heard how the house had been burnt down and all their clothes burnt with it. The kind neighbours had had a bee and helped them to build a log shack, and the clothes problem was partially solved, she told us, by letting the children do without any in warm weather, which saved washing and was very healthy—not to say quite up to date! All the same, we were rather relieved to hear that they were all out berry picking.

II

We gave our report to Mr. Kerr at Burns Lake and then went east towards Endako. We camped near the Sweetnams. We revisited the miner's family from Wales; they were getting on well.

On the Sunday I suggested taking Mr. Sweetnam round in the van, as he wished me to give addresses at the services and teach the children. I had previously seen the whole family jacking up the old Ford and cranking it to induce it to start. When let down off the jack the engine would stop and the operation have to be done all over again. The battery was worn out, but there was no money in the diocese for another car. This had done yeoman service in

the past. Mr. Sweetnam had a very big district, and he often collected his parishioners and took them to Church. I was sorry that one who had worked so hard should not have had a more efficient car.

We started at 9.30, and went twenty-five miles to Fort Fraser. It was nice to see the Church finished and now supplied with a frontal, Communion vessels (given by a friend at Malvern), and cross and vases which I had brought out. The frontal had come from one of the little "war area" chapels in France. They were used for a short time after the war while the relatives were visiting the graves.

We were glad to find that the Sunday-School we started here was being carried on. Then we went fifteen miles to Fraser Lake for a service, drove one mother home, and then went back to Endako for evening service. I gave the address there. By that time we had driven fifty-four miles. It was an exceedingly hot day. A thunderstorm came on before night.

We left Endako and went east again, calling on the woman whose husband had gone off, leaving her with five children. She was very delighted with and cheered by the parcel sent to her and the children by Guides and other friends from Victoria. Each of the children had had a useful Christmas present. The elder boy had started working on the railway line. He was only just old enough to go to work. She was anxious to buy him a watch so that he might always be in time. She counted up her money, and sadly found she had not enough. When she opened the Christmas parcel, there was a watch with his name on it!

We visited round Fort Fraser. We went to see a family on the S.S.P. The father was English, the mother a Russian refugee. We did not see her the year before. She told us that up to now she had heard regularly from her mother and brother in Russia, though their letters were censored; now she had heard nothing for several months,

and was in great anxiety. They could not get away, she knew. This farm was on the site of the old Hudson Bay Fort, and used to belong to the Company.

We looked up the woman whom we found so ill the year before and had persuaded to go into hospital. She was now well and cheerful, a different being. She embraced us, and said she could never thank us enough. The doctor told her that she ought to have had treatment long ago, and that if she had not come when she did they could not have saved her life. She kept saying: "I wish I could do something for you."

We next revisited a family from Durham who in England had been out of work for some time, both father and son. The latter was a miner. They had come out under the Empire Settlement Scheme. The wife told us that she was very bothered with hawks taking her chickens. She had lost fifty. One day she saw a hawk going off with a big chicken. She seized the gun in her anger, but did not know how to fire it. In desperation she banged it on the ground, and it went off, to her son's horror, who arrived at that moment. The hawk dropped the chicken, she added triumphantly, and we were pleased she had not hurt herself. They were all so pleased that we knew Durham and their beloved Cathedral.

The engineer and his wife from Scotland were getting on well. She was so delighted with the letters and Christmas parcel which my friends in Westmorland had sent her. It was astonishing to see how much ploughing had been done. They could both manage the horses well now. They had even started to pay off the Government loan.

We now walked three miles through the bush, and saw the marks of bears on the tree trunks, both old bears and cubs. We visited Mr. and Mrs. S. from St. Albans. I had met his sister the previous winter when speaking there. He had helped to build Fort Fraser Church. He had a

beautiful log-house and a little greenhouse full of plants, and had already made flower beds, although they had only been there three months and had to clear the bush.

We hurried on to Vanderhoof to meet the Bishop, as we knew he had been up in the Peace River for a fortnight, and we were anxious to get the latest news. He had come for Mr. Steer's ordination. We had met the latter in the Peace River district last summer when he was still a theological student.

The service was held in an old bank building. The congregation had had to turn out three times in a year and a half from different buildings, as they had no money to build a Church. People came in from all around, and the place was full. The Bishop gave a very impressive address. We were surprised to see, with the forest fire-warden, the three boys from Sob Lake who had had no Bible teaching. Now they were taken to three sermons in one day! We wondered what they thought of the Bishop's robes, never having been to a service before.

We visited all round the Vanderhoof district, and found nearly all the Sunday-Schools we started going on well. The next Sunday Mr. Steer took the service in Chilco Church and asked me to give the address. We also held a Sunday-School. We then went on to Stuart River for another service and Sunday-School. Mr. Steer told us that the last four miles were very bad owing to the heavy rain. Every time he had gone to take services there his Ford car had stuck and been a great trouble to get out. I put on our chains in readiness. We picked up two people on the way, adding to our weight. There were four or five very bad mud-holes which had been deepened by a farmer's heavy truck, which had evidently stuck several times. Logs had been put in, and this made the roads terribly bumpy. It is always a great anxiety getting to services, for if one sticks it takes so long to get out. It had rained almost

every day that June and July. The crops were good though the roads were bad. The other caravaners wrote from Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta that they had had so much dry weather that the crops were spoiling.

We arrived with no mishap, congratulating ourselves on driving a Ford truck rather than a Ford car.

We wanted to visit a family who were away making hay the year before. First we had to cross the river in a boat, then a girl showed us the way across rough ground and fallen timber; sometimes the only path was along a tree trunk and then down into the huge hole by the roots. We had a warm welcome. We explained the S.S.P., and the mother promised to read the papers to the children and asked for the Bible-class ones for herself. As usual, I asked if the children were baptised. She said: "No, and I have not been baptised. I'm afraid I don't know what you mean." I offered to mark our Lord's words on Baptism in her Bible. She produced a Russellite book, actually thinking it was a Bible. Happily, I had a spare New Testament in my bag. I gathered that her parents had pioneered, and she had never had an opportunity of going to a service or having any religious teaching, but she was most keen to learn.

The Bible Society depot in Vancouver lets us buy Bibles very cheaply. We were given a large number of New Testaments to give away and some Gospels of St. John.

We went on to Finmoore. Mr. Steer's account of the road was not over-coloured. One could see how the cars had been sticking in the mud-holes. This road had no chance of drying, for it ran through dense forest. The trees left you no room to skid on the slimy surface. We got through, however, despite one bad skid on a steep, greasy hill. Mrs. F. gave us a warm welcome. Her daughter was training as a nurse and doing well. Her husband and some other men had gone down the canyon road to clear

away a landslide, but she thought the road would be all right by now.

We went on down the very steep, narrow road, and found a huge bank of soil. We could neither pass nor turn back, but the men soon cleared a passage for us. We crossed the ferry, and found that Mrs. M. had been carrying on the Sunday-School all winter. After supper we returned through the canyon. At the steepest part the soil from the landslip was so loose and sticky that I thought I should never get up it. I backed down and tried the inner side, which had a harder surface, so I got up.

We came back to Vanderhoof, and then went east and down a side road to Sob Lake, leaving the van part way. They were clearing and making the road, but it was still very bad. Mr. and Mrs. W., we found, were ever so much more cheerful—quite different people. Mrs. W. was full of the concert at Vanderhoof to which the fire-warden had taken her to hear the Westminster Glee Singers. She said it was like old times when she went to Westminster Abbey. She had not been out to Vanderhoof for fourteen years.

“I couldn’t have gone to the concert in my old clothes,” she said. “But your kind friend has sent me some beautiful dresses”—producing them. Clothes had also been sent for the boys. The father seemed very impressed with the help they had received, and had more faith in God and man. Whilst I was talking to the parents Iris was showing pictures to the boys. She noticed how much they had learnt this last year. She showed and explained a picture of the Feeding of the Five Thousand. One of them remarked: “Isn’t it great He could do all that!” She asked if they could remember to thank God every day. “Sure!” they answered.

We left the van on the main road and walked a few yards down the rough side trail towards Isle Pierre to see if we could take the van down. I was starting off again when

the starter jammed. I disconnected the battery at once, or we should have had trouble. Then I connected it up, as I had now learnt to do, and drove thirty-six miles into Prince George. The garage man found that the insulator in the starter switch had broken off, doubtless from the severe jolting. It was just about here that this trouble first happened, but I have never had it before or since. Next day we returned to the road leading to Isle Pierre and asked our friend Mrs. A. if we might have a washing day. We had been waiting for weeks for a fine day to wash our clothes. We had twenty pairs of stockings between us. In the afternoon we left the clothes to dry and walked eight miles down to Isle Pierre and across the river, visiting. It was too late to walk back. The old couple at the Post Office gave us a bed. The garden looked more lovely than ever. Next morning we breakfasted at 6 a.m., walked six miles, collected our clothes, and drove thirty-six miles into Prince George.

Mrs. de Pencier was very kind to us. She said we must stay with her when we sent on the van by train, which we now had to do, as there was no motor road from here to Jasper.

III

We reached Prince George on the Friday evening, and then found that the van had to be loaded up before 1 p.m. on the Saturday. I had thought of having a flat car—an open truck—but was advised to order a box truck, as it would be safer. We went down to see about it that night. They had put one of these trucks at the loading platform. We measured the doors, and thought we could get the van in. Next morning our friend the garage man came with a huge jack on wheels. The truck at the loading platform had been changed for another with doors two feet narrower. We tried in vain to get the van on, so we demanded the

former truck, which was held up, it appeared, because the owner had not come to remove his touring car from it. We dislodged the car and put our van in. It cost eighty-five dollars to send it 360 miles. I vowed I would never put another van on the train. I heartily wished that the newly begun road into the Peace River through the Rockies had been finished. It is 175 miles through, whereas we had to go round 1,000.

On Sunday Mr. de Pencier had a Choral Celebration at Prince George after an earlier service at the Boy Scout camp outside the town. In the afternoon it was very restful to sit in their beautiful garden and watch the humming birds hovering over the flowers.

We left on Tuesday for Edson by passenger train. We had sent the van there because it was not certain that the newly made road from Jasper was open for traffic. We arrived at 1.45 a.m., and found an hotel near the station. The freight train did not arrive till the following morning (Thursday). It was a great business getting the van off, so we could not start till late on Thursday morning. We were now in the Edmonton Diocese. We reached Edmonton that evening and camped just outside, having done 137 miles. It was interesting to pass through the places I had visited in the Edmonton van in 1923.

We started off from Edmonton and did 158 miles. The road to Athabasca was good, but the last 60 or 70 miles were very bad—full of mud-holes, about six to a mile, and so large that branches of trees were used to fill them up. We heard of a man who, the previous year, had spent thirty-six hours in going four miles, laying branches of trees over the bog. This was a belt of muskeg, where it was very difficult to lay either roads or railways.

The constant lurching unlatched the back doors, and my bag fell out. When we missed it we had to walk back about a quarter of a mile to find it. A car just in front of us got

a little too near the edge of the road when passing another and stuck in the bog. We and the other car offered help. The man recognised us. We had seen him the summer before in the Peace River.

We tilted first to one side and then the other, and I found it very difficult to steer. One mudguard was so close to the tyre that it scraped when we went into a hole. I feared we had broken a leaf of a spring, but it was too dark to see, and I managed to drive on four miles into a little settlement called Smith. It was very late by this time; we had to drive so slowly along this bad road. We cooked our supper and went to bed.

Next morning I got up early and hunted for water to cook the breakfast. I inquired if there was a garage or a blacksmith, and was told there was no garage for sixty miles. I had discovered by this time that the bolt that goes through the leaves of the front spring had broken in two and the clamp. Most of the leaves were broken and the others slid out.

At last I heard of a machinist on the railway who might possibly do something for me. I found him mending a very ancient Ford car. He could not help, he said, till the train had gone through, about 12 o'clock. (This was the Alberta Waterways Railway, formerly the E.D. and B.C.)

I took the broken bolt to him, and he made me a similar one. He put in some springs of ancient Fords and Chevrolets. It was a difficult job raising the engine sufficiently with my jack, but we managed with the help of blocks of wood. The man was a Frenchman, and we made friends, in the first instance, because I knew Paris. He said there was no other city in the world like it.

About 6 p.m. we started off again, going down a very steep hill to the ferry. There was an equally steep hill up the other side. A thunderstorm broke as we began to ascend. I had taken the chains off, so we had great diffi-

culty in getting up, for the road turned to sticky mud. We pulled off the road into the bush and camped for the night.

That morning we had eleven miles of mud-holes. Then we got on to a newly graded, very sticky, heavy clay road, which we laboured along. The next twenty-five miles were better, because the road was a year old. A deep ditch, four or five feet deep, had been dug on either side and the muskeg thrown out to make the road. This had dried out in the sun and air, and on a dry day was fairly good.

At last we arrived at Slave Lake. We went to make investigations, and found Canon White, who had been in the Athabasca Diocese for a number of years and done a splendid work. He was holding a service that evening (Sunday) in the hotel, to which we gladly went. The room was full. Afterwards he came to look at the van, and told us how the people were pouring in. This is the Alberta part of the Peace River district and in the Athabasca Diocese. He said that when passing through a district last spring he had been amazed to see the number of new shacks built and the amount of land broken since he saw it the previous year. He and the other clergy could not possibly minister to this enormous influx of population.

We described the bad road we had come along, and he said he was afraid that those beyond were still worse. Not long before he had seen two cars so imbedded in the bog that they had to be pulled out by a stump-puller—*i.e.*, a large motor tractor. Under the strain the rear axles came out of both cars.

Everybody said that the next two miles of road were quite impossible for cars. The land lay at a lower level than the lake. The road had been made several times, but was washed out when the lake rose in the spring. Now they were trying to build the road up nine feet, but the

only available material was boggy soil. The old road was sheer bog. People were using the railway line. The freight train was due now, about 2.30 p.m.; but we were encouraged to risk it, as it was so often late. However, I had no desire to stop a train again. We waited and waited, and at last the road engineer gave us permission to go along the "new fill." Only one car had been over it, and we were sorry that we made the attempt; the wheels sank in the loose soil and the engine boiled. One of the teams working on the road gave us a pull. The engineer and his head man took an interest in us and were helpful. They advised us to get on to the railway track. The road engineer was the son of a clergyman. One man came from Folkestone and the other from Salisbury, and he had taught in a Sunday-School in Manitoba.

At 5.30 the freight train went by. Then we laid down a log and got on to the line. One front and one rear wheel had to go in the middle, and the other two on the narrow bit of sleeper outside the metals. These ties were roughly hewn in the forest with an axe, and, moreover, were very much worn with the passage of cars, leaving bolts which had burst some folks' tyres, I heard. The middle was not gravelled up level with the ties, so there was a drop of quite six inches between the sleepers. By the time you had bumped along for a little distance you felt as if all the bones were shaken out of your body, and everything in the van fell down with a crash. This continued for two miles. We heard that two very ancient cars bumped so badly that their engines fell out.

We camped at 9.30. A very lonely woman came and talked to us. She was so glad that the road was coming through. It had been so solitary before. She liked to talk to everyone who came along. She talked so long that we did not get to bed till 12.

We started early next morning. The first part of the

road was not bad. Then it became very bad. I heard of one car which stuck eight times along here. We had to keep examining the ruts to see which to take. We came to a log laid across the old trail, which made me think that the new bit of road was useable, but a little way on I sank up to my axles. I began to dig out the wheels with my shovel, when a man came along with a team and offered to pull us out, saying that he had just blocked the old trail, as he wanted cars to roll down the new road, but evidently it was not fit yet. Further on, the road improved, and there were many men and teams with horse shovels working on it. We went to the help of a brand new car which had stuck. The man put a log under the hub, and we all sat on the end of it while others shoved logs under the wheel as we raised the car. The other cars stuck much more than we did; we had a very high clearance and lots of power. After this the road improved greatly. We had had quite enough of it by now—125 miles of bog. Horses fared no better than our cars. We met a covered waggon from Southern Alberta; they had been months on the road. The poor woman looked worn to a thread. She said the horses were in splendid condition when they started; now they were nothing but skin and bone. They took the old trail by the Slave Lake, and the mud and water was up to the pole. We all agreed that we never wished to traverse that road again—at any rate, not till it had improved.

Canon and Mrs. White lived at High River, which we now reached. They had a pretty Church and rectory. We had hardly left the town, and were rejoicing over the improved road, when we met yet another obstacle—a large wooden house blocking the whole of it. It was mounted on skids and drawn by a great engine. We had to go up a steep bank to get round it.

Just as the sun was setting we came to the top of a very steep, winding hill down to Peace River Crossing. It was

a glorious view, with the golden glow reflected in the winding river. We found the camp ground, near the river, cooked our supper, and went to bed.

Next morning I took the van to an excellent Ford garage, where I was able to obtain new leaves for the springs. I also had the valves ground. I wished the engine to be in good order for next year, and I knew that when I got right in to the Peace River Block it would be very difficult to get really good mechanics unless I went to Grand Prairie, which is ninety miles from where we start our work.

We called on the Bishop of Athabasca and Mrs. Robins, and much admired their beautiful garden, which overlooks the river. The Bishop told us of the number of settlers who were pouring into his diocese. This was well illustrated by the number we had seen as we came along, travelling in old Fords and covered waggon.

Outside the garage there was a dump of ancient Fords; apparently people had driven in and then discarded them.

The Bishop had only twelve clergy, and greatly needed more, with money for their support. He asked if we could visit some of the settlements in his diocese on our way to Caledonia. We wished we could, but there was so much work before us in the Peace River Block that we dared not stop on the way. Bishop Robins then asked me if I would start a van for him in 1930, and invited Iris to accompany me. I agreed to raise the money and come. The Bishop told us to look out for Professor Naylor and Mr. Willis, from Montreal, who were working in his diocese during the summer months. We were anxious to meet them.

As we left the town we crossed the Peace River by a bridge shared by trains as well as cars, so we had to make careful inquiries. On the opposite bank a jet of fire burst from the ground and burned unceasingly. It was natural gas. We went up a steepish hill and camped at Fairview,

a little new town on the railway. The Church and rectory had been moved from Waterhole, a few miles away, now derelict, as the population followed the railway. Fairview now had garages and hotels and stores, all built within a short time. I called on Mr. Brant, the clergyman whom I had met in Eastern Canada, but he was away with Professor Naylor.

Next morning I went in search of water for breakfast. All I could see was a man filling his water-cart from a muddy pond. This was the only water available, but, as I discovered to my cost, it was, in the town's phrase, "both meat and drink." I was told afterwards that the people had their drinking-water carted from some distance. A scheme was on foot for sending round a gasoline well-digger.

After breakfast we found Mr. Brant at home, and with him Professor Naylor and Mr. Willis. They showed us the new Ford car which Montreal had provided (as well as their expenses). We were glad there had been this practical result of our efforts to explain the needs of the Peace River. They were taking services in these new settlements, baptising the children and having Celebrations. They looked with interest at our van. The Professor said he had visited the Cariboo Diocese in his summer vacation the year before, and had often been told: "It is nice of you to come, but I hope it doesn't mean that the van girls are not coming again."

IV

We went down a very long winding hill and over the ferry at Dunvegan, and then through Sexsmith. The fame of this town had gone before it. At the end of the 125 miles of mud-holes we saw by the roadside the following, in white letters on a black ground:

CHEER UP, OLD STOMACH, THE WAR IS OVER.

24 MILES TO

WEIKER HOTEL—SEXSMITH.

FULLY MODERN.

BEST ACCOMMODATION NORTH OF EDMONTON.

That evening we reached Grand Prairie. A man, seeing the van, came up to tell us he also was organising religious instruction. Children who learnt so many hundred verses were rewarded by going to a summer camp; a smaller quantity entitled you to a baseball outfit, and so forth. He was strictly interdenominational.

This was no longer the "end of the steel" (railway terminus). Since we were here last year the line had been laid forty miles farther on. At the present terminus there was a quite new town (not here a year ago) with a brick hotel, stores, and four elevators. We heard that, although there was nothing to be seen in July, 1928, by December the town of Hythe was erected.

Pouce Coupè is now fifty miles from the railway instead of ninety. A few miles farther on we crossed into British Columbia, and were delighted to feel we were again in the Diocese of Caledonia and could continue our work. By the time we got to Pouce Coupè we had travelled 1,088 miles since we finished work in the other half of the diocese near Prince George—728 by road and 360 by train.

I was glad that I had got the van into the Peace River Block at last, where it was to remain. I realised that the other half of the diocese from Prince George to Hazelton must have another van and workers.

The first thing to do was to get a garage built, so that there would be somewhere to store the van when we had finished. I had left money for building operations to begin, but nothing had yet been done. It was now too busy a time for free labour to be easily available. I found a

carpenter and asked him to put up the garage, and Mr. H. and a few other friends helped to put on the roof one evening. We hauled some of the planks in the van. It was built large enough for us to use it as a store-room also.

We went to see Mr. Linfoot, the student from the Theological College at Vancouver. I was interested to find that he had come from Newcastle, and was one of the five young men whom Mr. Turner, from the Kootenay, had influenced to come out to Canada when he went to live at Newcastle. He had a big task before him. There were now quite 6,000 people in the Peace River Block; 3,000 had come in in a year and a half, and they were still coming in and camping by the creek daily. In August, 1930, there were 6,000 people north of the river, and the railway is to reach Pouce Coupè and Dawson Creek by the end of the year.

This year there was one United Church minister and three students. There seemed to be more strange preachers than ever and more peculiar literature. One man said he had been ordained by correspondence! Amongst all this it was a relief to come across Mr. Scott, from Montreal, with an undergraduate, Mr. Sprenger, from McGill. At his request we had sent him, in May, the names of all the unbaptised children and of the different families. He was leaving the district just after we started work.

We arranged to take a Sunday-School and service at Dawson Creek on the Sunday. At the evening service a professor of geology and other members of the survey party were present. The professor came up to me after the service and said he was quite sure our work was very much needed. Whilst surveying he had come across some very isolated and lonely families, and wondered how the women and children got along. A party of 125 men were surveying the Peace River Block for the Government and the C.P.R. and C.N.R. railways. Some were making maps, others were taking photographs from hydroplanes, others

were analysing soils. There were rumours of wonderful developments. Everybody was quite sure that the railway would come through their little settlement. At any rate, it now seemed certain that the mineral belt north of Hudson's Hope, between Finlay Forks and Stuart on the Pacific Coast, would be developed, and another fifty miles of railway laid on from Hythe to tap the agricultural district.

While working round Pouce Coupé we ran across Mr. Scott, who had just come down from Fort St. John. We were glad to hear him tell of his work. He had baptised many children. One woman came to a Celebration who had not been able to go for eighteen years. He was full of the strange preachers who had been through. He said: "May I give you one piece of advice? Don't collect cows!" We were quite ready to follow this advice. I was quite sure they would not wish to run behind in the dust, and we certainly did not want them inside!

One preacher had gone round asking for a cow from new settlers living in tents, with no land ploughed, as he was thinking of starting a homestead to support himself; others were asked to plough his land for him. In a place where everyone was desperately poor and a service had not been held for years, his text was "God loveth a cheerful giver." Mr. Scott noticed that this kind of thing made preachers as a class regarded with ridicule. We ourselves found how highly Mr. Scott was appreciated. "If only we had a minister like him!" they told us. "Could he not stay with us?" We explained that he had a large parish in Montreal, and had spent his summer vacation thus. The undergraduate with him, though reading for the law, not the Church, had also given up his summer holiday to this work. He helped with the chores and the car and boys' sports. Mr. Scott said: "I'm glad you've been able to come up again into the Peace River. Everybody keeps saying: 'I hope those girls from England are

coming to visit us again.'” He eyed the van with envy, and wished they had one, too. When the ground was too wet for the tent, even with a waterproof sheet, or when they were too tired to put it up, they found it difficult to sleep in the car with all their equipment—portable altar, books, lantern, camp kit. Also so much weight in a touring car is very bad for the springs on bad roads. Further, the van speaks for itself, and attracts attention to its mission. On his last Sunday Mr. Scott went out to Sunset Prairie for a Celebration. We were so thankful. Mr. Linfoot and we asked Mr. Scott if we might have one on the Monday before he left. The only clean, quiet place was our newly built garage.

We were told that when the United Church minister heard of the portable altar, he asked the carpenter to make him a portable pulpit!

On Sunday we went with Mr. Linfoot to the one little Church of the neighbourhood. I had given it a cross from a war Chapel in France. I brought vases, too, for it looked so bare.

One night in camp at Pouce Coupè a waggon load of shouting half-breeds galloped up at 11.30 p.m., after we had been in bed an hour. They hitched the horses to a tree and lit a camp fire quite close to the van. They were already very drunk, but they now took three bottles of neat whisky. It was a bright moonlit night. They shouted and swore and sang, unfortunately mostly in English. The van was not standing level, so the back doors would not lock. I did not like to go to sleep. In case of an emergency I remembered that the axe was under the bed. But we were not molested. About 2.30 they fell into a drunken sleep. We got up at 6, packed swiftly, and drove into Pouce Coupè, and cooked our breakfast near the hospital.

We thought it best to visit the most northerly point first, so we started off for Fort St. John, visiting as we went.

We called on friends in Rolla and then on Mrs. K. from Liverpool. She seemed much happier, and was very pleased with the useful Christmas presents which some of our friends had sent her. Quite an amount of land had been cleared, and many new settlers had taken up land near. We were sorry to hear that some Central Europeans had also come in. We crossed the river to visit Mrs. N. The road down had been widened and much improved. Mrs. N. was living in a good log shack. We camped there for the night. She thought we were much better off this year than when we tramped through mosquitoes and mud. She gave us breakfast next morning. Then we went up the steep hill beyond the river and on the twenty miles to the Peace River, which had seemed so long on foot the year before. The road was much improved, except the long winding bit down to the river, but a new road here was under construction. Down by the ferry were many new shacks. On the opposite side the road was better too, and the ascent more gradual. At Taylor's Flats we visited Mrs. M., who gave us the news. One of the travelling preachers, she said, made her tired to look at him. He gave out that he was specially trained for children's work, and on the strength of this had tried to upset what we had done the year before. But his methods were not likely to be popular, for his Sunday-School began at 11 a.m. and ended at 4 p.m., as the parents told us. We were distressed to think that the keen edge of the children's awakened interest in the Bible should be thus blunted by this person, however well meaning.

We found two new families, one recently out from England; the other had been ten years in Manitoba. They both seemed rather homesick, and glad to talk to somebody from England. These mothers were quite ready to teach in the Sunday-School at Taylor's Flats if we gave them books and pictures.

Next we hunted up the woman who last year was living alone with her pig. A log shack had replaced the tent, but neither she nor the pig were at home. Everyone had got on a stage farther. Those who had tents last year now had log shacks. A good deal of land had been cleared and ploughed.

We went on to Miss Birley's. Her garden was beautiful, and so were the crops, now nearly ripe. Directly one got into the Peace River one noticed the splendid crops. The rest of the prairie suffered badly from drought in June this year. Some of these crops threshed out fifty bushels to the acre for oats and forty for wheat.

We told Miss Birley that in Toronto we had seen the secretary of the Red Cross outpost hospitals, who promised a grant for a hospital at Fort St. John; but the Minister of Health at Victoria was still unable to find a doctor and nurses to come up here. There were quite 1,000 people north of the river cut off for part of the winter from medical attention. Miss Birley told us of several bad accidents last winter. A man nearly blew his foot off with a gun. She had to take him sixty miles to Pouce Coupé hospital in very cold weather, with slippery hills. It was difficult to stop the hæmorrhage, and the long drive in the intense cold told on the man in his weak state. His foot was amputated, but he died the next day. This made Miss Birley and others more anxious than ever for a hospital. She had obtained promises of money and free labour, and the Minister of Health had agreed to accept a nurse if I could find one in England and get her expenses paid. A few months later Nurse Roberts, from Lancashire, consented to come. She holds medical, surgical, and C.M.B. certificates. A friend of Lady Willingdon's paid the fifty pounds for her expenses out. Another nurse and a doctor are still needed.

The Bishop of Caledonia had been up here this summer,

baptising and holding Celebrations and visiting the people.

I had asked Monica Storrs, with the Bishop's consent, to come to Fort St. John and stay through the winter to help with the Sunday-School by training the teachers, to visit the S.S.P. children and start Guides, Brownies, Scouts, and Cubs. Miss Birley said she could stay with her through the winter. She would go in the van in the summer.

We had just received a letter from Mrs. McCoskrie saying that we had sent in so many names that she could only correspond with the children west of the Rockies. Could we not find a secretary for the Peace River Block? Mrs. McDonald agreed to take it on. This was particularly good of her, as her husband had only started up a year ago, and they had just finished building their house, and she had several children. She came from Winnipeg, and had been a day-school teacher before she married.

Harvest was in full swing. I found Miss Birley stooking grain. We took a day off to help her. I felt quite at home, as I had done land work in the war.

Miss Birley went with us to visit our kind friends above Taylor's Flats who had sheltered us on the night of the storm. We never ceased to be grateful for their hospitality that night. One of the boys, we found on our second visit, had nearly taken the end of his finger off in the churn. Miss Birley dressed it for him.

V

We started up the pack trail for Hudson's Hope, taking many more books and pictures this year, having in mind the lonely families. The knapsack was very heavy to begin with. This year we had supplied ourselves with a Scout water-bottle and meat lozenges, which were advertised as being very useful for "members of Parliament and hunters," also malted milk tablets, whose label declared



A DAY'S STOKING IN THE PEACE RIVER.

Facing p. 292.



A HOMESTEAD ON THE PACK TRAIL.

that "for a really good meal twenty-five should be sucked." These things are certainly sustaining but scarcely appetising. The weather was not so hot now, and the absence of mosquitoes was a blessed relief.

Mrs. H. gave us a warm welcome, and wished we could stay a week instead of a night. Her husband and girl were away working. The deaf boy was no better. She had hoped to take him to a specialist in Edmonton (about 700 miles away) if she sold her turkeys well. But, alas! half the flock were killed by a trapper's dog, and later on coyotes killed the rest. The older the boy grew the harder it would be to teach him if the doctors could do nothing for his deafness. There is a good deaf and dumb school at Vancouver.

The F.s were building a new house. At Cash Creek we heard that the fifteen-year-old bride was living on Mountaney Prairie; we promised to look her up. Her husband had taken up land there and built a little shack. The boy, of fourteen or so, had just shot a black bear, and felt very proud. Young Mrs. G. was teaching here. We had met her with her people at Hudson's Hope the year before. They wished to have the little girl baptised, but when Mr. Scott came up here she was with her husband up at the mine over the river. To signal for a boat you let off a fuse. Mr. Scott was unable to find one, and so could not get across.

We again slept at the R.s, who gave us a warm welcome. The walk to Half-Way River was still very hard, but we took the shortest cut this time, and, supported by the meat lozenges, we did better. On the way a large bear came out of the bush on the trail in front of us. He stared and we produced a camera, but he was gone before we could photograph him.

There was a large party at the T.s. The dentist was paying his yearly visit, using the school as his surgery, so

the children had a holiday. The teacher was boarding there, and that night the mailman came up the river with the letters and slept there. The W.s had left, but another family had arrived from England to work for the T.s, and were living in the house, now completed, which was being built last year. Mr. and Mrs. T. asked if we could do anything to help these people. They were very poor, having been out of work for two years. The man was a miner. The family had also been in quarantine for measles on their journey, which used up all their money, and they arrived nearly starving. There were five children, aged from two to sixteen. They had only cotton clothes; nothing suitable for the winter. They did not know they were coming so far north and so far from railways and towns. I knew they could not have come out under the Empire Settlement Scheme, under which new settlers must not go more than six miles from the railway. I ordered some clothes from Timothy Eaton's for them, for winter would soon be upon them, and clearly they could not earn much before then. I connected them up with friends.

That evening we had quite a large Sunday-School, and the children seemed pleased to have it, which was surprising considering what they had lately suffered. The teacher said that the travelling preacher had been that way, and kept the children from 8.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. One by one they fell asleep, and she carried them to bed. Mr. T. thanked us very much for the books and pictures we had sent them for their Sunday-School and also for the S.S.P. papers. We had also put these children in touch with others. We were the first Church-people to look them up, and they seemed to think our work of great value.

Mrs. T. was as wonderful as ever with her hospitality and sleeping contrivances. She was always calm and good-

tempered. The dentist slept in the sitting-room, the mailman in the kitchen; we shared a room with some of the children, curtained off with a sheet.

The ferry was not working and the boat had a hole in it, so Mr. T. lent us horses to cross the Half-Way River. One of the boys went first, as he knew the most shallow part, then we followed in turns on the other horse. The water was nearly up to the girth. We went on to the A.s, and got the same warm welcome. They were so thankful that Mr. Scott had come to baptise the children. Mr. A. wrote off to his father, Canon A., in Ireland to tell him at once. We showed the children Bible pictures. Mrs. A. said: "They like your lessons, but that travelling preacher tired them out. He preached so long after supper. Next time he heard the dog bark, one of the boys said: 'Mother, may I go to bed? Is that the preacher coming back?'"

We had a long trip the next day (Saturday), as we wanted to get to the Hope for Sunday services. It was quite the best time of year to go along the pack trail. The coloured foliage was beautiful—bright red and yellow—against the dark pines, and all the way one could see the blue river with the pointed snow-capped Rockies in the distance.

We heard of a new family to call upon. The mother and children had been in Saskatchewan for some time. They came from Ireland. The father was trying to sell his farm there and come out, too. We found the family in a state of great turmoil. The twelve-year-old boy had gone to look for strayed horses in the thick forest the day before, and got lost. When it grew dark he tied his horse to a tree and slept on its back, and in the morning found his way home. A search party had been sent out. The mother was in a very wrought-up state after so great an anxiety. She was glad to see us, for two of the children

had been on Miss West's S.S.P., and she was most anxious to connect them up again. She also wanted her elder boys prepared for Confirmation. It was too far to get into Hudson's Hope, so we spent the night with the kind M.s, and held a service in the Irishwoman's shack next morning. I knew she wanted a thanksgiving service. She was cooking the Sunday dinner, and so had to look in the oven from time to time.

Mrs. M. would have liked us to have stayed much longer, but we had to hurry on for evening service at Hudson's Hope. (We had telegraphed for a notice to be put up.) Iris had seen Mrs. M.'s relatives in Yorkshire, and this personal news gives immense pleasure.

That evening we had a number at the service. Even some of the survey party trooped in. When you have prepared an address for parents and children it is disconcerting to be faced with young University men and Government officials. On the other hand, it was just as well that men in touch with affairs should learn something of the religious needs of the interior in comparison with the opportunities available in Canadian cities.

Mrs. G., as before, entertained us right royally, and told us of the dinosaur's bones which had been found in the canyon.

This year the B.s, who knew my uncle, were both in Hudson's Hope. Mr. Scott had baptised the baby. The other family of B.s were difficult to reach. We had put their names on the S.S.P., but had not visited them. The father, we heard, was in Edmonton hospital, and had not been able to do any work for a year. Mrs. G., who knew all the surveyors, asked the head of the party if we might go up with them to their camp on Monday, twenty miles up the river and near the B.s' farm. First we had to walk fourteen miles across the portage. They lent Iris a horse, but I preferred to walk. The road went up steeply behind

Hudson's Hope and then sharply down to the river. At a hut by the river we were given lunch, and were thankful for it, as we were hot and thirsty. We were introduced to the head boatman, "Shorty," a giant of over six feet and broad in proportion.

It was a beautiful trip up the river in a motor-boat. We were thankful to be spared the twenty miles of rough trail. At intervals along the river there were white flags as guide marks to the hydroplanes and other surveyors. Much of this country has never been surveyed before. Finlay Forks and the mineral belt lay to the north. There was a rich seam of anthracite in the canyon. We could see something of the canyon's beauty. No boat could live in its seething waters.

The B.s' farm was in a fertile cup in the mountains. The eldest girl of fourteen was ploughing when we arrived. The mother and the five children had got in the hay and harvest and ploughed all the land. They were very pleased to see us, and entertained us for the night. Mr. Scott had ridden over from Hudson's Hope to visit them, as none of the family had been baptised. But Mrs. B. was not at home; she had gone down to Hudson's Hope that very day to get news of her husband, and he did not like to baptise the children without the parents' consent. They had been on the S.S.P. for a year. They went to school at Hudson's Hope in the winter. The mother was of German descent. They struck me as a very remarkable family. All the children had their special chores, which they did most efficiently.

The next day, happily for us, the survey party were going down the river, and took us with them. Before we set off across the portage "Shorty" made us have lunch in the bunk-house. He apologised for the lack of plates, but Iris and I were quite happy sharing one between us. We began with sardines and went on to bread and jam, washed

down with large mugs of coffee. "Shorty's" dog was with him, a big animal which, he proudly told us, could carry forty pounds. He looked as if he had wolf ancestors—a great head and jaw. He accompanies his master on the trap lines in winter.

There was a young surveyor in the party who knew Victoria Cathedral and had attended a Bible class there. He was interested in our work.

It was almost dark when we reached Hudson's Hope. We had gone sixty-eight miles and taken two days to visit one family.

We looked up the old trapper who had come from York. He had built a new shack at the foot of the canyon. He couldn't stand all these new people coming in. The yellow puss, he told us, approved of its new home.

One evening Mrs. P. asked us to supper. She told us tales of her pioneer days beyond Hudson's Hope. Once she missed one of her young children, and thought it had gone to meet its father, and was terrified lest it had fallen into the river. She locked the other children into the house and went in search. Late in the evening, when she was giving up in despair, she heard a faint cry from a pile of brushwood in the forest. The child had fallen into the centre of it, and could not extricate itself. It was terribly bitten by mosquitoes and in the last stage of exhaustion. A little longer and it must have died.

There was no boat down the river till Saturday, when the mailman went, so we went back to Mrs. M. Her sons had been managing the pack-horses for the survey party. It was most interesting to hear their stories. On the Saturday we went down to Fort St. John with the mailman. It was dusk when we got to the landing-place, and we had nowhere to sleep till we reached the van, twelve miles off, in Miss Birley's garden. The banks of the river form a mile-long climb, sheer up. We reached Miss

Birley's at 10 p.m. The next day, Sunday, we had a lantern service at Fort St. John.

We wanted to visit on the Mountenay Prairie behind Fort St. John, but there were bush fires there. We went in that direction to look for Mrs. D., whom we had first met camping in a tent at Pouce Coupè. The bush was burning on either side of the road, and the sod of the prairie trail was smouldering. We found the family in a very nice house. We were given supper, and camped there for the night. There were other families round about. One woman had served at Selfridges. We went on to Charley Lake. That summer Bishop Rix had baptised many of the children. Some of the poorer families had received clothes from sympathisers in Prince Rupert. That evening we had a lantern service. The children knew little, and hardly a voice joined in the hymns. When the service was over a family arrived. Their clocks were an hour out. We wanted to show this family our new Copping slides, because they had been given by a member of the Woman's Auxiliary in Eastern Canada who lived in the town from which they came. Iris put all the slides through again and explained them.

We heard that the fires had lessened, so we went up the Mountenay Prairie. It is a tableland of rich soil stretching for ninety miles. There was very little bush to clear here. It was hoped that a branch railway would be laid from Fairview out in this direction. Last year there were only four or five men "baching" it; this year there were about 500 people and more coming in. One school was to be opened this autumn and two more in the spring. The people were all living in tents or one-roomed shacks, and were extremely difficult to find, as no one quite knew who had the land next them.

The road up was an old northward trail. There were some terribly sharp pitches; the van felt as if it were on

end. At intervals rivers and creeks crossed the trail and were difficult to negotiate. A graded road had been begun in Fort St. John which was to connect with the Moutenay Prairie and Hudson's Hope. One of the first people we found was the young bride. She was very lonely, for her husband was working on the road, and could not get back at night. We crossed the Moutenay River, sheer down a steep bank, over a little log-bridge and up a steep bank beyond. The sod was worn off these steep hills, which made them mud slides in the rain. The first district we visited was called the "Hold Up." A trapper was held up here by his partner when coming down from Fort St. John with furs, but managed to get down a quicker way, and set the police to catch the thief. The name was to be changed to Crystal Springs, we heard; there were several up here.

We found an elderly woman in a tent. Her family, now nearly grown up, had been on the S.S.P. since 1908, the year it was started in Saskatchewan. They had come from that Province. Although the woman only appeared to possess a cooking-stove and a bed, she insisted on giving us twenty-five cents, saying she had been unable to pay for the papers lately. She was glad to hear that this diocese now had the S.S.P. Her husband was building a log shack, but it was evident that she was having a hard struggle, and we hated to take the money. The next family also came from Saskatchewan and had been on the S.S.P. The father had been the superintendent of a Sunday-School. They were just going to open a day-school up here. We asked him to start a Sunday-School. His wife promised to help, too, and one or two others also.

We were filled with admiration for these heroic pioneering women, many of whom were no longer young. Some showed us photographs of good farm-houses they had left



THE YOUNG FARMERS : THE B.'S BEYOND HUDSON'S HOPE.

Facing p. 300.



MR. M. COLLECTING THE CHILDREN FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL AT SUNSET PRAIRIE, 1920.

in Saskatchewan. The reason for coming was that the sons of eighteen and upwards could each take 160 acres. One woman said how much she missed looking out over fields of golden grain; here it was untilled land.

Their descriptions of trekking in were harassing. They had great difficulty in getting their covered waggons down these hills, especially as the horses, coming from the prairie, were not used to holding back. One woman told us that her husband got out to put on the skid, and she was driving round a curve when the waggon tipped up and the whole thing went over. She would have been crushed under some machinery had it not got caught and held up so that she was able to crawl out. They all agreed that they were never going out till the railway came in.

The days were getting very short. One evening we saw a little shack with no proper road to it. We left the van and walked to it, crossing a stream and a bog. It was a one-roomed log shack with an earth floor. These people had trekked from south of Edmonton. They were Church of England, and glad to have the S.S.P. papers and to hear of a Sunday-School being started. When we left it was pouring with rain and dark; it was most difficult to find the van. When we woke next morning a blizzard of snow was blowing straight from the north. It was extremely cold. Snow was coming into the van. There was not any water to cook breakfast with. We had used the last drop the night before, and did not know where to look for some. In the blinding snowstorm it was almost impossible to put on the chains. I drove on as best I could for three-quarters of a mile, and then saw the C.'s shack. We had made friends with them the year before when they lived near Pouce Coupè, and all the children were on the S.S.P. Although they were living in a one-roomed shack (till they got their house built), they insisted on our staying with them all day and giving us meals. There were about a

dozen people all told in this small space, yet everyone was pleasant and happy, even the smallest children. The five-year-old Molly was greatly taken with the Bible picture-books, and wanted them read to her. We helped the elder ones with their S.S.P. papers. They told us with great delight of the Christmas parcel sent by the Guides at Victoria, with whom we had connected them last year. Everyone had received presents, even the parents. The nearest store and Post Office were at Fort St. John, twenty miles away. Even in these out-of-the-way places parents are dreadfully upset if they cannot buy Christmas presents for their children. These delightful gifts from splendid town shops were specially acceptable.

I was very interested in a Russian family who had settled up here. They had come from Sifton, Manitoba, in the Diocese of Brandon. I went through it in the van in 1925. The father and son could talk English; the mother could not speak a word, although she was born in Manitoba. Her husband said she had always lived amongst her own people, and therefore felt very lonely here. This bore out what I had already noticed—that these Central Europeans, when living together in settlements, do not get Canadianised, but keep all their old manners and customs, and are generally a century or two behind the Canadians in civilisation.

Getting to Whisky Creek after the storm was very difficult. It was a sideling trail, and on the steep pitches the front wheels swung round, and it was impossible to get up them till we had laid brush in front of the wheels. There had been some bad fires all round here, but now the snow had put them out. Coming in we were nearly suffocated with smoke at one point; it was so dense that I nearly lost the trail. The fire had burnt off the grass, and hence had obliterated wheel tracks leading to homesteads. The "fireguards," too, had obliterated the trails. This district

was called after the Whisky Jack, a bird which frequented the creek in large numbers.

We visited a family locally known as the Family with the Trotting Hog. This interesting animal had trotted 150 miles under the waggon. The woman said they had at first put it in a crate, but it did nothing but turn "somer-sets." The children told us that they slept in a tent by the way, and one night the pig came in and laid beside them. She was most hospitable, and gave us a meal. Her husband had to build a stable before winter, and so she had no floor. It was now very hot in the day, though cold at night. The Indian summer had begun.

Another day we visited on foot because the ground was too full of stumps to drive. One family sent us on to another till it got very late. We stumbled home in the darkness, knocking our toes on the stumps till they were sore. We managed to keep on the trail till we came to some ploughing. That threw us out altogether, and we thought we were lost for the night. We remembered, however, that we had left the van by a shack to northward, so we now steered by the North Star. We had walked sixteen miles, and did not wish to go supperless to bed. The farm near where we camped was very short of water, but they spared us enough for our supper.

While visiting in Indian Creek we came across a family whom we found last year living near Fort St. John. They had been Holy Rollers, but gladly joined the S.S.P. They were now in a one-roomed shack and had made a small garden. They liked the S.S.P. papers. We went on to visit another shack. When we returned to the van we found on the seat potatoes, carrots, and a lettuce, all washed ready for cooking—and they had already given us a meal. Such generosity was quite embarrassing. They had only started their garden this summer, and had not nearly enough vegetables to see them through the winter. I have

always noticed that the people out here like to give when they can, and wish to support those who work for the Church. It was evident that if the Church helped them now, in times of prosperity they would do their part; but unless the young were trained they certainly would not wish to help in the future.

We climbed a steep hill next day, and at the top found the three stages of a settler's home in being—the tent they had used at first, the little shack in which they were now living, and a much larger house in process of construction. They had come from Revelstoke. The man had worked on the C.P.R. The child had a shade over her eye; she had poked the scissors in it two months ago, and had not been able to see since. The mother would have liked to take her to a specialist, but could not afford to do so. I made some suggestions about bathing the eye. Eventually the mother got her out, but she has lost the sight of both eyes.

When we got back to Fort St. John we heard that the storm had been worse south of the river. In places the snow had fallen to a depth of two feet. It had also broken telegraph wires. We were very glad we had been on the north side of the river, where the snow did not lie.

At East Fort St. John the Sunday-School was going on splendidly. We asked Mr. P. if we could have an acre of land on the town site for a Church. He replied that he could not give land on the town site, but would sell an acre for fifty dollars (£10), and when the Church was built he would give twenty-five towards the cost of building. I sent word to the Bishop, who heartily approved. The boys of the Missionary Guild at Vernon raised the money. The great point seems to me to be to buy land in a good position before the railway comes and sends up the price. All that was needed now was £300 to build the Church.

We had a lantern service at Taylor's Flats, and although

it was a weekday evening and threshing was in full swing, many women and young people came. There was a new boy present. He had been with his father trapping in the north, but now had come down to go to school. He had never before had any opportunity for religious instruction.

We wanted to get on to Rolla (thirty-seven miles), but heard that the road was very bad. Teams had to haul cars up the hill. The new road was open, but was all loose earth, which made very bad going with melting snow. We laboured up the five miles. The ruts were two feet deep in places, cut down by heavy trucks. Although the hill was very steep, I had to reverse sometimes to clear the clogged wheels. Iris put a log under the back wheels, and I made another start. A great truck heavily loaded met us on a very bad bend. The man refused to get out of the rut, as he feared he would stick. So I had to take the outside edge, and was thankful that I did not stick. I had come up on low gear, and now the engine was very heated. I was glad to reach the top. All the way through the forest the drifted snow was melting on to the road. The steep hill down to Mrs. N.'s was also very bad. She gave us a cup of tea and wished us to stay the night, but I wanted to get to the end of the road. Her husband and son had spent their time of late in pulling out cars. The boy had just come back from pulling out the truck we met, which had stuck on the steep hill on the opposite side of the river which we had now to go up. He promised to come and help us if we had any trouble, but we reached the top without any mishap. Several times along the road I had to stop and wash the wind-screen, as the mud and water dashed up over it and I could not see to drive.

We camped at Rolla, and found the Church of England people were very anxious to start a Sunday-School of their own. One old-timer interested us with her descriptions of coming in with her husband in early days over the Edson

trail, 450 miles. It did not suit her to ride, so she walked all the way, wading through rivers and wringing out her skirts. She said: "The newcomers have not nearly as many difficulties as we had."

We were told of a new settlement at Shearerdale which was not there the year before. There is now a school and quite a large number of people. A Sunday-School has just been started. A young man who had been a choir boy at Shrewsbury walked six miles to teach in it; but he had not books or pictures, and wanted help. Relatives of Archdeacon Knowles, of Regina, had just settled here. The daughter promised to take the infant class. It seemed a great pity that no minister of any Church held services.

A Polish woman in a newly built shack gave us a meal and kindly bade us: "Make yourselves as if you were at home. Fill yourselves up."

We knew that Sunset Prairie would like to see the van, and we had the Church furnishings to take up. They were making a new road there, but it was not yet finished. The road engineer had gone up the day before, and had stuck for three hours in a mud-hole and had to walk three miles to get help.

We stopped at Arras on the way. One could only go part way on the new road, and then had to career up a ditch on to the old trail. We found a new school district, called Progress, where there were many Church of England people, who were most anxious to have a Sunday-School started. The mailman's two younger boys were now attending Progress school, and would go to the Sunday-School when it started.

At Stewart Flats was another school district, we were told; but the road was bad, and snow had bent the bushes across the road. We did not wish to scratch the van to pieces, so we walked, twenty-two miles there and back. There were a number of queer persuasions down there—

Holy Rollers, Nazarenes, and so forth. The children were too young to join the S.S.P. One lonely, nervous woman was very glad to be visited.

At last we reached Sunset Prairie. When the road comes through the mountains it may come within two miles of Sunset Prairie, it is thought. We arrived just in time for the meeting to discuss the building of the Church. An anonymous donor in the Carlisle Diocese had given £100 for that purpose. The site had been given by Mr. S., and with free labour a log Church could now be put up. We had brought them a cross, vases, Communion vessels, and altar linen. We were glad to get rid of the packing-cases, for every night, from Pouce Coupè, we had had to haul them out before we could get to bed. It was a wonder that the hymn-books, sent by Mrs. M. to her son, had ever arrived safely, as the back door burst open on the rough road and the packet burst, and Iris had to walk behind picking up A. and M. books.

We heard on all sides how deeply Bishop Rix's visit was appreciated. He had helped them to form the committee for building the Church. Mr. M. wished us to teach in the Sunday-School on Sunday morning. He had carried it on ever since we started it. One Sunday when not well enough to go out, as he had been badly wounded in the war, he had held a class of boys by his bedside. It was quite remarkable how much they had learnt. They also sang so well, and were so very reverent and knelt for the prayers. The harmonium was a great help. The previous winter Mr. M. had written to tell me how much they needed a musical instrument. My home parish of Dacre and Mr. M.'s relatives near Carlisle gave £18, and Timothy Eaton paid the carriage, twenty dollars.

We spent that afternoon with the M.'s, putting one record after another on the gramophone. Mr. M., the old choir boy, thoroughly enjoyed himself, remarking every

now and then to his nephews and nieces: "Do you think you'll ever be able to sing like that? That's the way they sing in choirs in England." We were able to give them the latest news of their mother and sister.

Many new families had come in since we were here last year. That evening we went to the old shed for a lantern service. Mr. M. took the harmonium in his waggon; he always collected the Sunday-School children in it on Sundays and drove them to school. Miss B., the school-teacher, played the harmonium, and was a great help in training the children to sing. This was a most inspiring service.

We were glad to get the van safely back to Pouce Coupè; the road was certainly better than the year before, however. Families were still coming in daily. We crossed the river near Pouce Coupè to visit new families. We were now able to go in the van over a very fine bridge instead of hauling ourselves over in a basket. We started a Sunday-School on this side.

We met Monica Storrs at Pouce Coupè so that we might give her the names of the children round Fort St. John and of the Sunday-School teachers, and explain that the van would be stored here in readiness for her to start with her companion directly the roads were open next spring.

On our last Sunday there we held a lantern service. Mr. Linfoot had returned to college. The Bishop had told us that Mr. Proctor, from Hazelton, was coming to live at Pouce Coupè. He arrived a few days after we left. We sent him a list of the families and a report of all we had done in the district. We had also got the promise of the price of a Church site at Rolla, or wherever Mr. Proctor thought best, from All Saints, Winnipeg.

The Colonial and Continental Church Society has undertaken to endeavour to raise the salaries for the clergy in the Peace River Block, and to help in putting up buildings.

VI

We had a great time cleaning the van and equipment. The creek was very low and the mud was very hard, like cement on the wheels. I had to take an old screw-driver and chisel it off. It was very cold sitting up at nights, with 22° of frost in the garage, trying to get through the work. Our washing was left to the last and would not dry, so we had to take damp clothes down to Edmonton. Our lives were saved that last night by Mrs. H. at the hotel, who gave us supper and, at 2 a.m., bed on the completion of our task.

The car was jacked up and the battery stored, and we locked the garage door. With our personal baggage we got on a grain truck and went fifty miles to Hythe to catch the train for Edmonton. This was October 22, and we had been out in the van for five months. It was extraordinary to see the alteration in the manner of getting out the grain from a year ago, when it was generally taken on sleighs to the Spirit River. Now it was said there were eighty trucks on the road, taking the wheat to the railway. Some of them went night and day; they were so afraid they would be stopped if the weather were bad, as very heavy loads spoilt the earth roads when wet.

We gave in our report to the Bishop. The summary of our work from June 3 to October 22, 1929, is as follows:

New members enrolled in the S.S.P.	...	468
S.S.P. members revisited		638
Sunday-Schools started		18
Sunday-Schools helped		12
Homes visited		539
Day-schools visited and Bible lessons given		5
Services taken		16
Lantern services		6

Extra classes for children ...	...	...	36
Addresses given to adults ...	...	...	21
Children found for Baptism ...	...	...	180

Travelled by the van ...	...	...	2,460 miles
Ridden, driven, by boat and train			583 „
Walked ...	...	...	725 „
Total ...	...	...	3,768 „

Mr. Scott and Mr. Linfoot and we ourselves reported to the Bishop that we felt that if the people were all to be looked after in the Peace River Block, three clergy and some students, three Churches and two rectories, were needed at once, which meant that a sum of quite £3,000 was required, inclusive of the clergy's salaries.

I received the following very gratifying letter from the Bishop of Caledonia :

“ SYNOD OFFICE,
 “ PRINCE RUPERT,
 “ BRITISH COLUMBIA,
 “ November 1, 1929.

“ DEAR MISS HASELL,

“ Will you please accept our very sincere thanks for the splendid help you have been to our diocese, not only in obtaining a van for our use, but for arranging for two summers to run it yourself along with Miss Sayle, and further for supplying the money for running expenses?

“ In this very pioneer diocese the matter of running expenses would have been a serious charge upon us, but you have very kindly relieved us of it.

“ Your work has been of the utmost value to the Church, and from many places I have had letters expressing gratitude for the visits and help you have been able to give.

“Personally, I am most grateful for what you have accomplished in Caledonia, which I know must have been done at great personal sacrifice. The work you have done would have challenged the strength and energy of a strong man.

“I am,

“Yours faithfully,

“G. A. CALEDONIA.”

The summary of the running expenses for the season is as follows :

Running expenses	...	...	128 dollars 19 cents.
Shipping van by train	...	...	91 dollars 50 cents.
Board expenses for two workers for five months	...	...	10 dollars 57 cents and gifts in money and kind.

In the Peace River district a gallon of gasoline costs from fifty to sixty cents—2s. to 2s. 6d. a gallon.

I saw about the van work at Edmonton, and then went to Falkland, in the Kootenay Diocese, to attend the consecration of the Church, in which we had taken a great interest. The Bishop drove us to Vernon, and we heard all about the caravaners in that diocese. Then we went to Kamloops and Vancouver and Victoria, where we had meetings. The latter cities again helped with the S.S.P. As usual, I looked over all the vans and I received reports from all the workers.

The summary of the work of the twelve vans and twenty-four workers in eight western dioceses in 1929 is as follows :

New members for the S.S.P.	...	...	5,436
S.S.P. members revisited	...	...	4,277
Sunday-Schools started	...	...	63

Sunday-Schools helped	94
Homes visited	5,796
Day-schools visited and Bible lessons given	146
Services taken	121
Extra classes given to children	218
Addresses given to adults	160
Children found for Baptism and names given in to the clergy	1,017
Travelled by the van	36,306 miles.
Ridden, driven, or by boat	3,854 „
Walked	1,693 „
Total	41,853 „

We spoke at meetings at Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal, and Quebec, and sailed on November 22 on the *Duchess of York*.

Three new vans were needed for 1930—one to replace a van in Qu'Appelle Diocese, one for Athabasca, and a second van for Caledonia. The money for the last has been given me by the Mothers' Union of Great Britain and £60 for running expenses. Friends in Brathy, Westmorland, have given the Athabasca van.

A van and equipment costs £330. The running expenses and board of two workers for one season costs £60. The travelling expenses for a worker from England are £45, to the Prairie Provinces and to British Columbia, £50.

CONCLUSION

I HAVE tried to show the needs of the dioceses while describing our tours. I started the work in 1920 in Qu'Appelle, 1922 in Calgary, 1923 Edmonton, 1924 Cariboo, and my workers keep me still in touch with the needs and developments in these dioceses, and likewise in Saskatchewan and New Westminster, where I also have vans.

In Qu'Appelle Diocese there are a hundred clergy, and the Theological College there supplies men for the ministry, but even so there are still districts where clergy are needed. Some of these areas are covered by the clergy van, which goes out in the summer-time.

The Girls' Diocesan School is of great value. It would help the supply of Canadian men for the ministry if a Church school for boys could be opened at Regina.

The new railway developments promote immigration. Canada wants British settlers. Church of England immigrants are on the increase, and require the ministrations of their clergy, and those clergy require funds for their support which the new settlers cannot provide. Central and Eastern Europeans, here as elsewhere, raise many problems. Hostels are now established in Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, and Edmonton for farm lads recommended by clergy in England, for whom the clergy in Canada undertake to find suitable employers. The heads of the hostels keep in touch with the youths.

It is very important to have efficient Sunday-Schools in the small towns, as so often Church of England children are drawn into United Sunday-Schools. It would be a

whole-time work to go round training young Sunday-School teachers, so that in all settlements where Church of England services are held there might also be a Sunday-School.

So often the only one is of the United Church in these places, and is attended by the Church of England children.

The S.S.P in Qu'Appelle is most efficiently organised by Margaret West, who writes her own graded lessons. She and Miss Bragg in Saskatchewan Diocese have brought out a special course for boys and girls of ten and over for use in their first year on the S.S.P. This course, and also most of the lessons in use in the other dioceses, are published by the General Board of Religious Education of the Church of England in Canada at the Church House, 604, Jarvis Street, Toronto. Those instructed by Miss West and her assistants send in remarkable answers, which show how carefully they are taught and how much they have learnt. She has now about 3,000 children on the S.S.P.

Saskatchewan.—This large diocese is developing very much, especially to the north; hence the need for many more clergy and missions, which cannot be provided without outside help. Emmanuel College, Saskatoon, trains men for the ministry, but it is impossible for them to minister to the newcomers unless support is forthcoming. The S.S.P. was started in this diocese by Bishop Lloyd in 1908. The Colonial and Continental Church Society have supported a secretary for this work ever since; others give their services. There are now 8,000 children on the roll. Miss Henley (now Mrs. Paul) largely helped in the development of this work.

Calgary.—A number of new settlers are coming in to this diocese. The Bishop has received large sums of money from some of his people, which has enabled him to develop

the Church work in the diocese. They have a S.S.P. secretary and 500 members.

Edmonton.—This diocese has now many more missions than when I visited it in 1923, having taken over a portion of Saskatchewan Diocese. There is now a large new British settlement around Vermilion, where the Hudson Bay Company has put up shacks and encouraged immigrants to take up land under the Empire Settlement Scheme. All through the diocese there are many more British settlers, much increasing the work of the Church and the need for men and money. Up to June, 1928, the yearly influx of Central Europeans has added greatly to the problems. Here and throughout Western Canada pernicious sects do much harm with literature, broadcasting, etc. Sometimes my van workers meet with rebuffs, under the impression that they are International Bible Students. These people seem to have no shortage of men and money; they are everywhere. Here, also, a whole-time worker is needed for the S.S.P. It is not easy to find a worker who, unsalaried, can give up her time, summer and winter, for years and likewise support herself. We could find efficient workers if salaries could be guaranteed. It has been reckoned that fifteen dollars per week would meet the case.

A useful development is St. Catherine's, where Church of England girls in business can reside and High School girls from the country may board.

Cariboo.—There are now sixteen clergy in this diocese instead of eight, as when I was there in 1924. The Bishop's appeals for men and money have met with response. As the diocese has no large towns and the population is very scattered, it needs much outside help. Miss Orwin was the first van worker to remain on in the winter. She did most valuable work, going by train to little schools and giving Bible lessons out of hours, as well as doing S.S.P.

work. When she went to be headmistress of St. Michael's School, Vernon, Miss Vaughan carried on the summer and winter work and S.S.P.

New Westminster.—The city of Vancouver develops every year. The increase of population and trade make more work for the Church. The Japanese and Chinese missions also have to be supported. The report of the van workers showed that there were many lonely families who appreciated their visits, and that the teachers in the small rural Sunday-Schools were most grateful for training and help. The new Theological College at Vancouver is full of students. Bursaries are much needed for those who cannot pay their way. It is a great thing that so many young Canadians are now training for the ministry.

Columbia.—Mr. Merrix and Miss Watt have for many years trained Sunday-School teachers and had very efficient Sunday-Schools in Victoria, also giving religious teaching in the Memorial Hall to children out of school hours. Miss Watt also visits lonely places in her car and the islands by boat. She and Miss Donald carry on the S.S.P.

Athabasca.—This diocese includes part of the Peace River district, into which people are pouring in great numbers to take up land. In 1928 a thousand new homesteads were occupied in four months, and in 1929 the rush was even greater. Large sums of money are needed for Churches and salaries of clergy, as most of the immigrants have little capital. A Sunday-School van is much needed amongst the children, and is to be started in 1930. There has been a S.S.P. secretary here for some years.

Each year more Canadian girls are volunteering for van work, but few have been trained for religious educational work. Training places at Victoria and Toronto would be of inestimable value. These could be started in quite a small way by renting a house with a St. Christopher

trained person at each place. The students could go out for their theological lectures. At present there is no fund to start this venture.

In the newly settled districts of the West more Bishop's Messengers would be invaluable to follow up the van work, on the lines of Miss Fowler's work in Brandon Diocese. These centres of work cannot be started without funds. Experts in religious education are much needed in each diocese. They would train Sunday-School teachers in the towns in the winter and go in the vans in the summer, thus giving continuity to the work.

If we are going to help Canada we must keep clearly before us the difficulties of Church and State which that vast new country has to face. Some of these difficulties are :

1. The great influx of new settlers into regions formerly uninhabited. Many of these are without money, and some are even indolent through lack of work. They have capital lent them by the Government to start their farms and twenty-five years to pay it off in, but during this period are unlikely to afford help to the Church. Hence, without outside assistance, a generation will grow up with no desire for spiritual things.

2. Persons accustomed to an endowed Church are slow to realise the need for supporting their clergy.

3. Church of England families are often widely scattered amongst members of other Churches and in inaccessible spots, hence much expenditure of time and energy is necessary to reach them. It is a pity that more do not settle in groups with a padre.

4. Church workers are called upon to remedy depression caused by isolation and monotony, poverty, lack of medical help, in new settlements where the resources of civilization are lacking.

5. There is great need for experienced clergy to go into

isolated districts to administer the Sacraments. The strain is too great for young students to face it alone for months on end without the Sacraments, nor have they sufficient experience to deal with the many moral problems. Further, the people resent it, and often remark that these young men are sent to practise on them. They should be sent out with older men, two and two, or in groups. Why should the majority of experienced men stay in the more settled districts?

6. The lack of religious and ethical teaching is having serious results on the young people. Juvenile crime is on the increase, immorality is sadly prevalent, actual blasphemy is taught by Bolshevist literature, atheistical ideas are being circulated, queer sects find the young an easy prey because they are without any grounding.

7. Mixed nationalities militate against patriotism, and the Central Europeans lower the standard of morals and customs.

8. Religious education by parents is extremely difficult because (a) the day-school gives no help; (b) books and pictures are hard to get; (c) the parents are exhausted by hard physical work at the end of the day; (d) privacy is impossible in a settler's shack; lastly, (e) the clergy have such big districts that they have no time to teach in Sunday-School.

One of the proofs given to St. John the Baptist that the Messiah had come was that the poor had the Gospel preached to them. Followers of Christ should imitate His example. Christ-like lives would solve these problems.

"Labour of head or hands
He understands,
For in the village shop,
The crowded city,
Lonely mountain top,
He met life's full demands,
He understands."

The following missionary societies send contributions to the work of the Church of England in Western Canada: S.P.G., C.M.S., the Colonial and Continental Church Society, British Columbia and Yukon Church Aid Society, the New Westminster and Kootenay Association, the Qu'Appelle Association, the Fellowship of the Maple Leaf, the Missionary Society of the Canadian Church, and the Woman's Auxiliary to the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada, usually designated the W.A. This is a society of Churchwomen organised for the purpose of praying and working for the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth. Its objects are: "Individual and united intercessory prayer for Missions; systematic effort to diffuse missionary intelligence; to increase missionary activity; to contribute to Missions; to unite previously existing societies in the interests of the Auxiliary; to organise Diocesan Boards of this Auxiliary throughout Canada, the said Boards to be formed with the consent of the Bishop and the Diocesan Synod."

The Canadian Pacific Railway and the Canadian National Railway give the caravaners half fares as missionaries. Grants made by S.P.G. in 1928 for 1930 to the dioceses of Western Canada for clergy, etc., were:

					£
Athabasca	...	...	...	...	358
Caledonia	...	...	...	...	504
Calgary ...	...	...	...	...	2,029
Cariboo ...	...	...	...	...	500
Edmonton	...	...	...	...	1,728
Kootenay	...	...	...	...	472
New Westminster	...	...	...	...	394
Qu'Appelle	...	...	...	...	2,207
Saskatchewan	...	...	...	...	710

Contributions may be sent direct to Miss F. H. Eva Hasell, Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, or Miss Hasell, Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, to whom application should be made for lecturers to speak on the caravan work.

DACRE LODGE,
PENRITH,
CUMBERLAND.





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